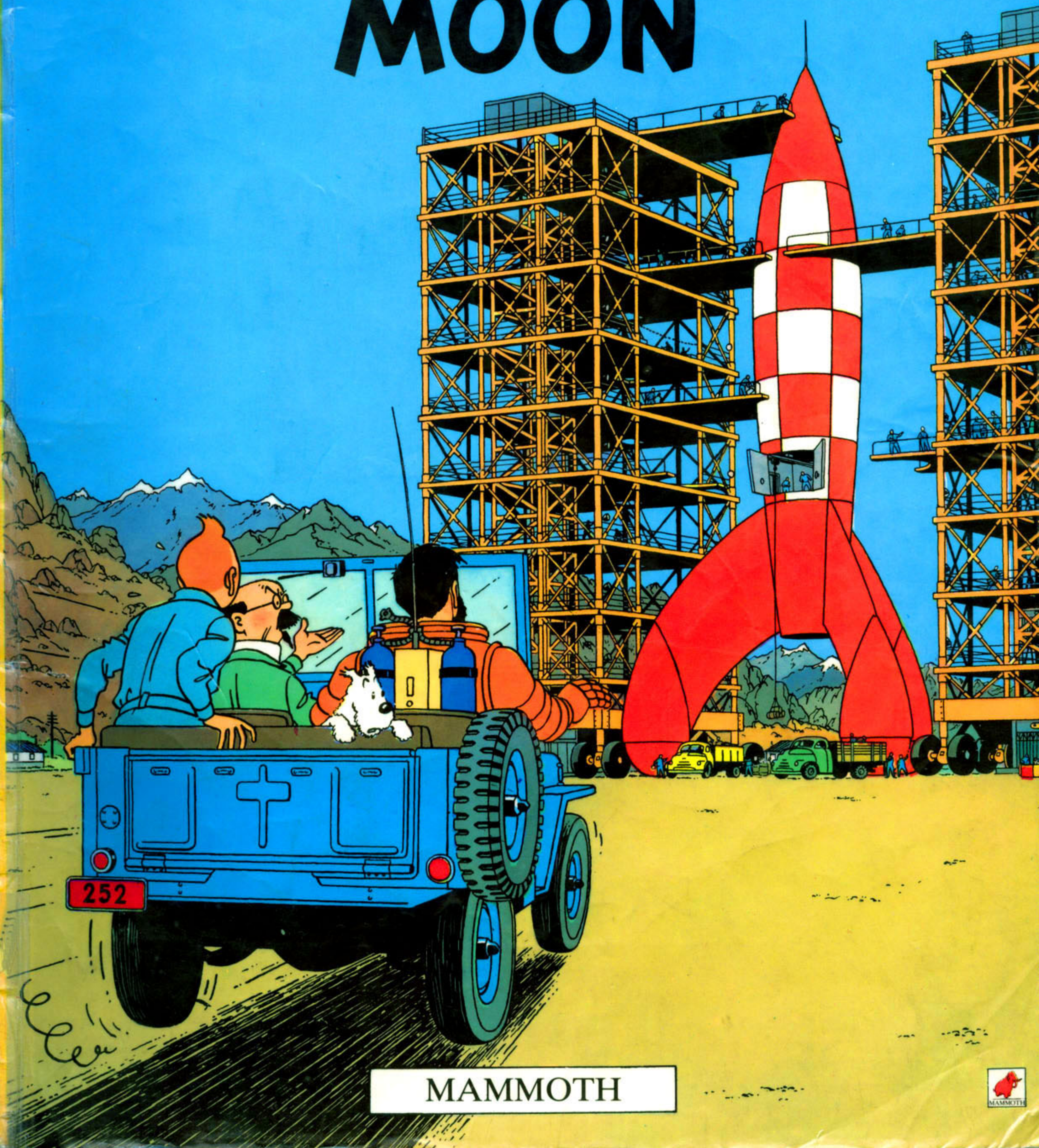


HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
**DESTINATION
MOON**



MAMMOTH



HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

DESTINATION MOON



MAMMOTH

Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner

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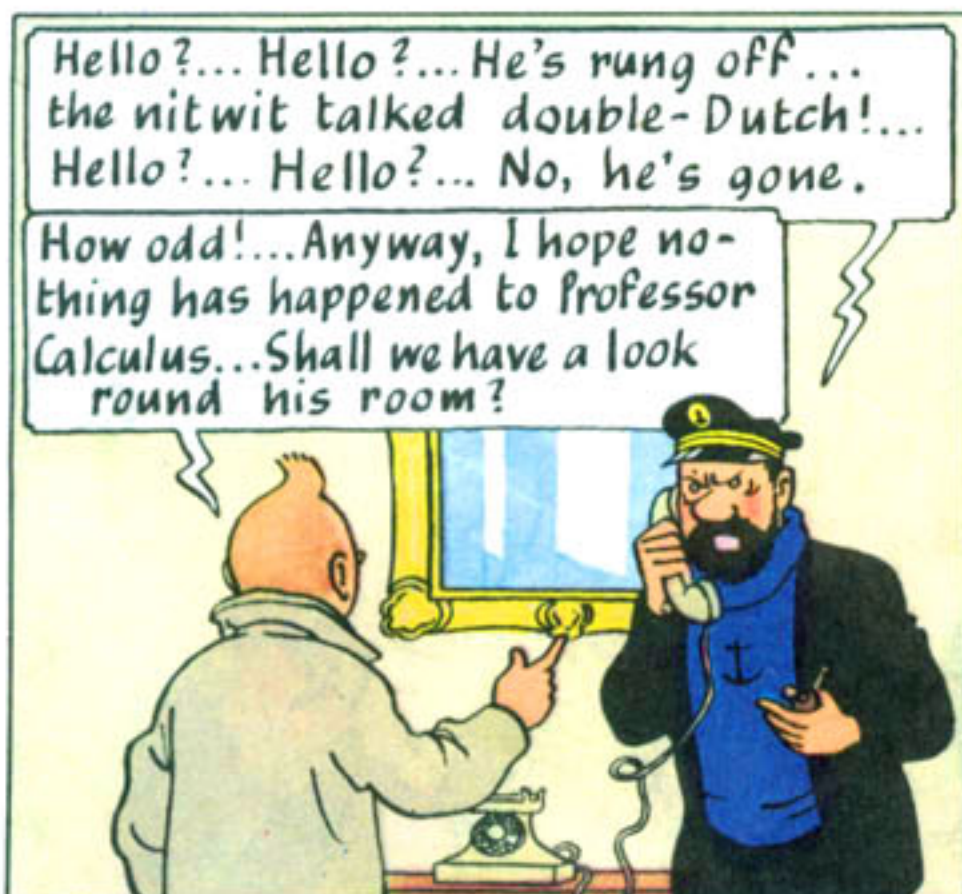
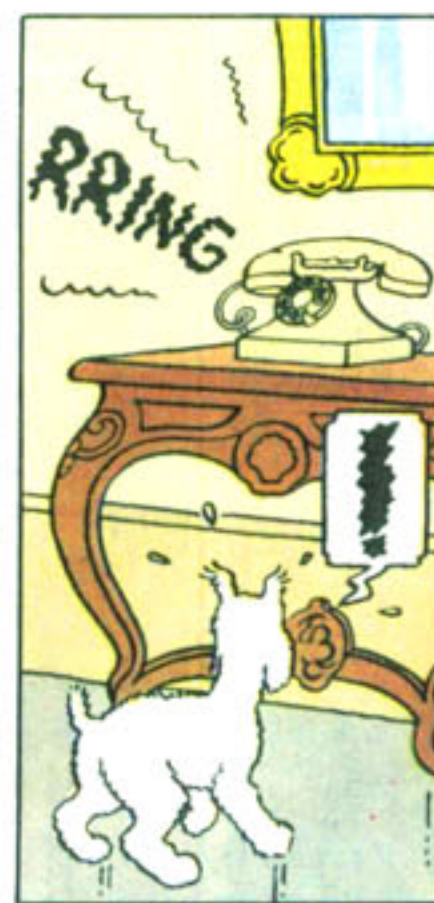
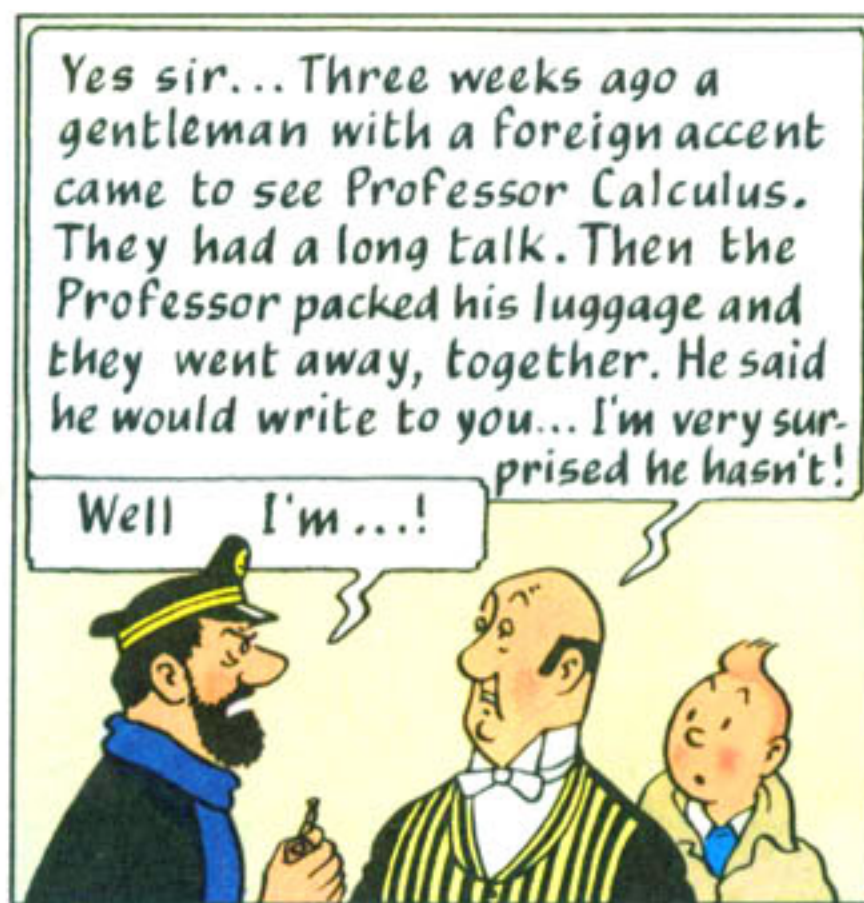
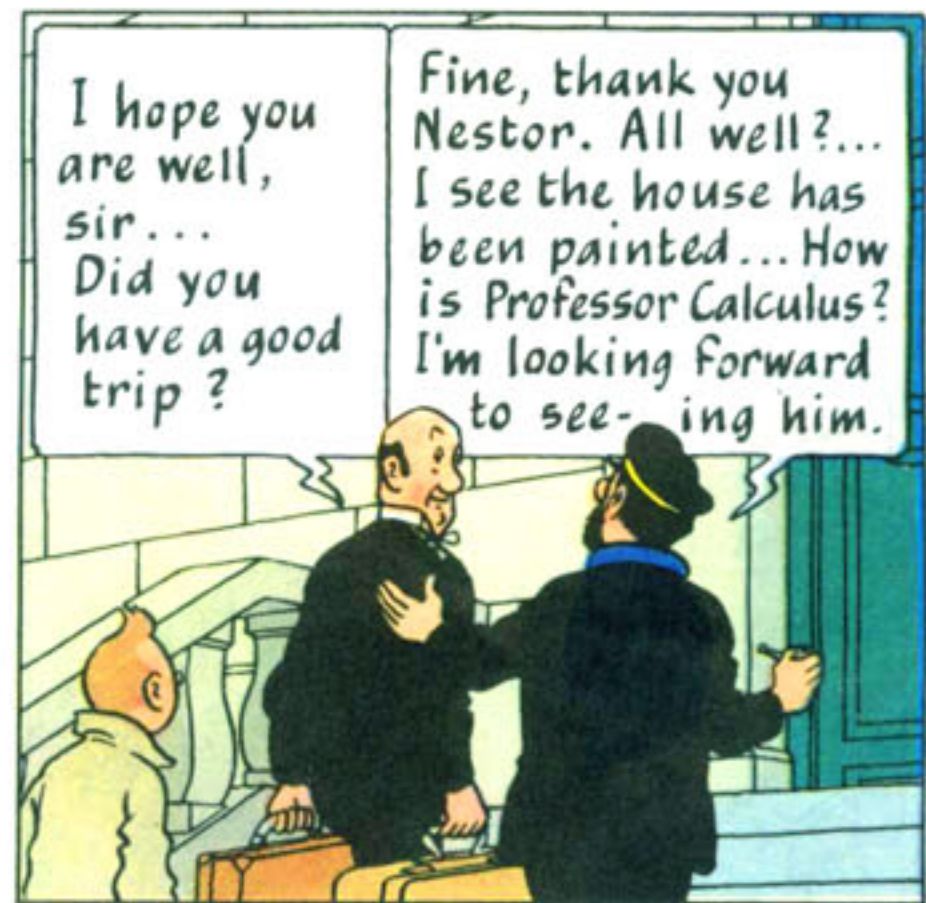
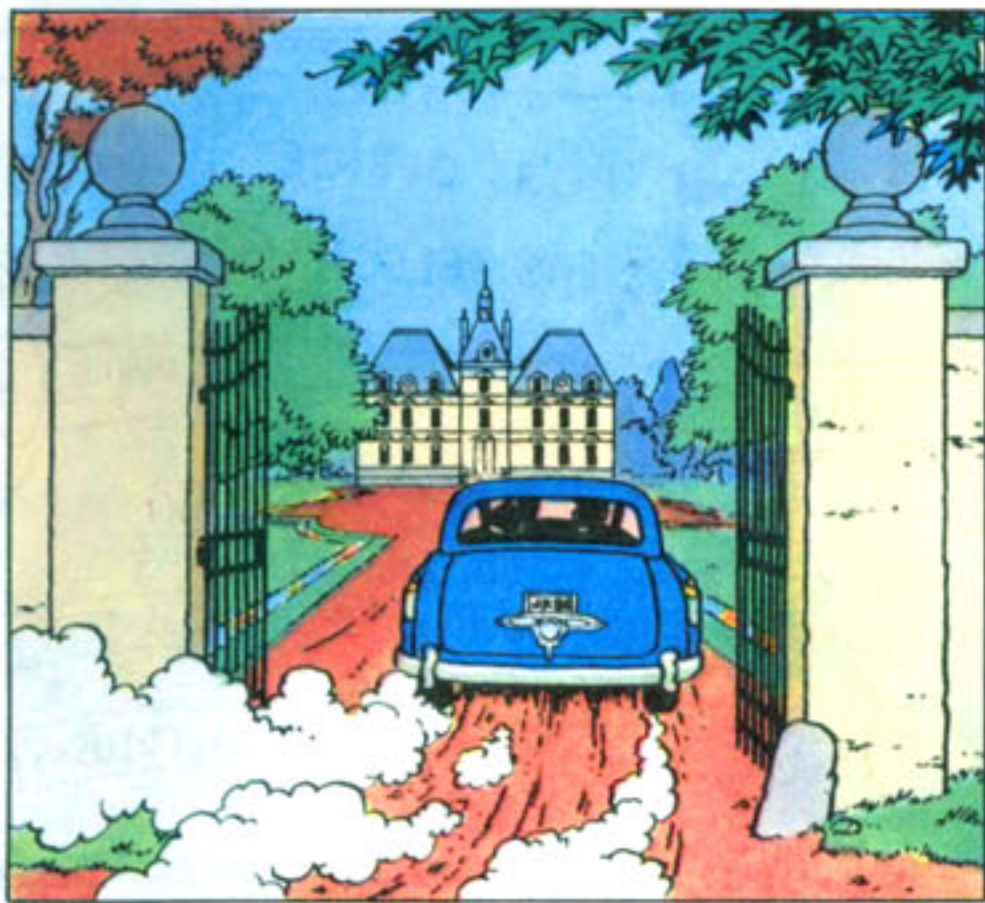
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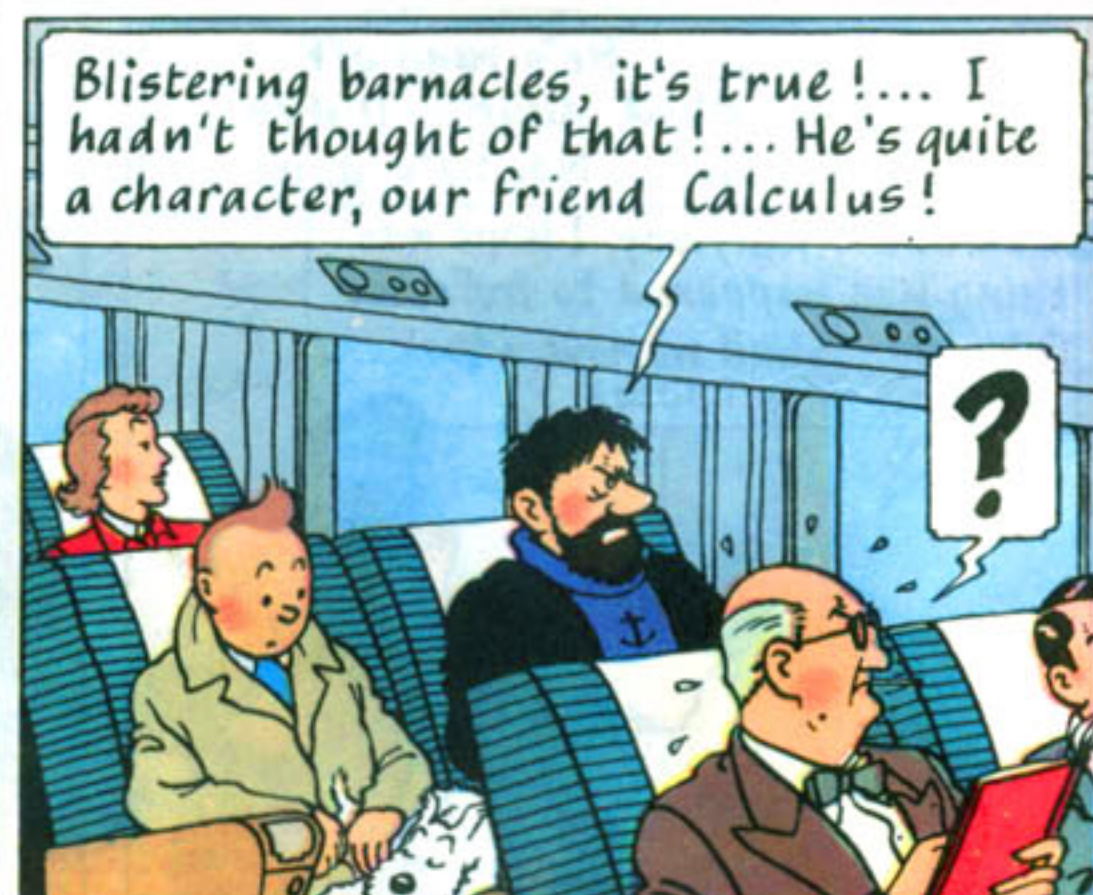
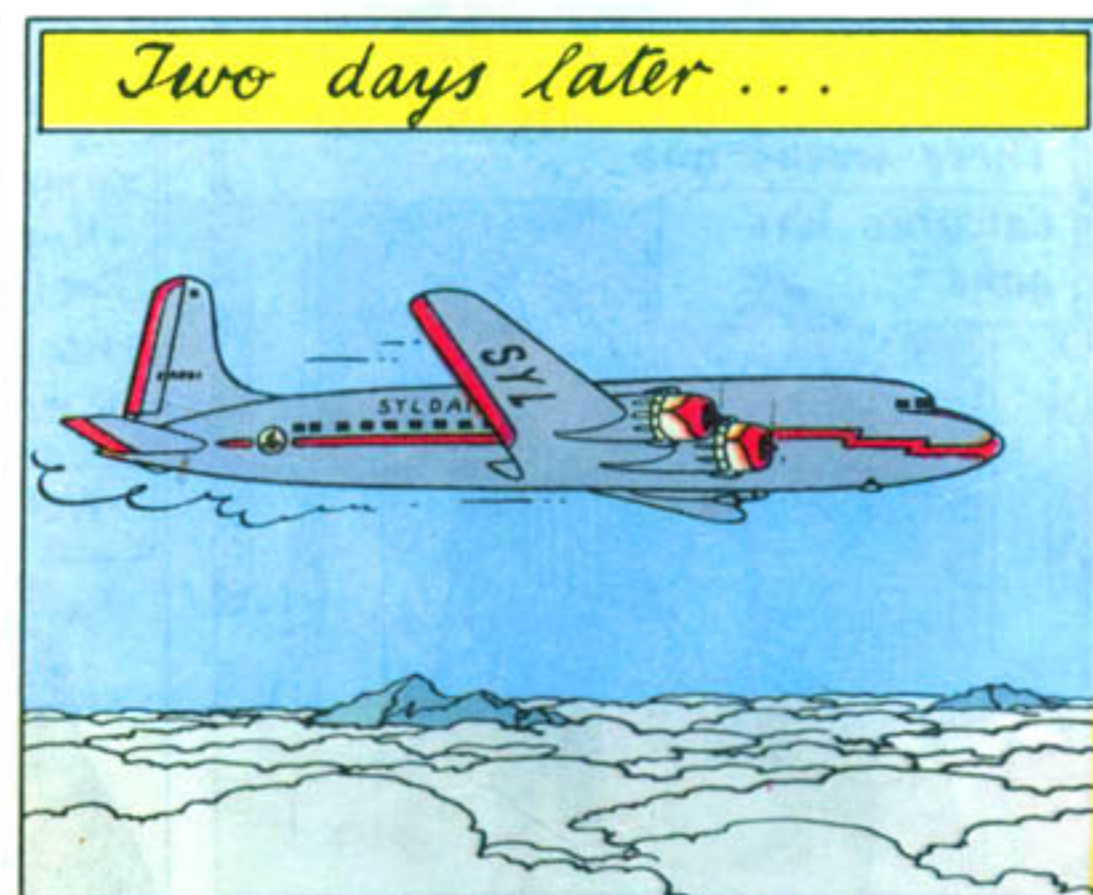
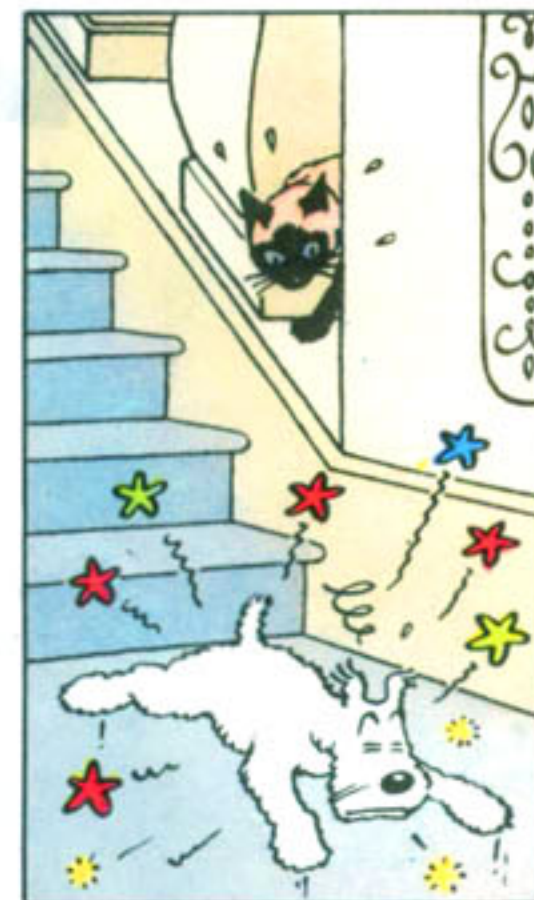
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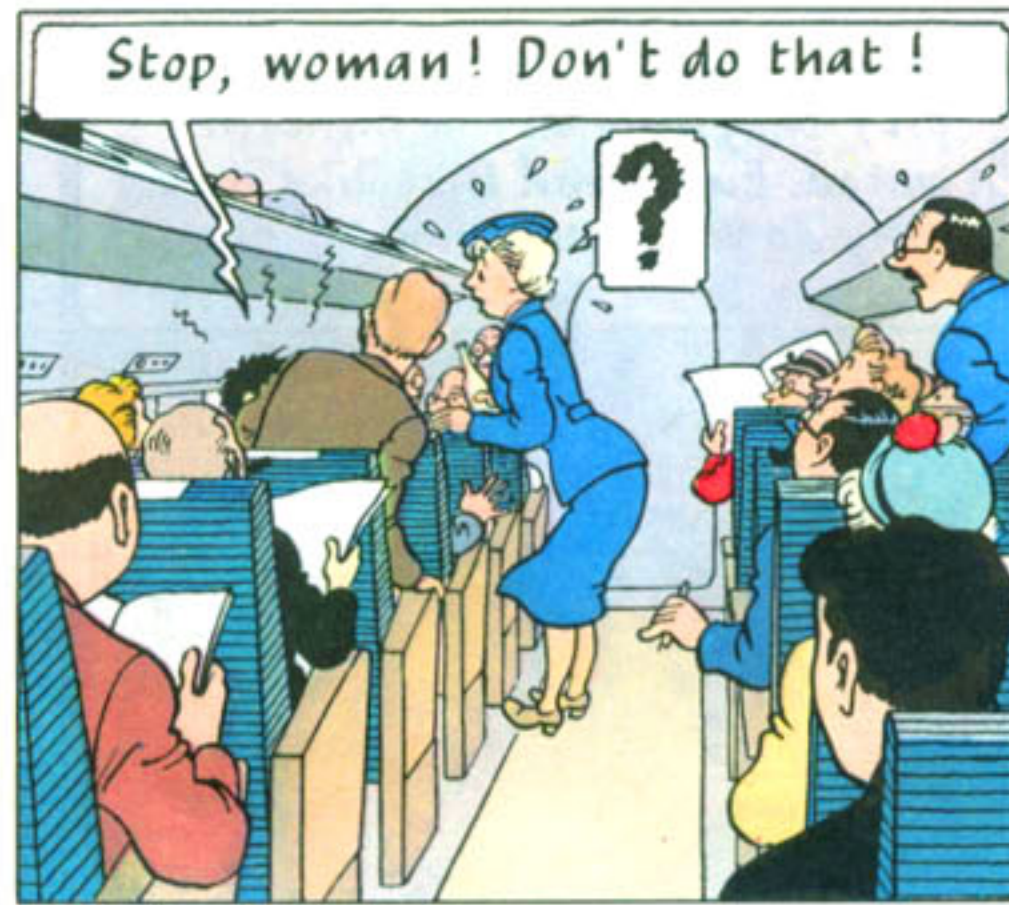
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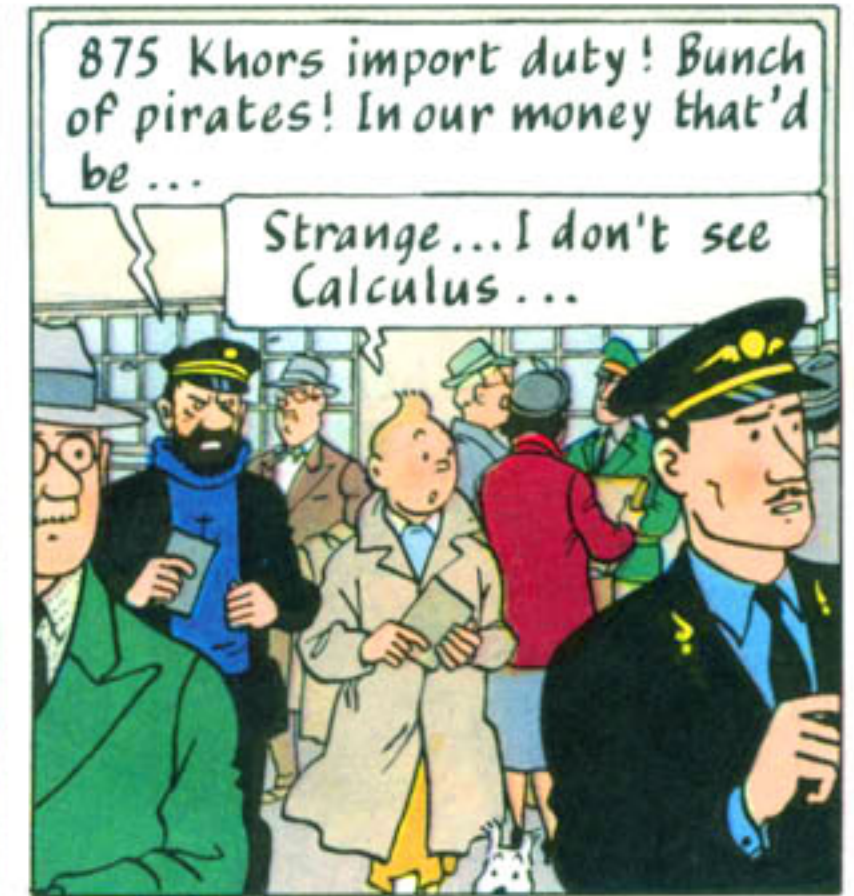
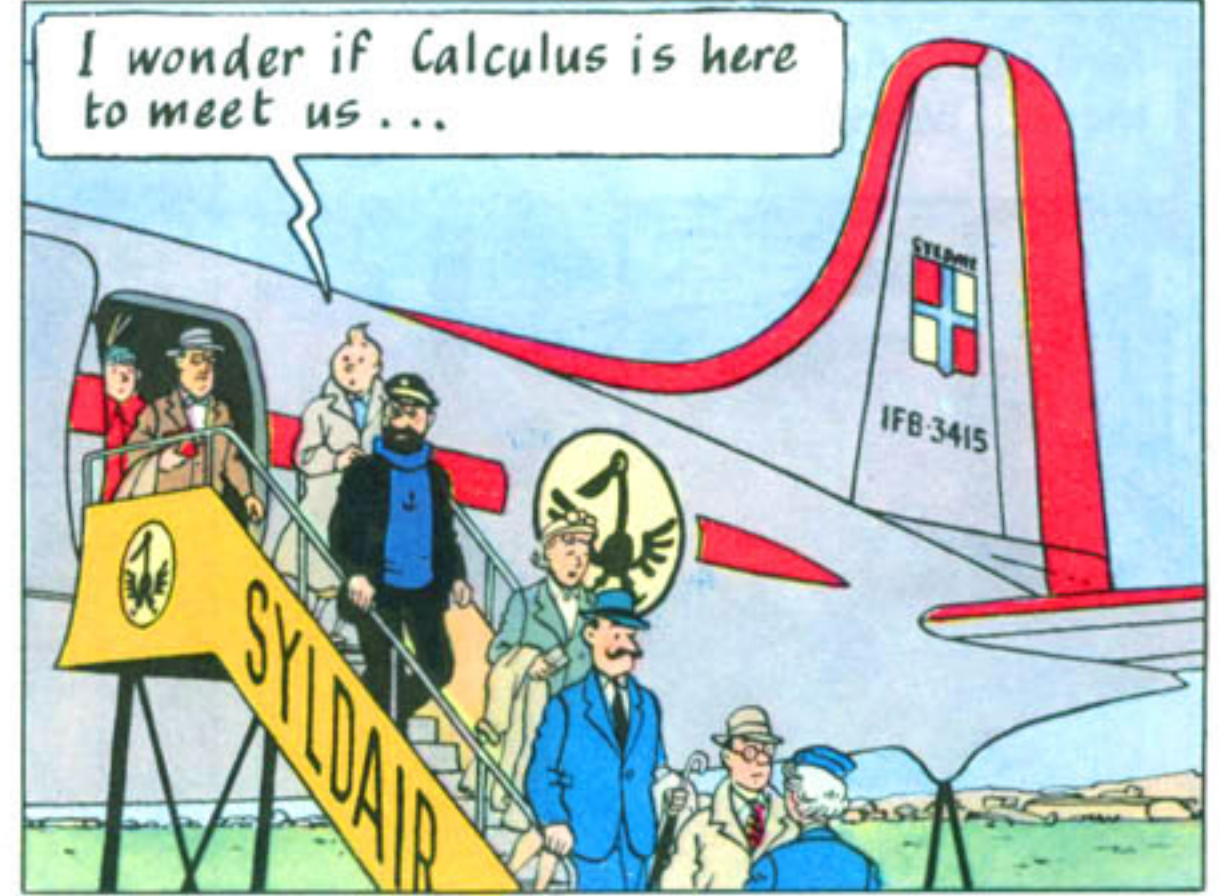
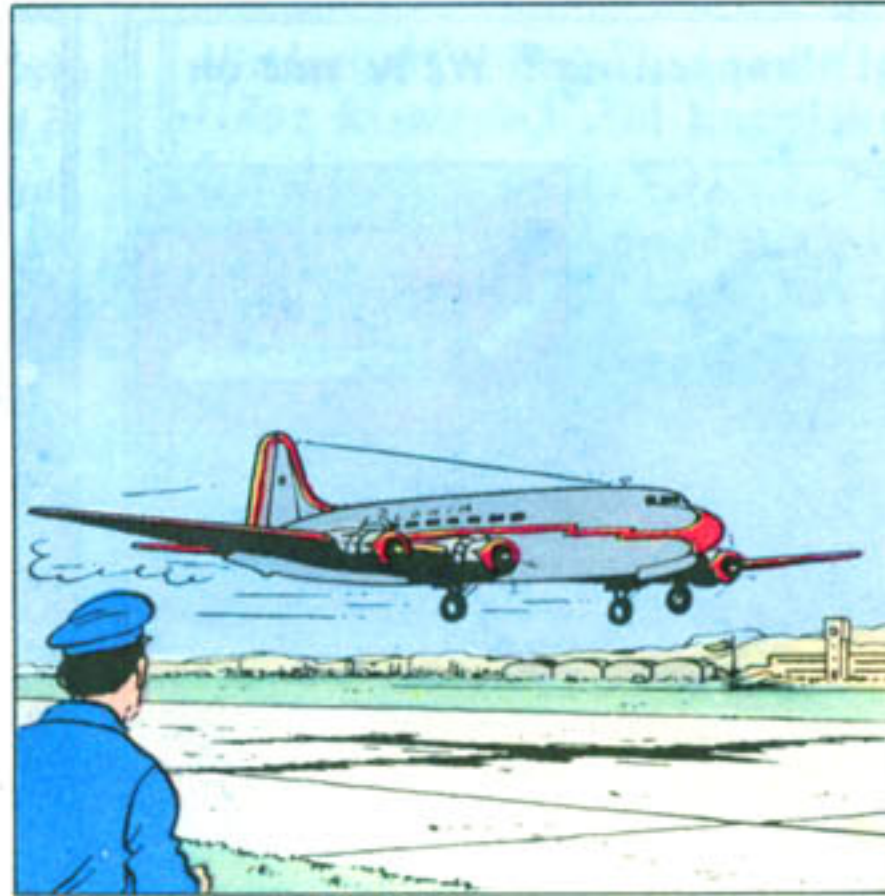
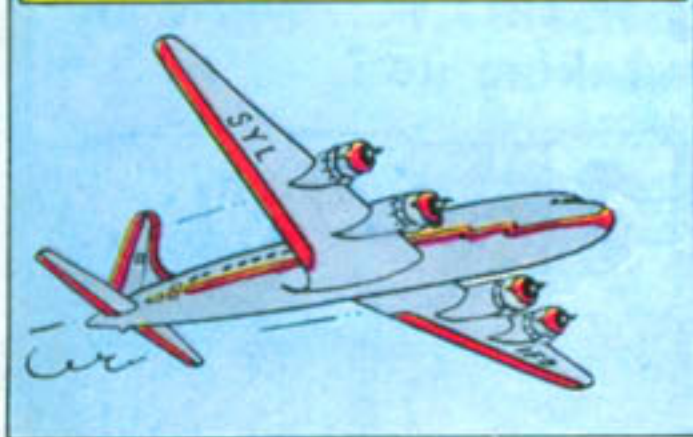
DESTINATION MOON







Two hours later...





Calculus is doing things in style, eh?... With a chauffeur and a flunkey, by thunder!

Maybe...



What lovely country... It's a pity they only drink mineral-water. Eugh! and they like it. Why do you keep turning round? ...

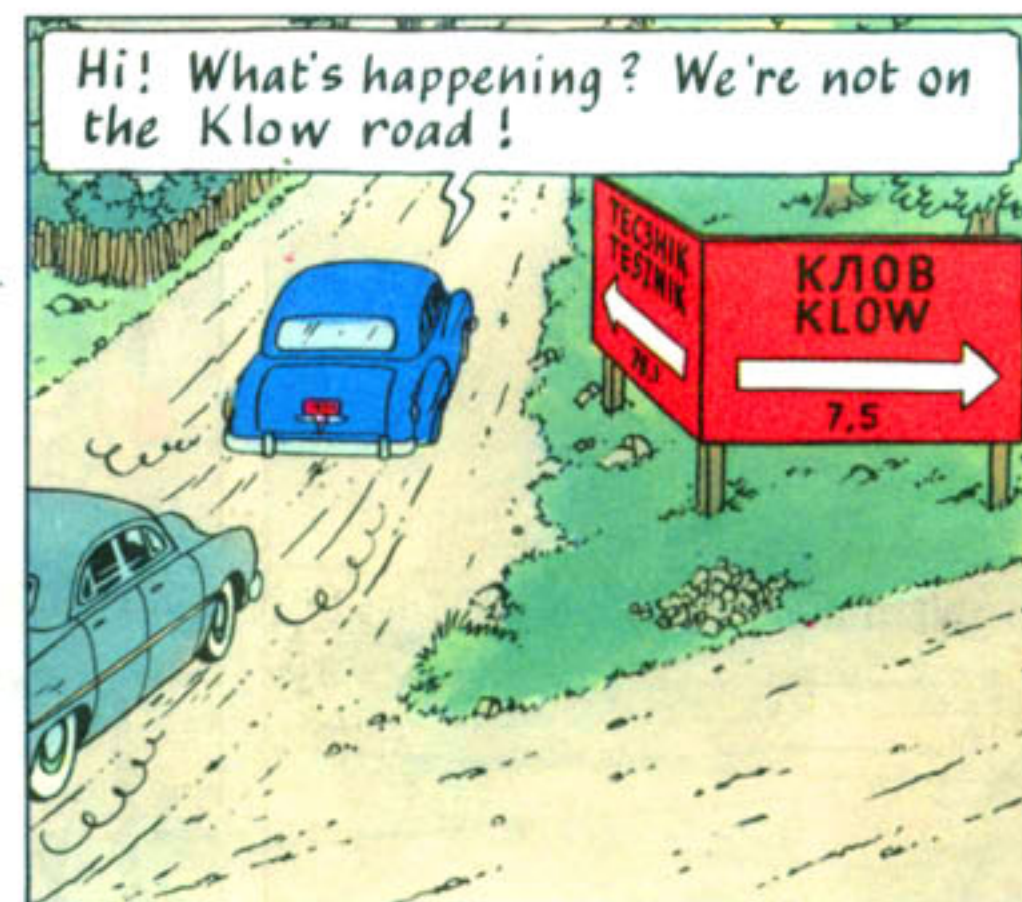


I'm watching that car... It's been following us from the airport ...

I expect it's going to Klow, like us.



Perhaps... Anyway we'll soon be there... We're coming to a town.



Hi! What's happening? We're not on the Klow road!



Hey, driver what's the meaning of this?... Where are you taking us?

?

Sprodj!



Sprodj yourself, you Bashi-bazouk! You were asked where we're going. Tell us!

Sprodj, zir. Your friend there...



СЛОУ SLOW
ROAD WORKS



?



Billions of blistering barnacles! Why didn't you slow down, ectoplasm!

You speak me, zir?
... I not see...
we go...



Two hours later...

That other car is still following us...



The country is getting wilder and wilder. I wonder... Why, whatever's this?



Captain, just look at that signboard.

ФОРБОТЗЕН
ЗОНА
SECURITY
AREA



By thunder, I'm thirsty! I'm going to get a drink... And while I'm about it I'll see just what that car's doing behind us.



Hält!... Ihn dzehoujchz blaveh!



What?... Is this how you treat tourists in this thundering country of mineral-water-drinkers?



Thundering typhoons, I'm thirsty... Thirsty! You understand? No? Er... J'ai soif... Ich bin durstig, blistering barnacles! Drink.. glug-glug Ah?... Döszt?



Vladimir!... Eh! Vladimir! On fläsz Klowaswa vüh dzapeih.. Eih döszt!...

Ah, he's understood... About time too!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Mineral-water! And you think I'll drink a single drop of that nauseating liquid?

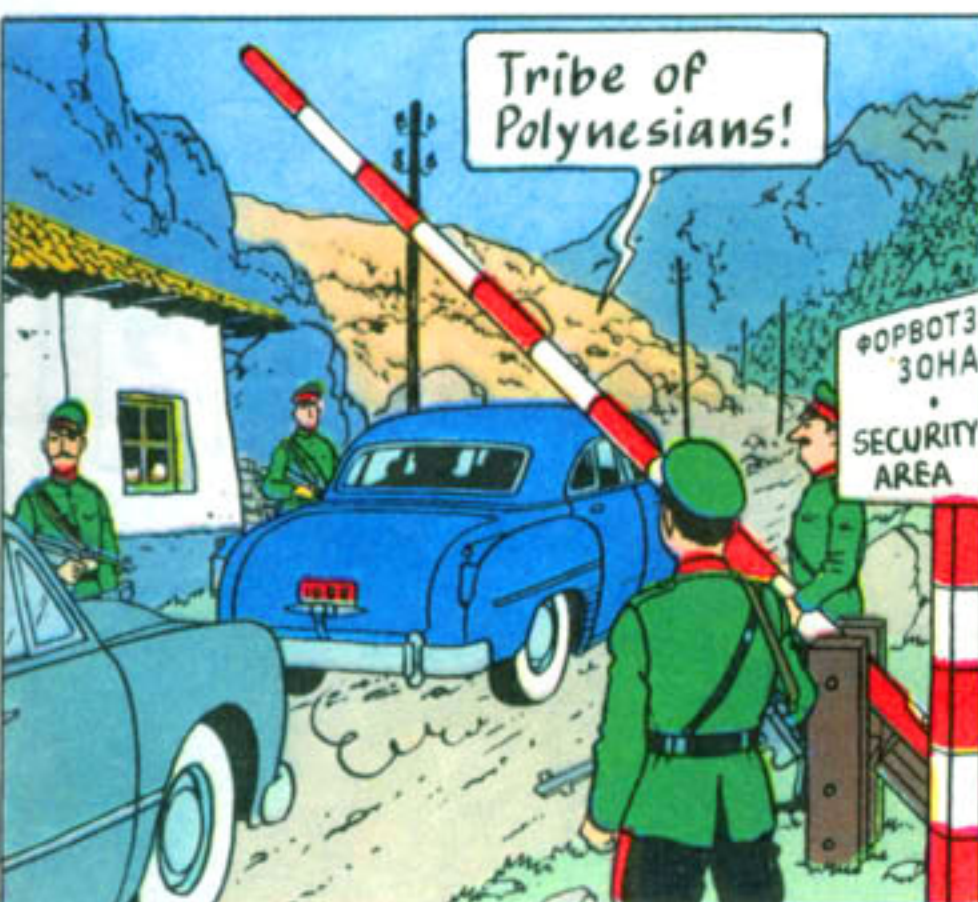


?



Sea-gherkin!... Pirate!... Logarithm!... Ectoplasm!... Baboon! You call yourself a policeman and you can't open a bottle properly!

Captain, come on! We're going!



Tribe of Polynesians!

ПОРБОТ3
30HA
SECURITY
AREA



Half an hour later...



Captain!... Look!... A helicopter!...



Check-pozt, zir.



Well, it's the first time I've ever seen that... It's incredible! A flying check-point!

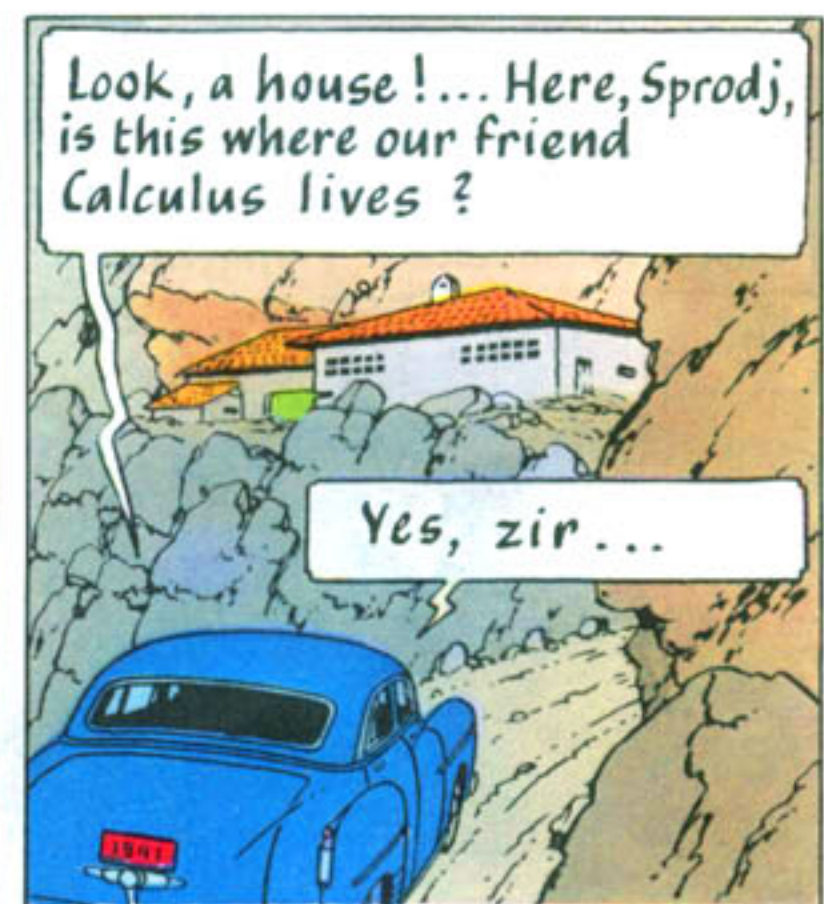


B.H.15 calling Control... B.H.15 calling Control... Expedition "Bluebell" passed check-point... All in order...



What's all this checking business? Where are we, and where are they taking us?

That's what I'm wondering.



Look, a house!... Here, Sprodj, is this where our friend Calculus lives?

Yes, zir...



What's possessed him to come and nest up here? I simply... Blistering barnacles! Another check-point!



Thundering typhoons! What's going on in this country? Anyone would think there's a war on!



And now that baboon's gone off with our papers! What's he doing with them?



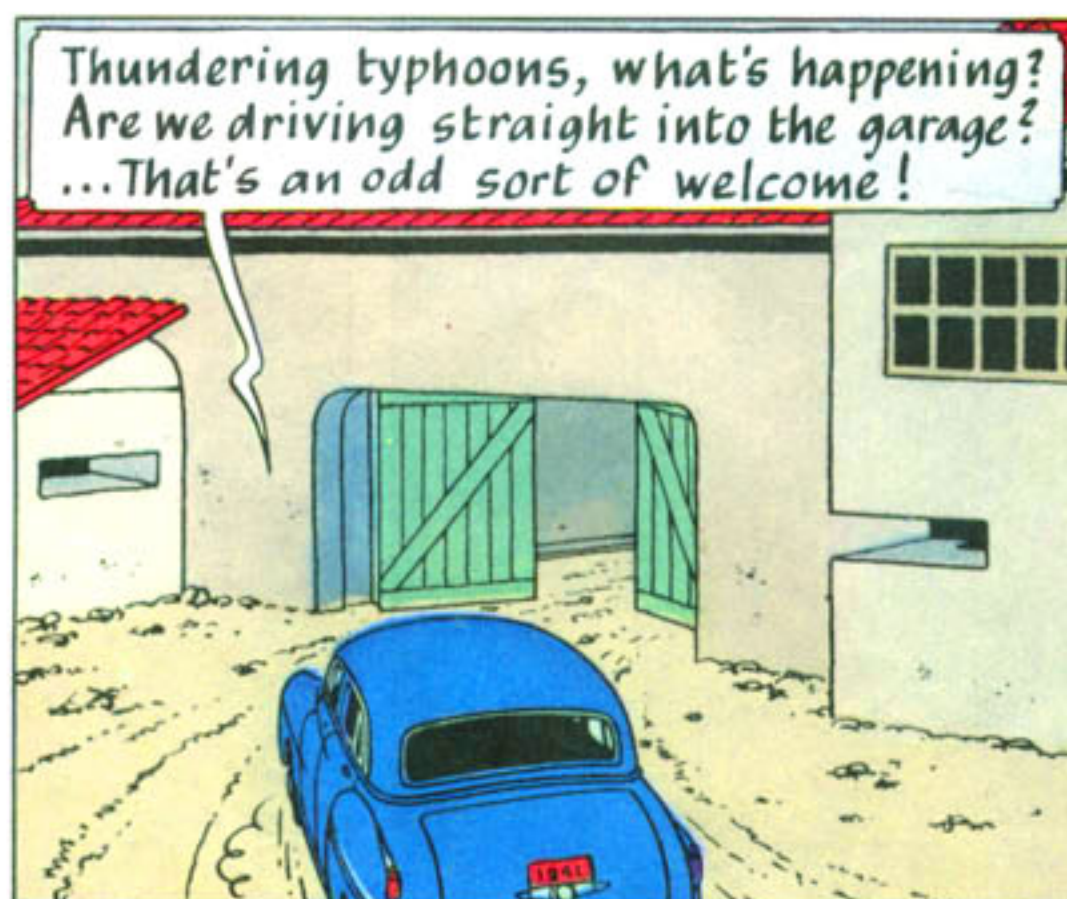
P.K.1 calling Control... P.K.1 calling Control... Expedition "Bluebell" has arrived... All in order... Open the doors...



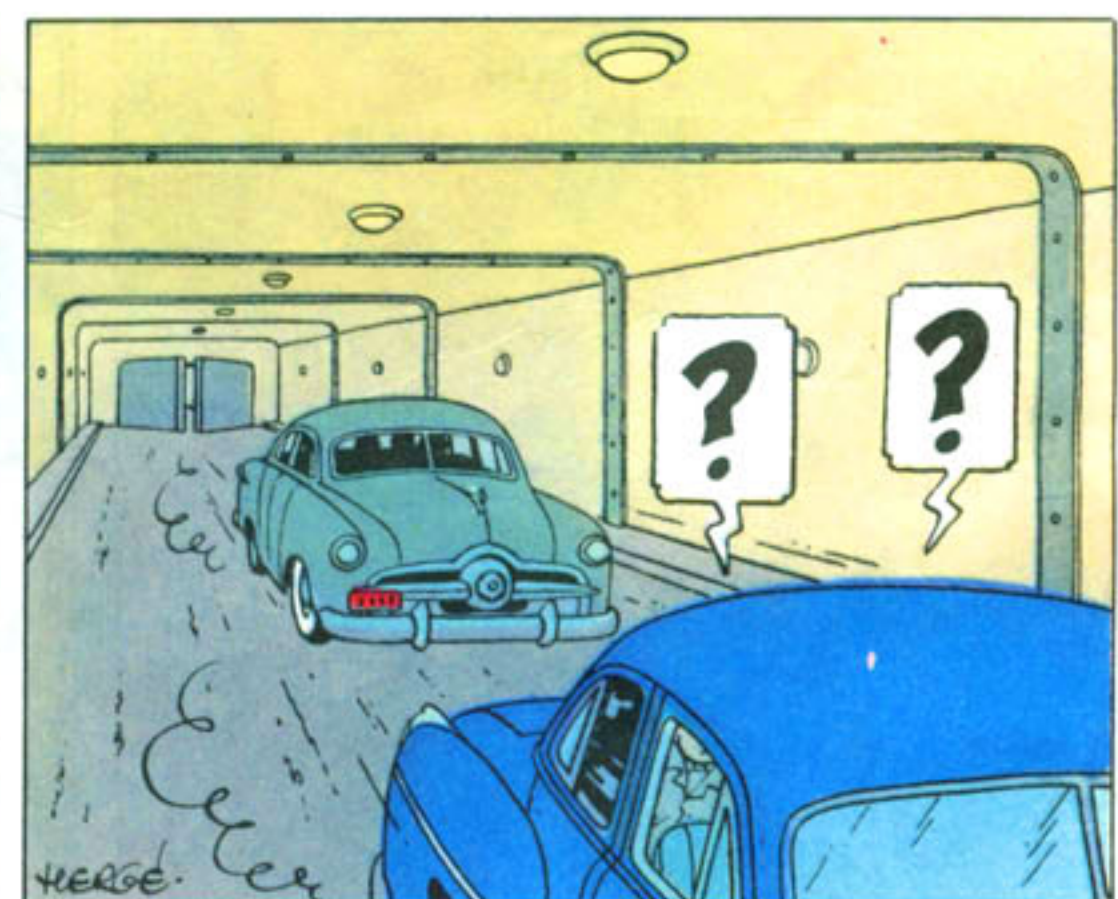
Güdd!... Zrädjzmo!... Zsoe gnounh dzoeteu'h ebb touhn...

Ah, all's well... We can go on.

Güdd!



Thundering typhoons, what's happening? Are we driving straight into the garage? ...That's an odd sort of welcome!

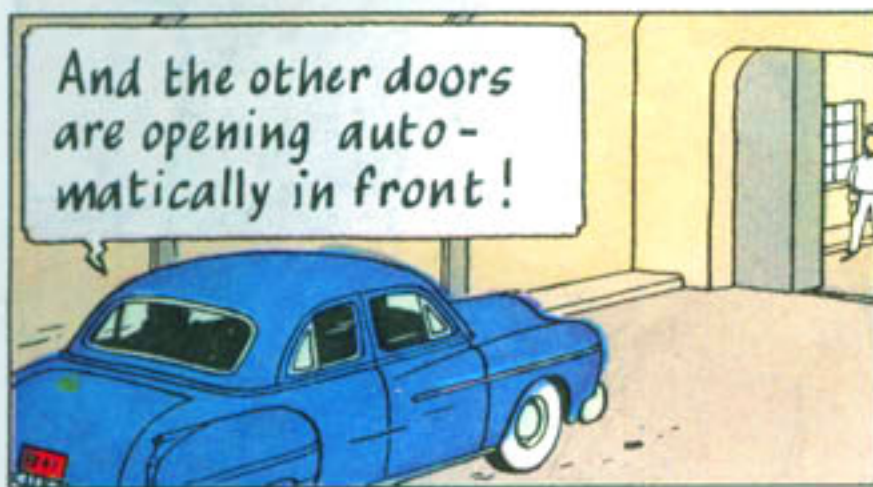


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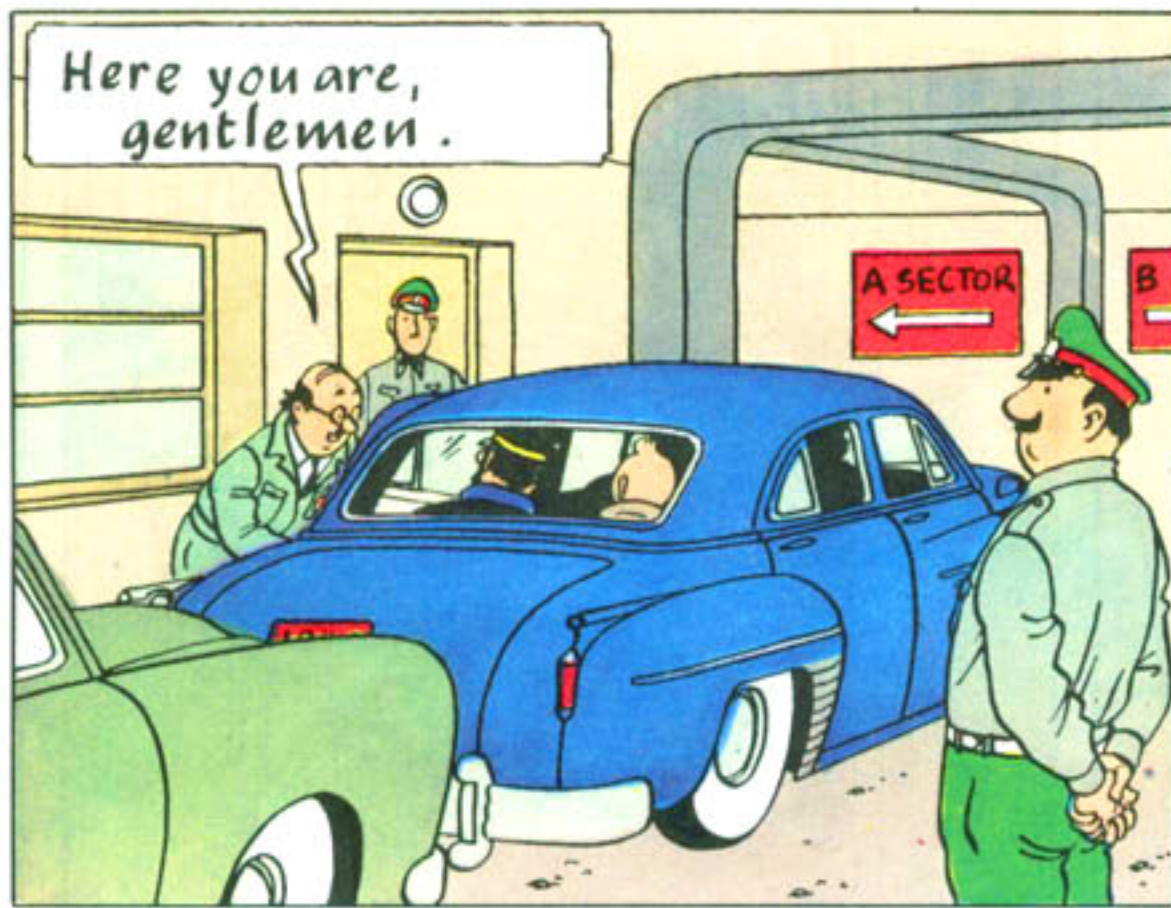
?



The doors have closed automatically behind us!



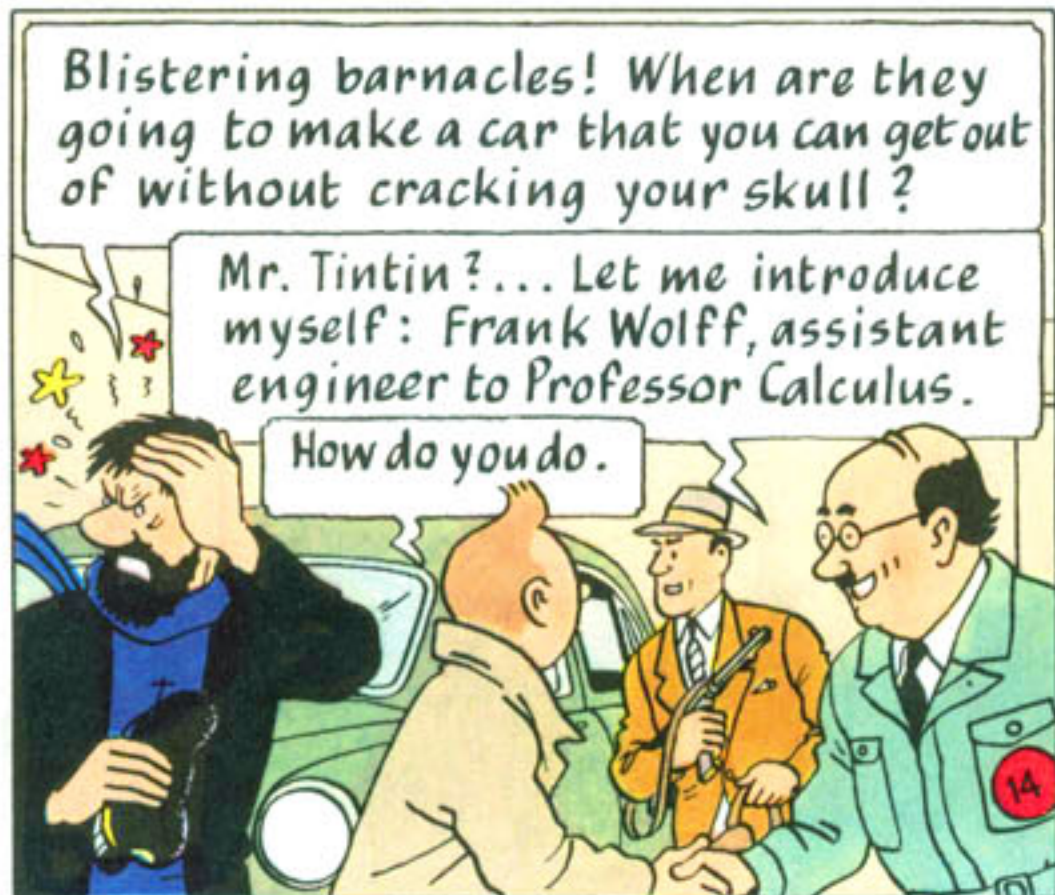
And the other doors are opening automatically in front!



Here you are, gentlemen.



At last! And it's about time too!



Blistering barnacles! When are they going to make a car that you can get out of without cracking your skull?

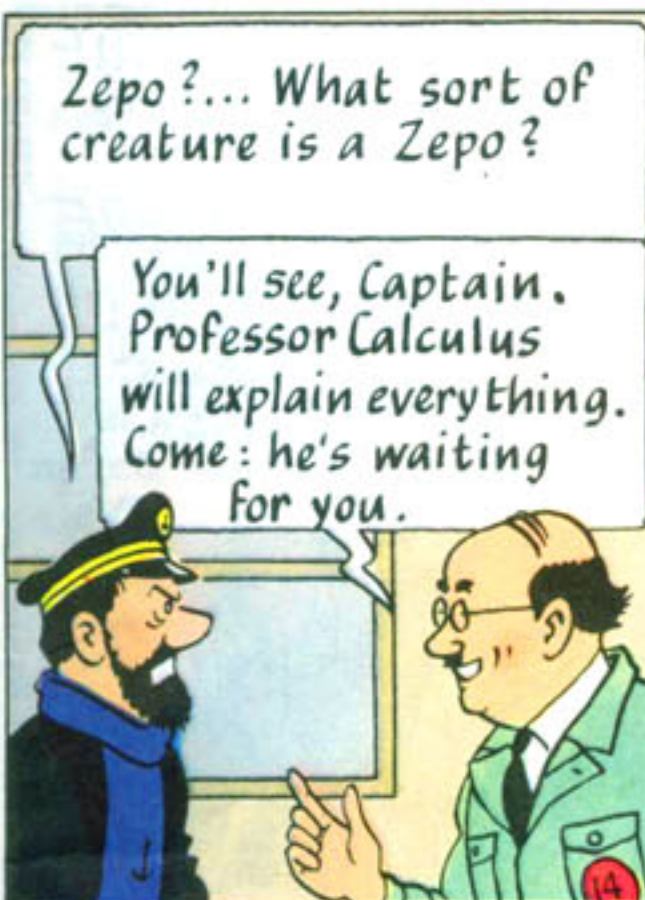
Mr. Tintin?... Let me introduce myself: Frank Wolff, assistant engineer to Professor Calculus.

How do you do.



How do you do... But I'd like to know where we are... And what these gangsters are who followed us from the airport...

Gangsters, Captain? These are ZEPO men!



Zepo?... What sort of creature is a Zepo?

You'll see, Captain. Professor Calculus will explain everything. Come: he's waiting for you.



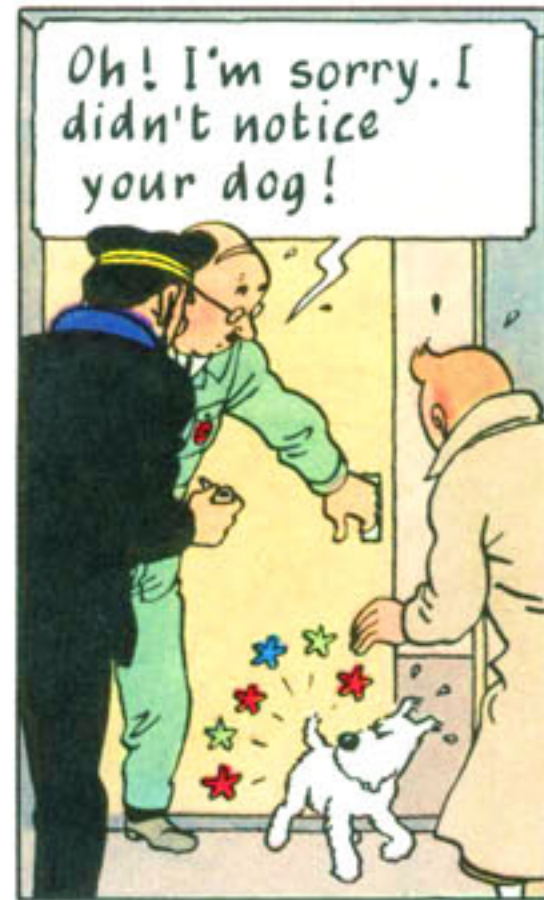
Fifth floor. We'll take the lift.



After you, gentlemen...



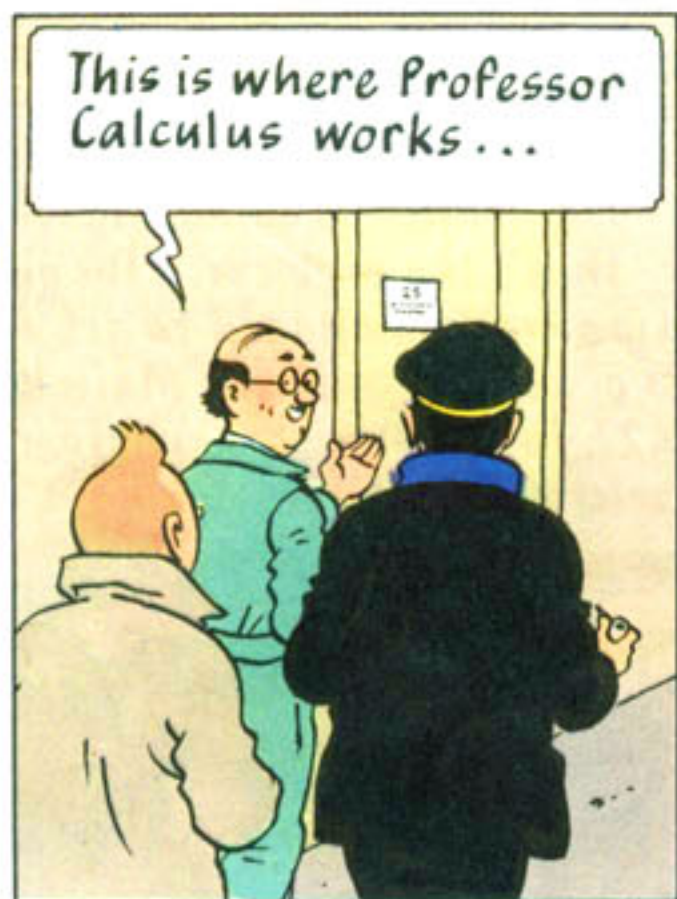
WOOAH!



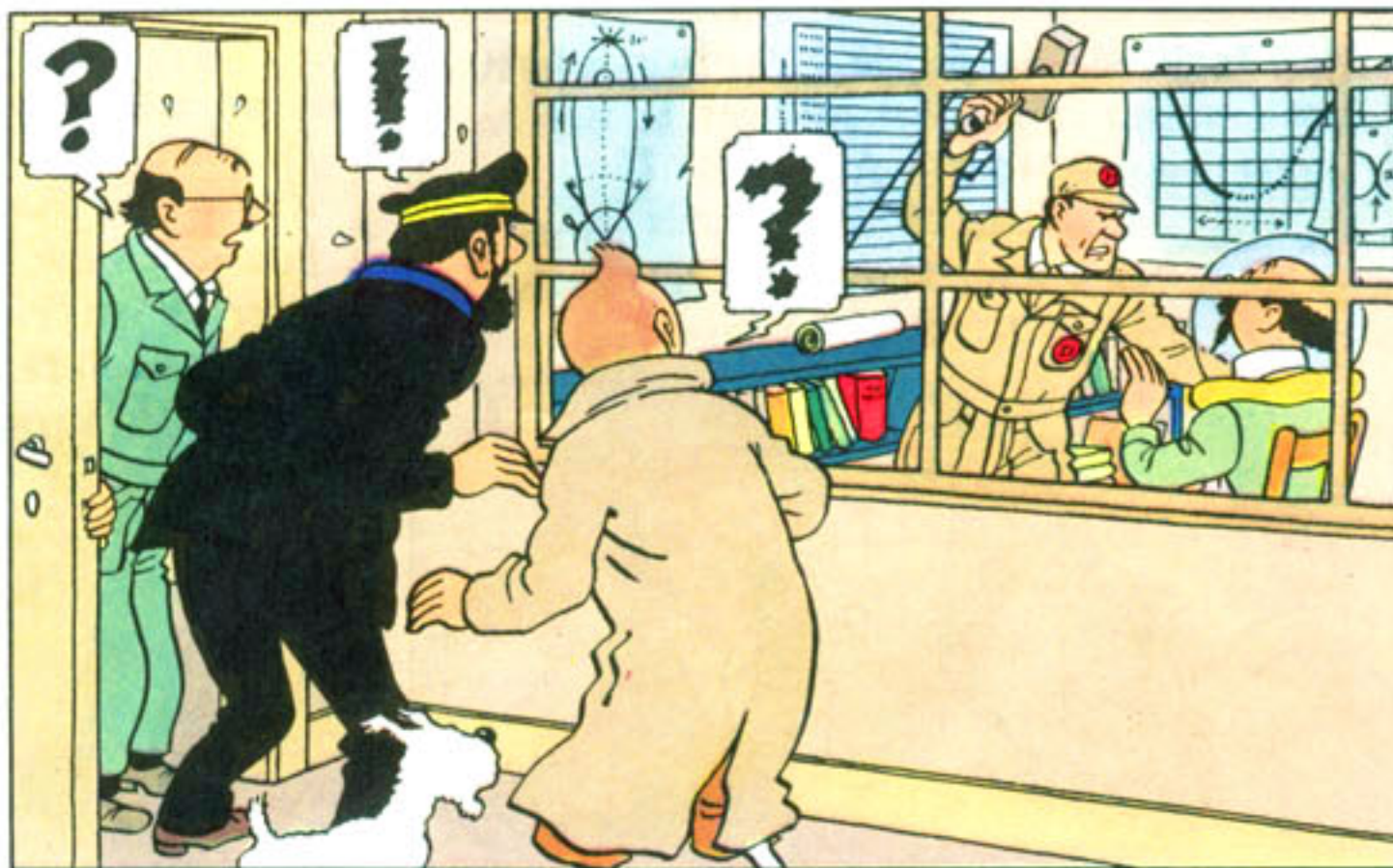
Oh! I'm sorry. I didn't notice your dog!

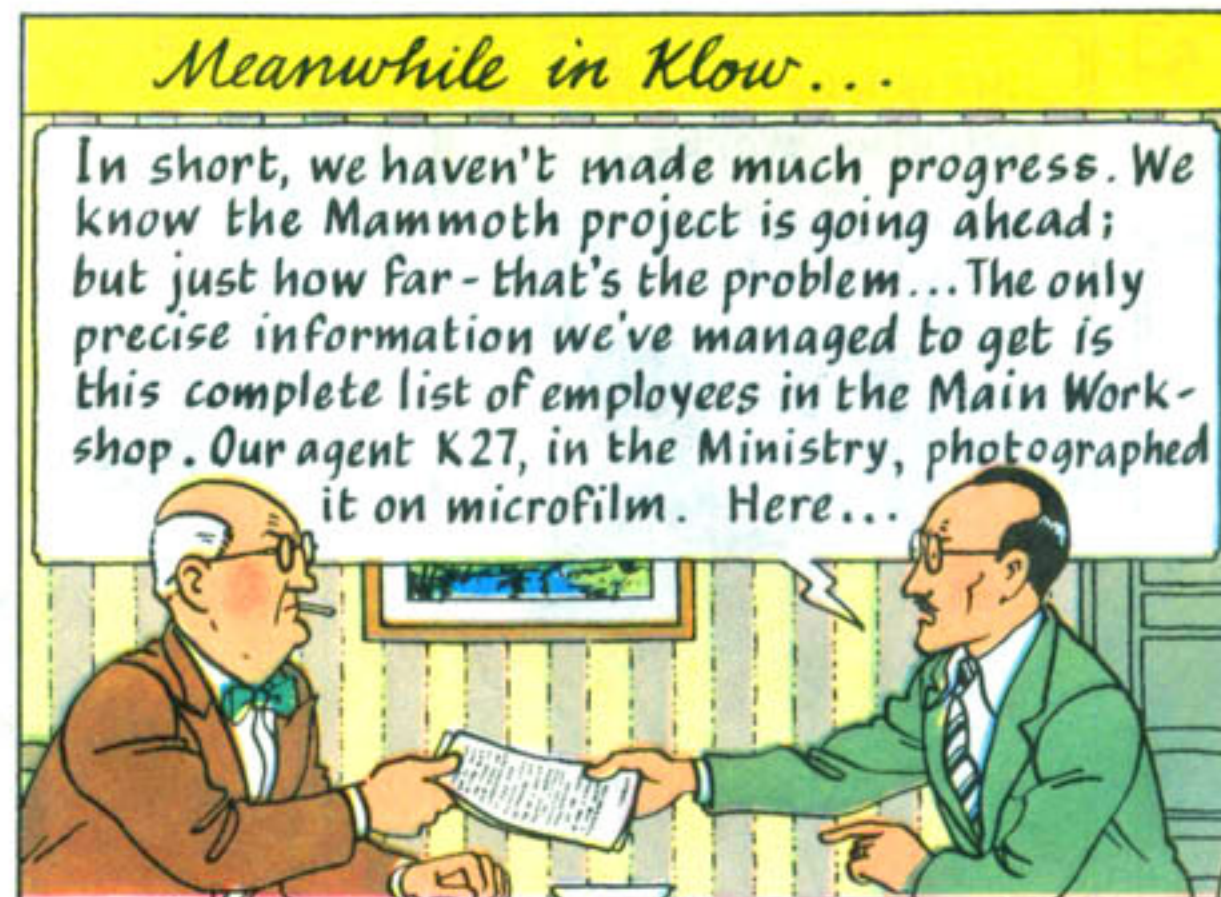
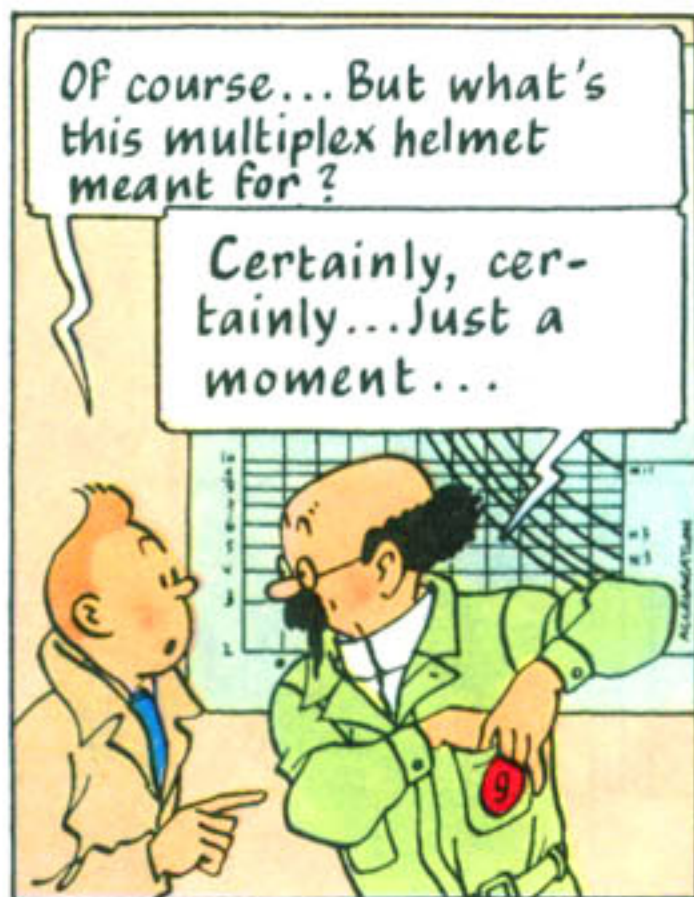


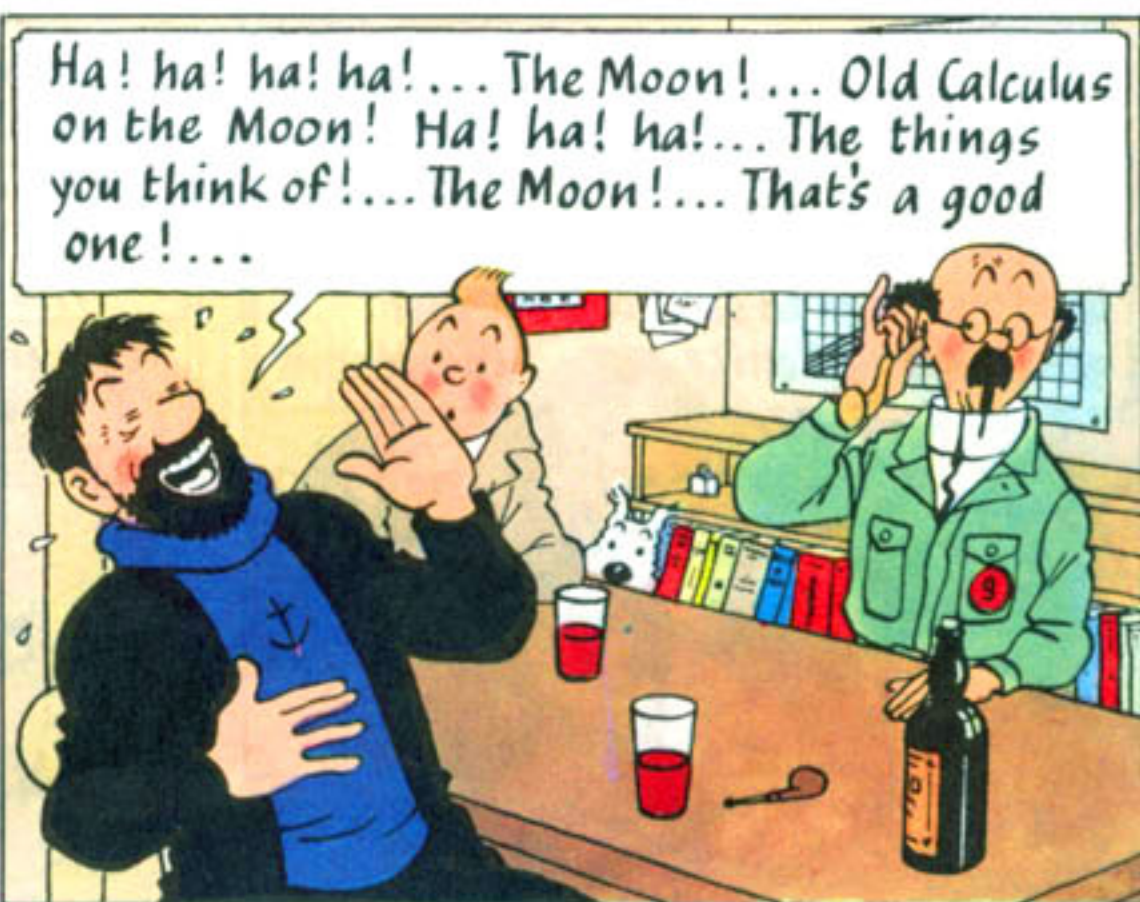
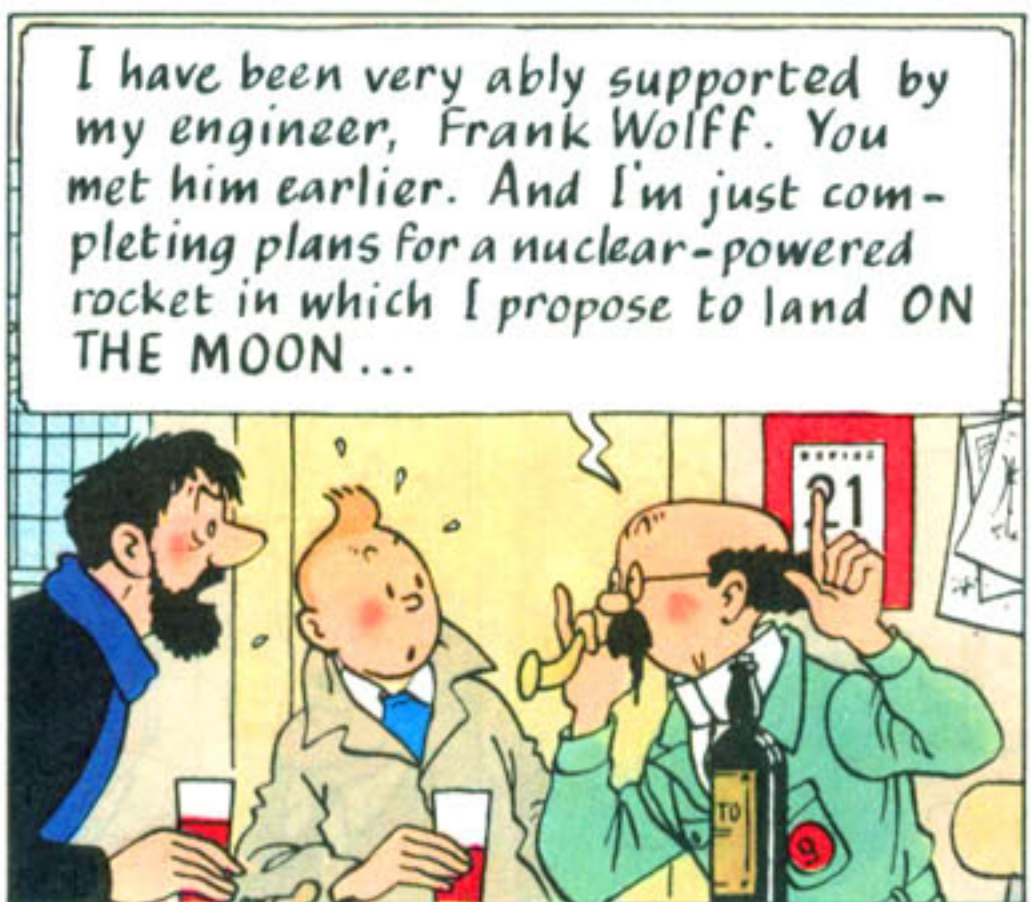
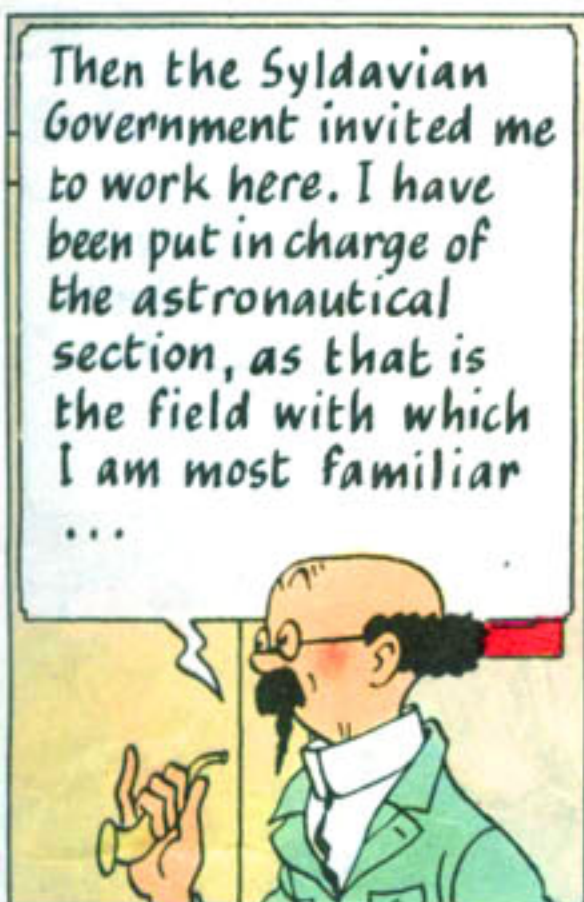
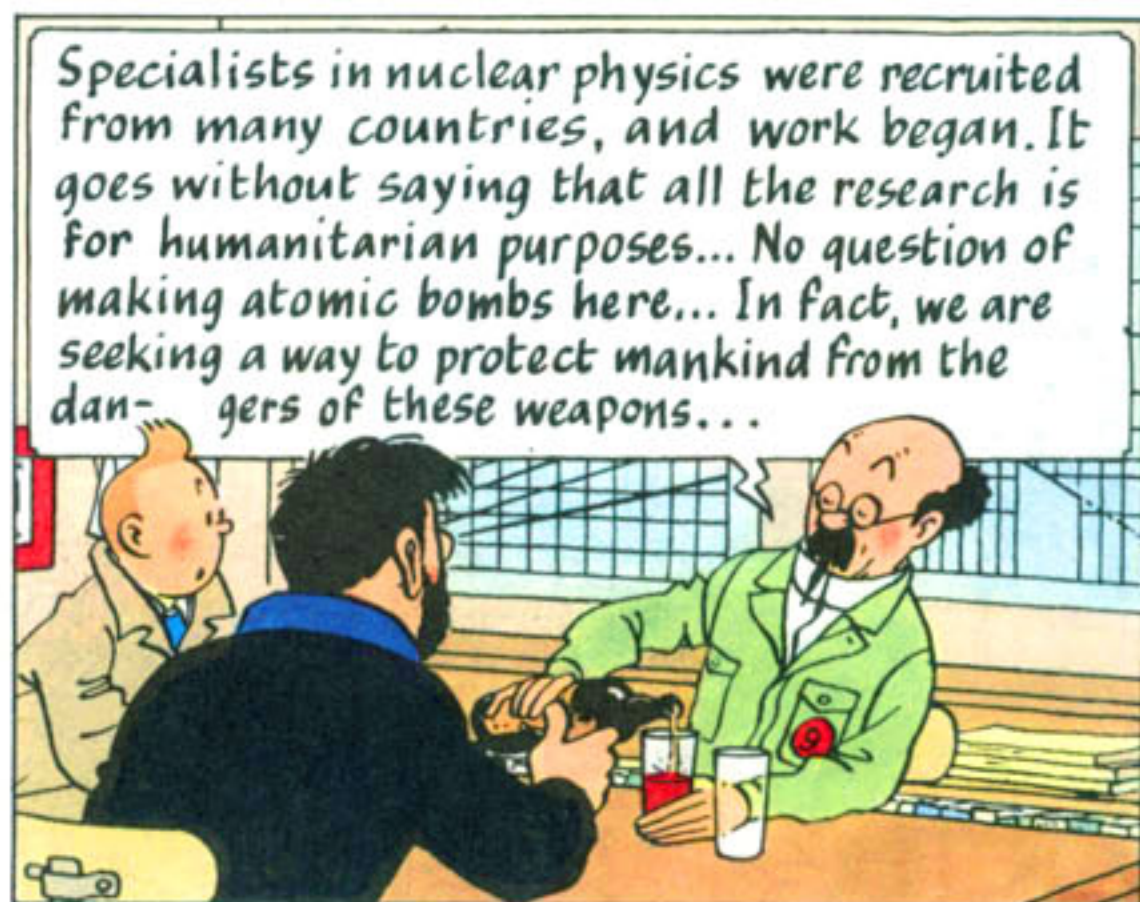
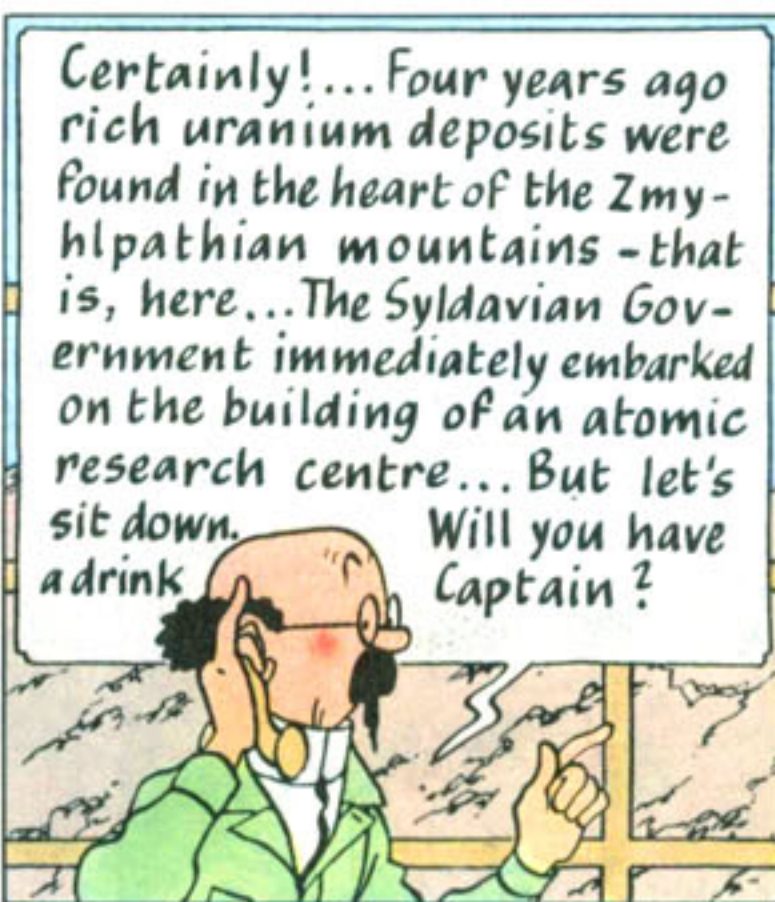
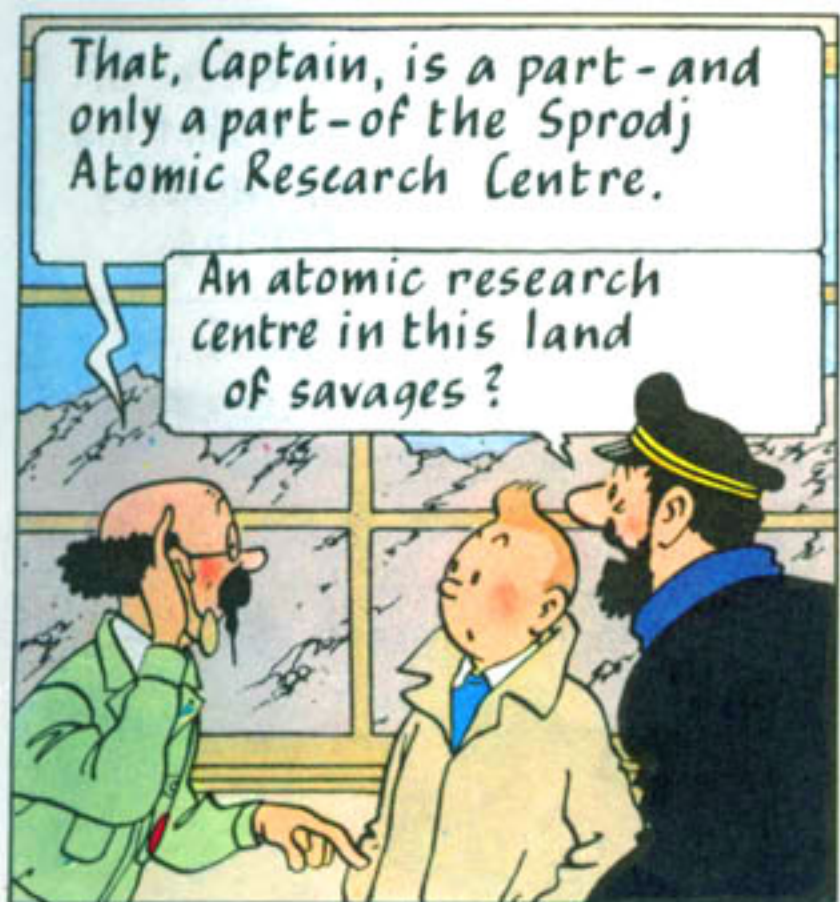
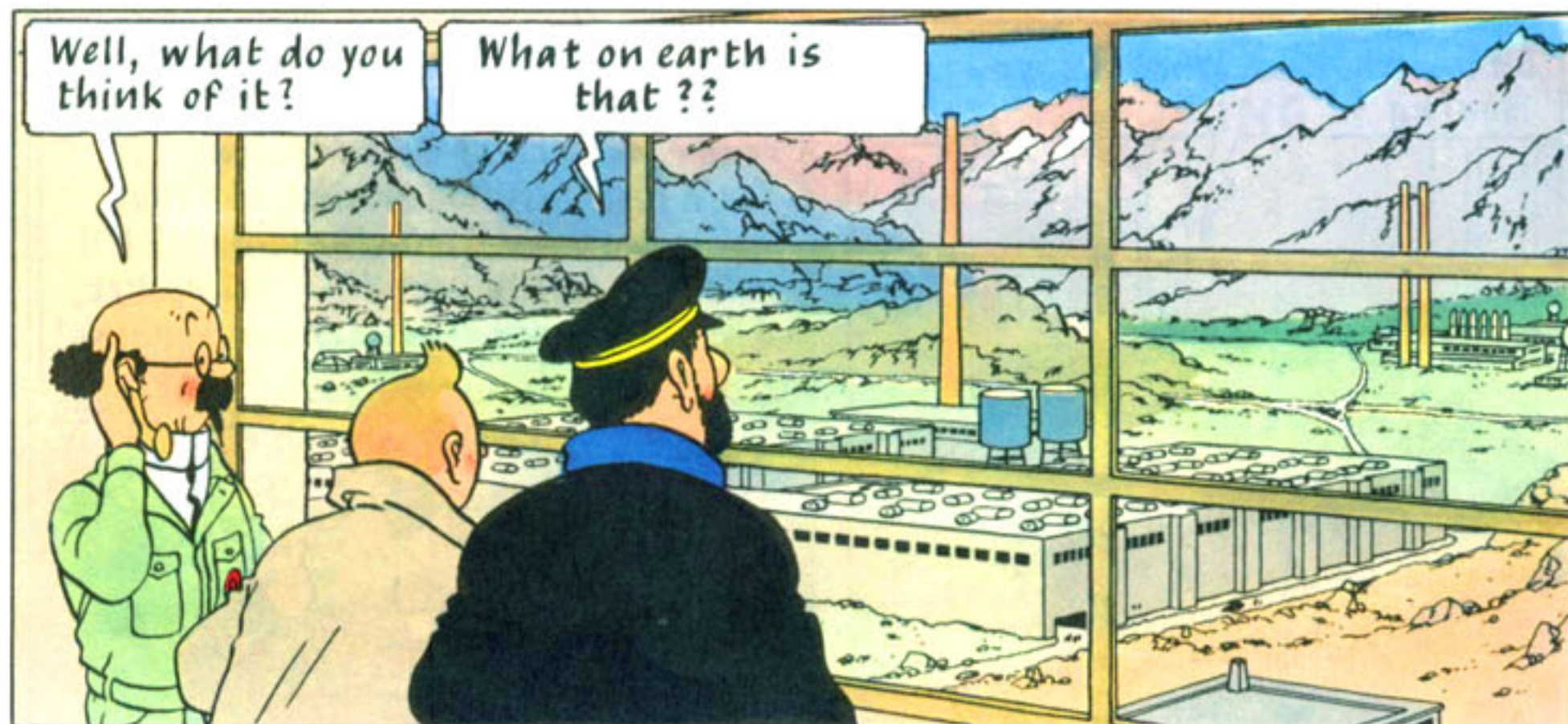
Here we are...

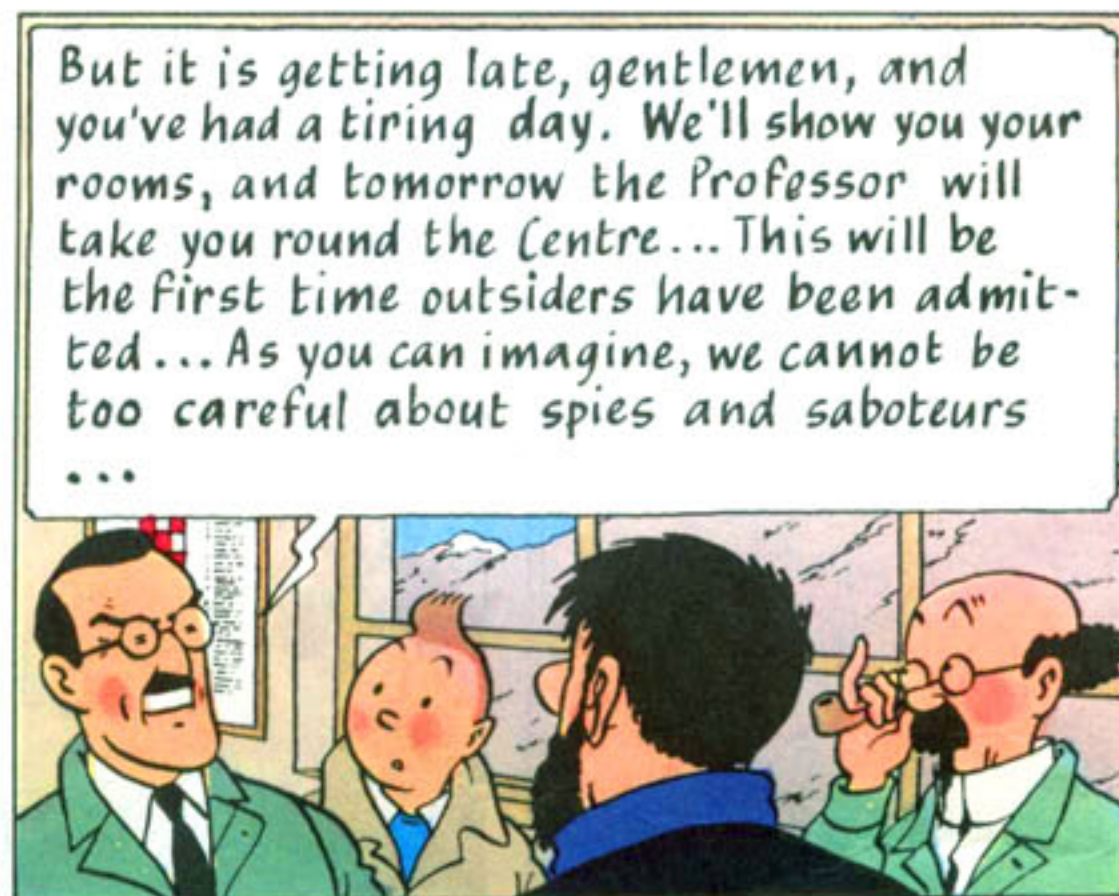
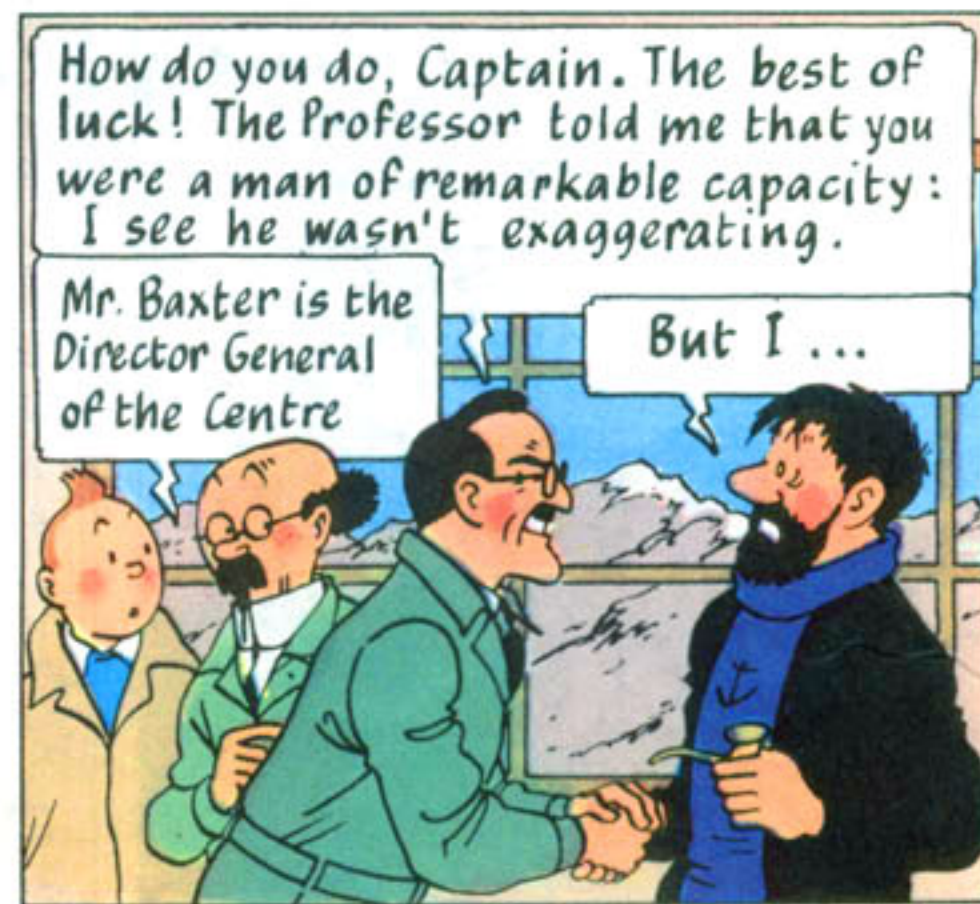
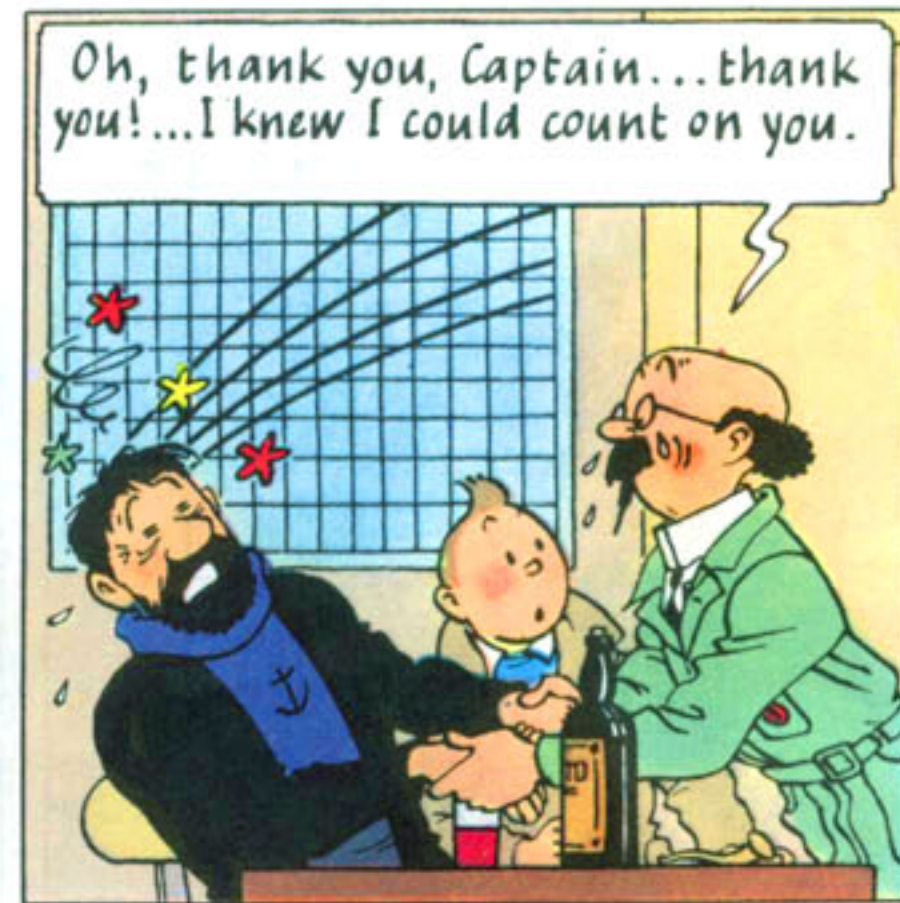


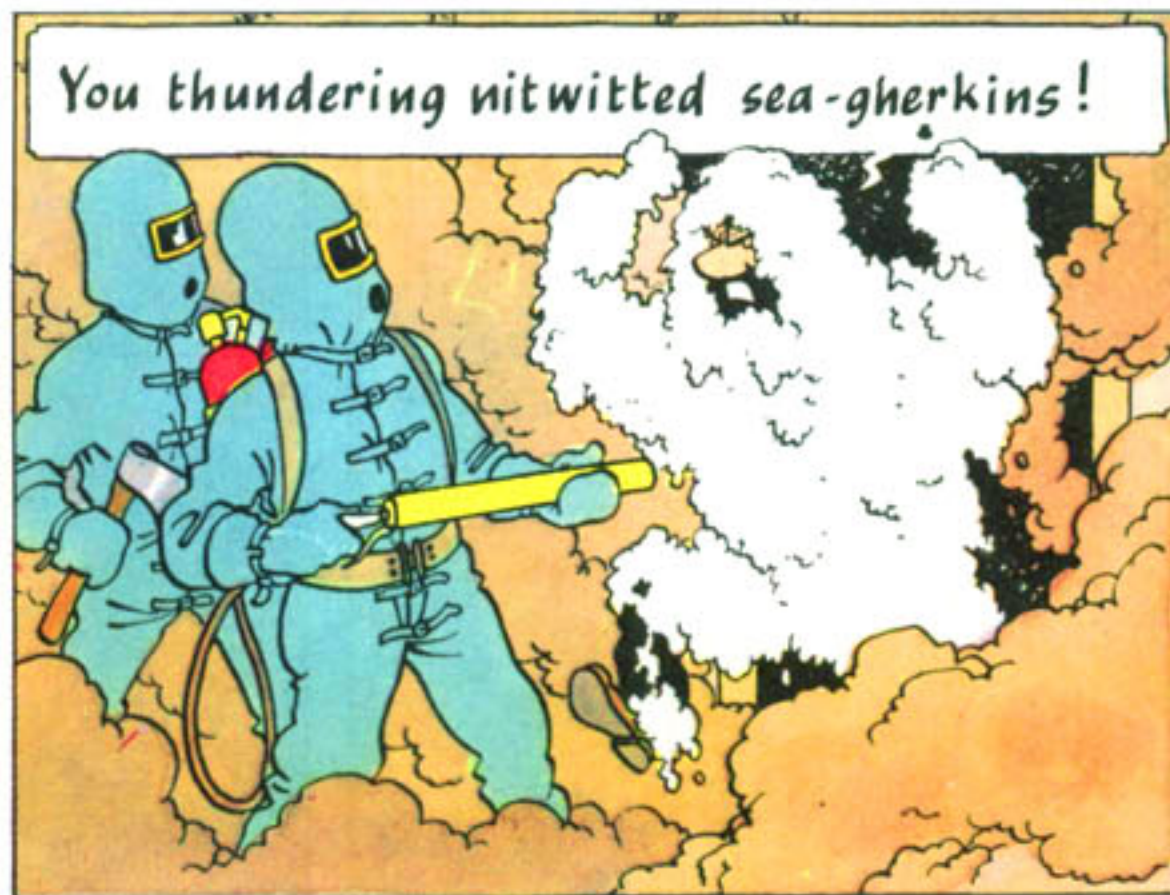
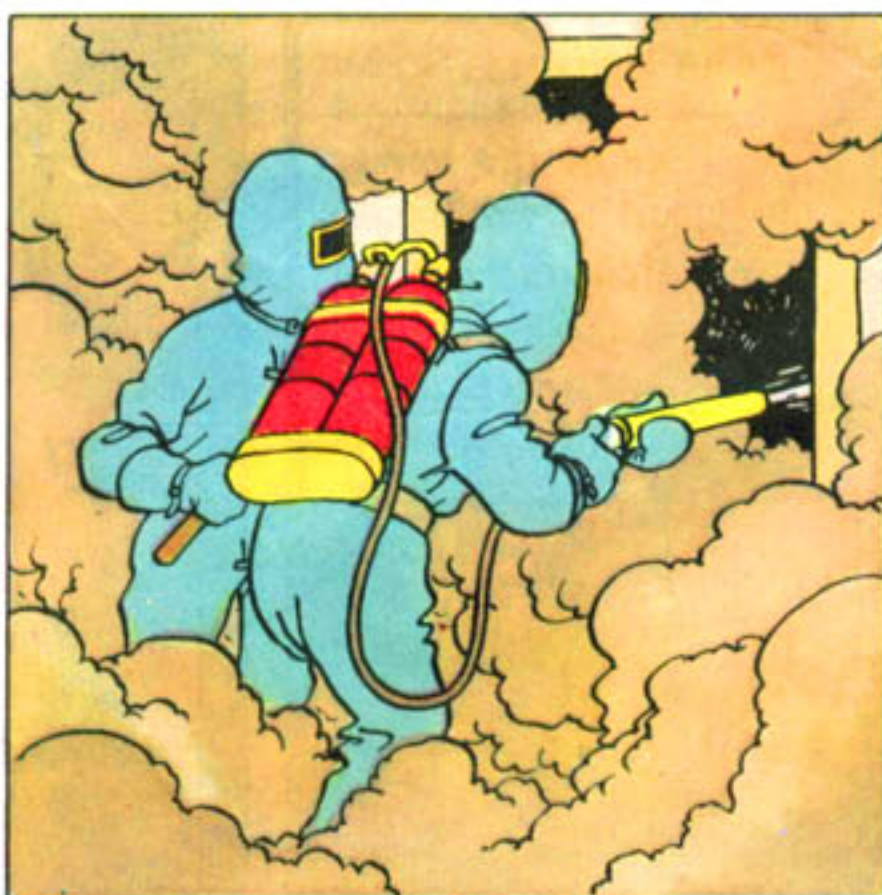
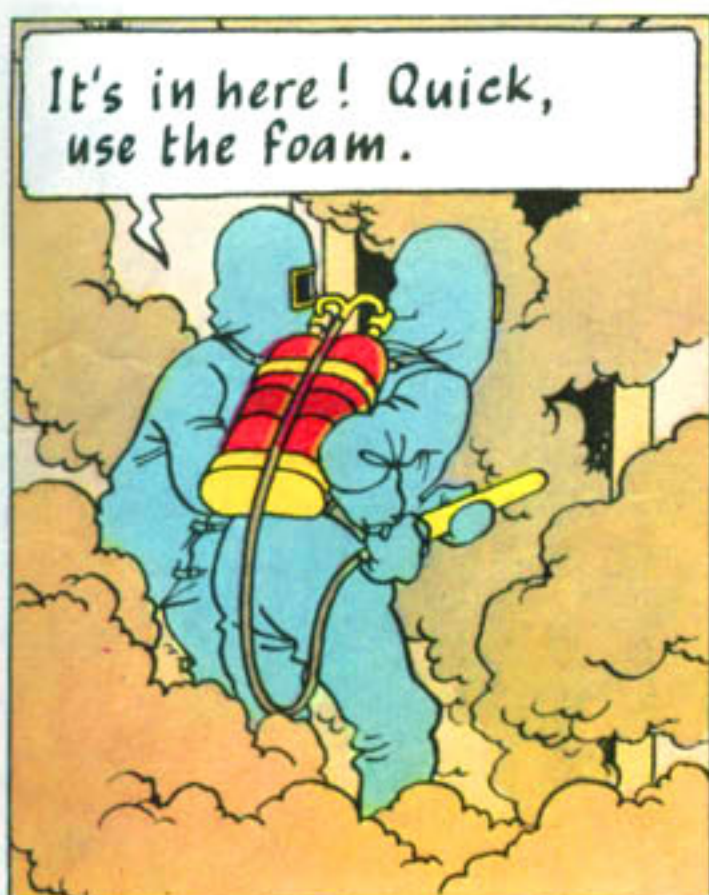
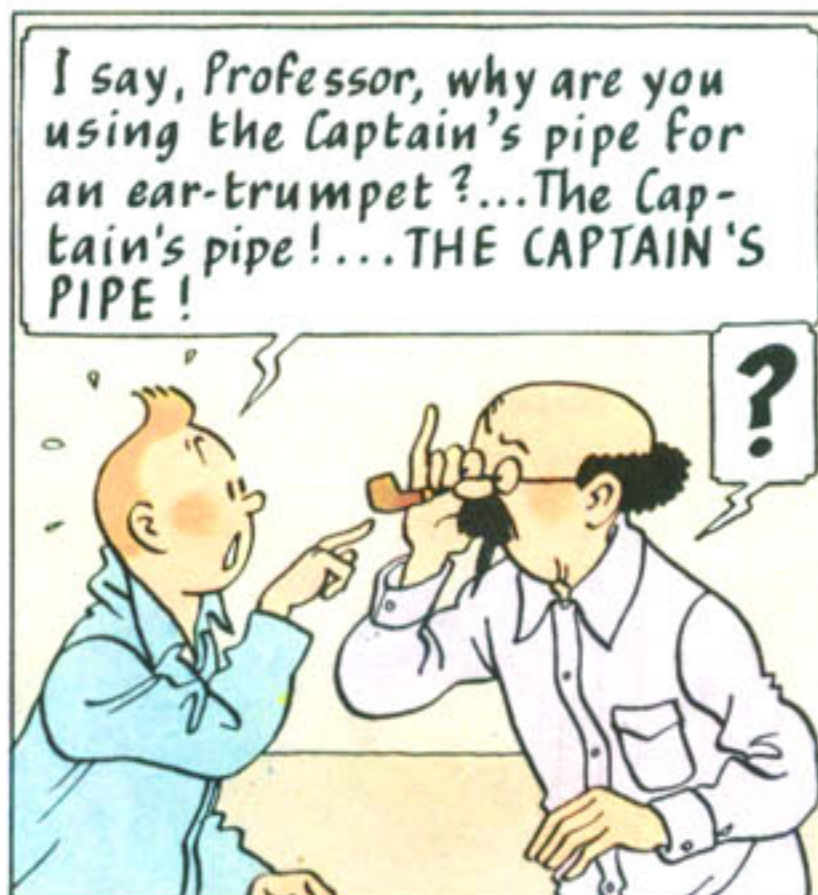
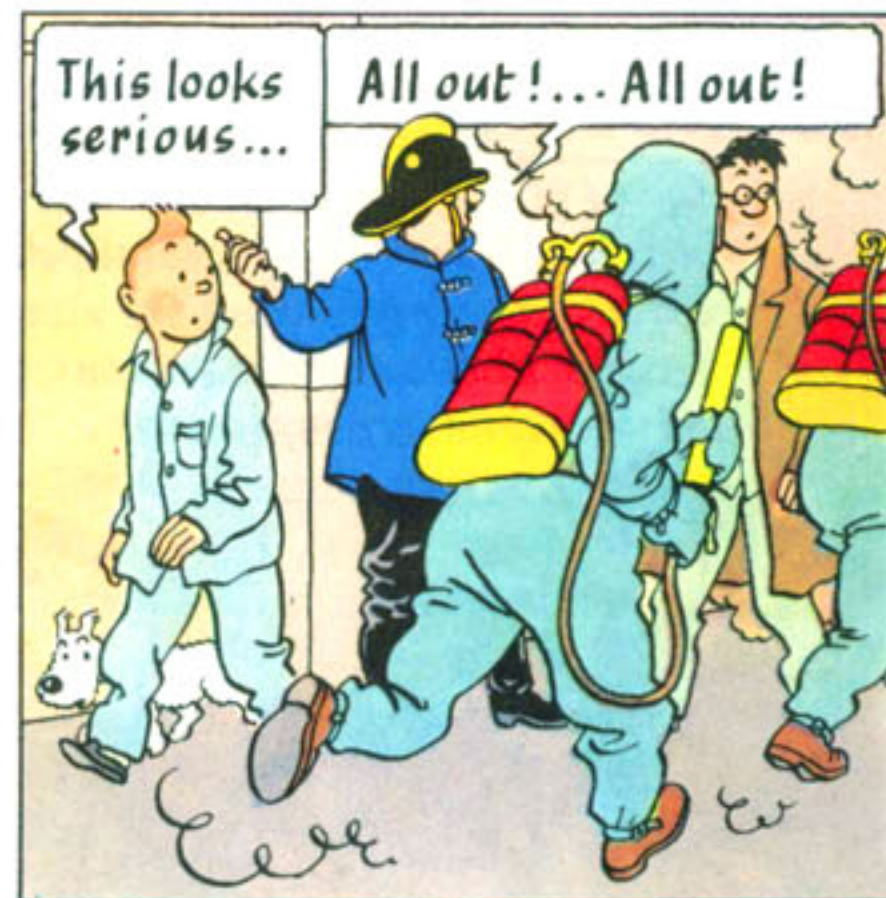
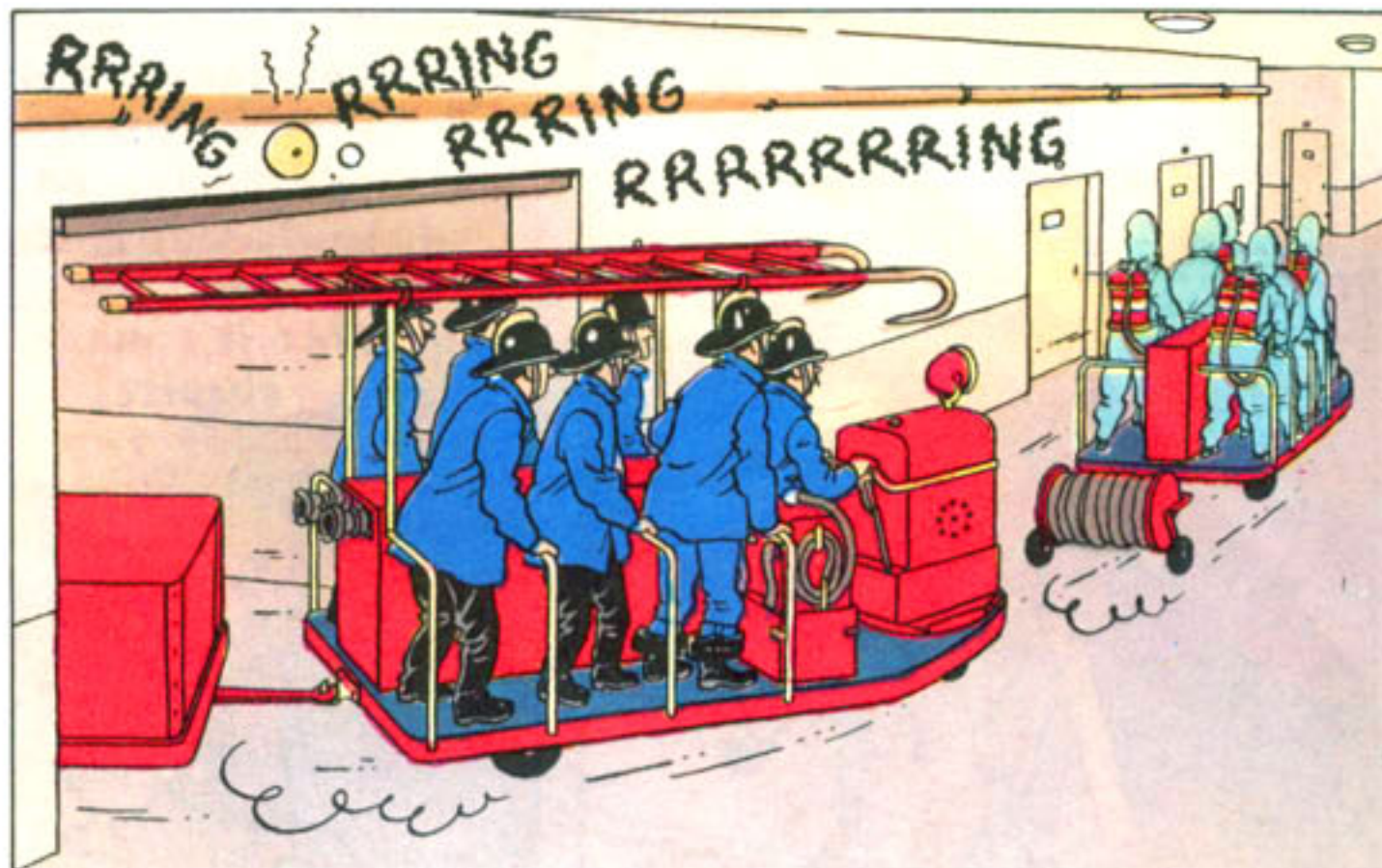
This is where Professor Calculus works...











You Polynesians, you! You've been smart, haven't you? You Ku-Klux-Klan! Just when I was putting it out myself...

Putting out what?



This confounded ear-trumpet! I filled it and lit it, thinking it was my pipe. It started to burn: no flame: just this blistering smoke!

Oh I see: it's made of ebonite!



The next morning...

The Professor asked me to give you this... He's rather busy himself this morning, so he suggested that I take you round the Centre... You'd better put on these overalls; then you can go round without being stopped continually by ZEP0.



The Zepo again?... Look here, just what is a Zepo?

The ZEP0?... ZE-PO... Zekrett Politzs... They are the special police responsible for guarding the atomic area, for anti-sabotage precautions and for counter-espionage.



On that score the ZEP0 have plenty to do... Despite all our precautions, certain powers know that we are building a moon-rocket and their spies are actively interested. Happily for us they can only succeed if they have inside men. And even these would have to be senior staff... But we need have no worries about that... Now I'll leave you to put on your overalls.



Meanwhile...

Send this in code, my dear Baron: "A.K.R. 12 to N.W.3. R. In contact at top level with Main Workshop..."



We are now in the central laboratories where the natural uranium - which comes to us in thin metal rods - is converted into plutonium... Plutonium will be used to power Professor Calculus's rocket.



There are two principal stages in the production of plutonium: first the "cooking" of the uranium rods in the atomic pile which you will see in a minute; then the chemical extraction of the plutonium produced in the rods by the "cooking"... You follow me?

Of course!... I'm right behind you.



Through this entrance is the bay housing the atomic pile... Have your passes ready.

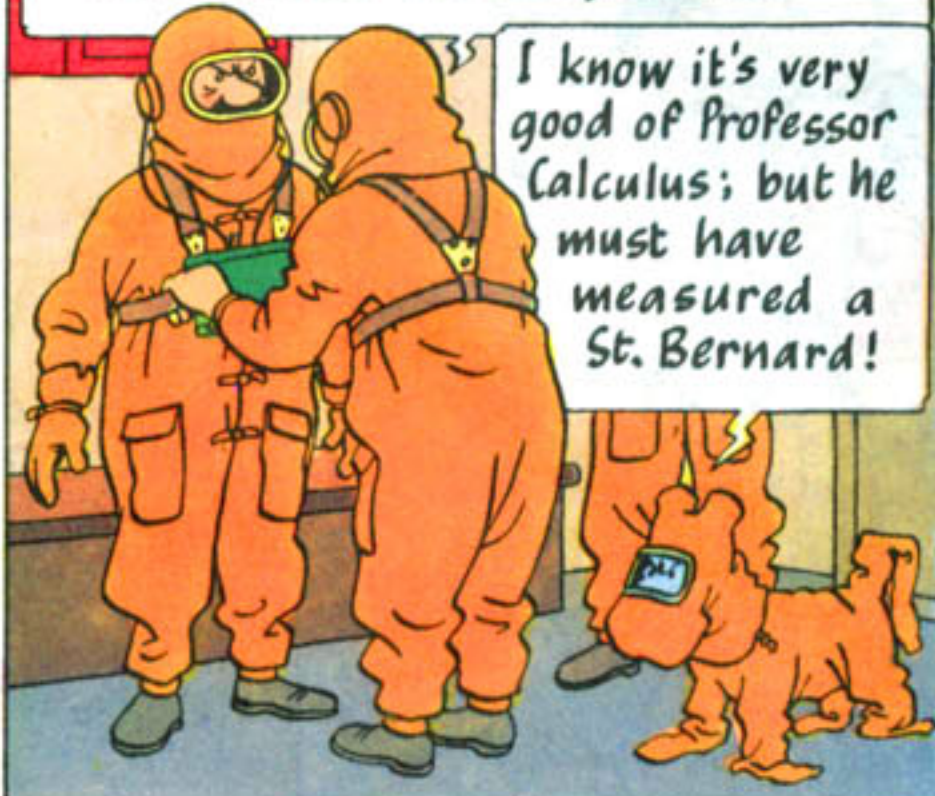


That's that. Now we'll go and put on the special clothing to protect us against radioactivity... By the way, with his usual thoughtfulness Professor Calculus remembered your dog; he's had a suit made for him - just the right size.

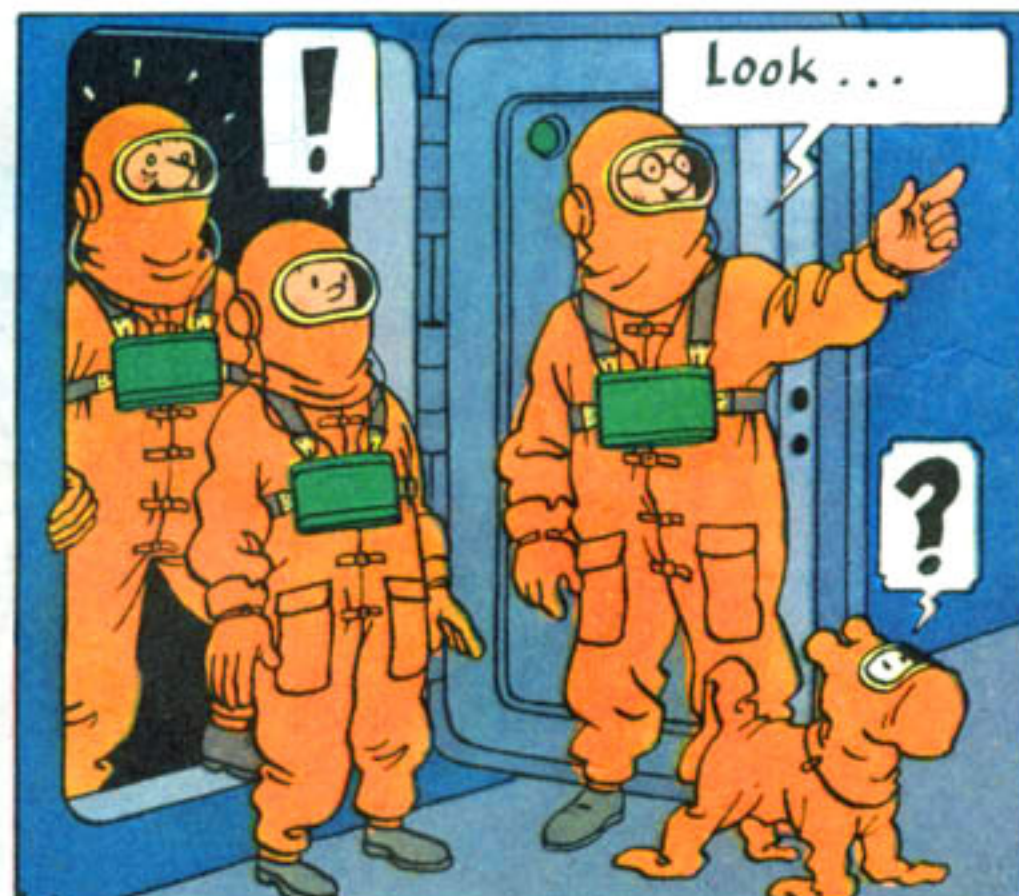


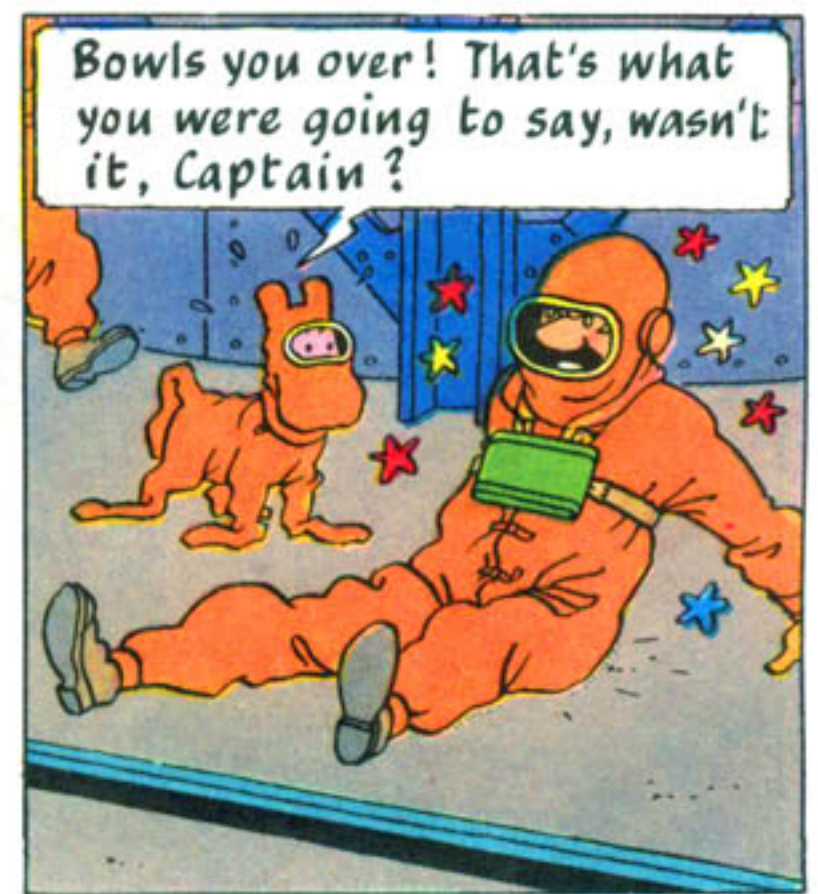
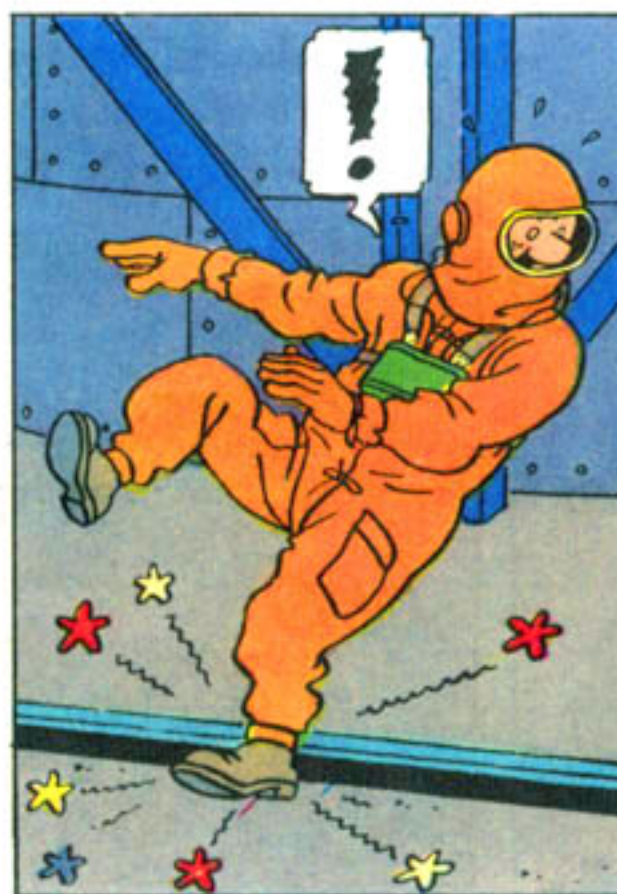
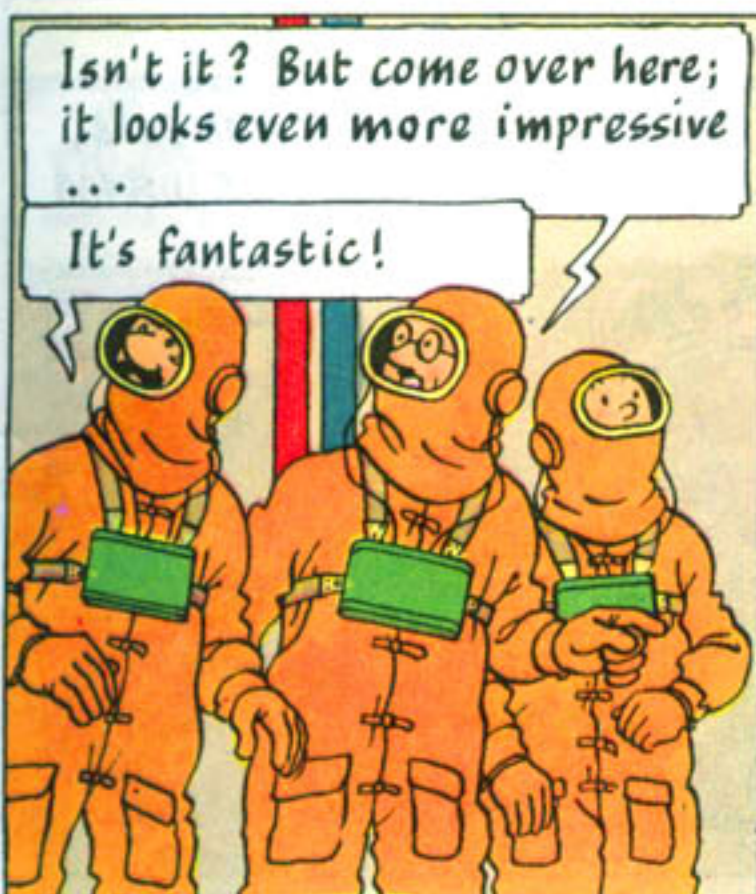
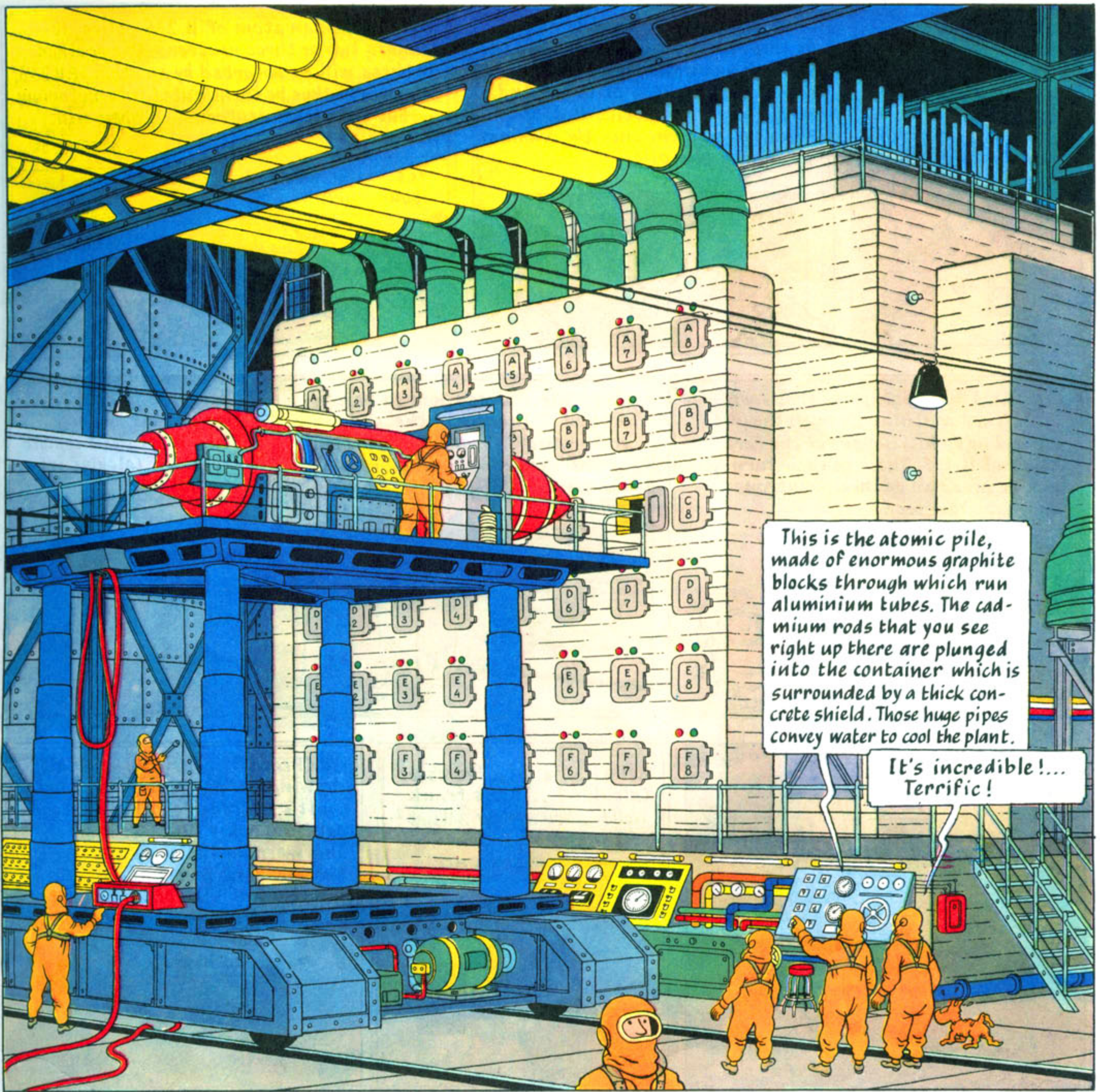
There... Now we can go in...

I know it's very good of Professor Calculus; but he must have measured a St. Bernard!



Look...

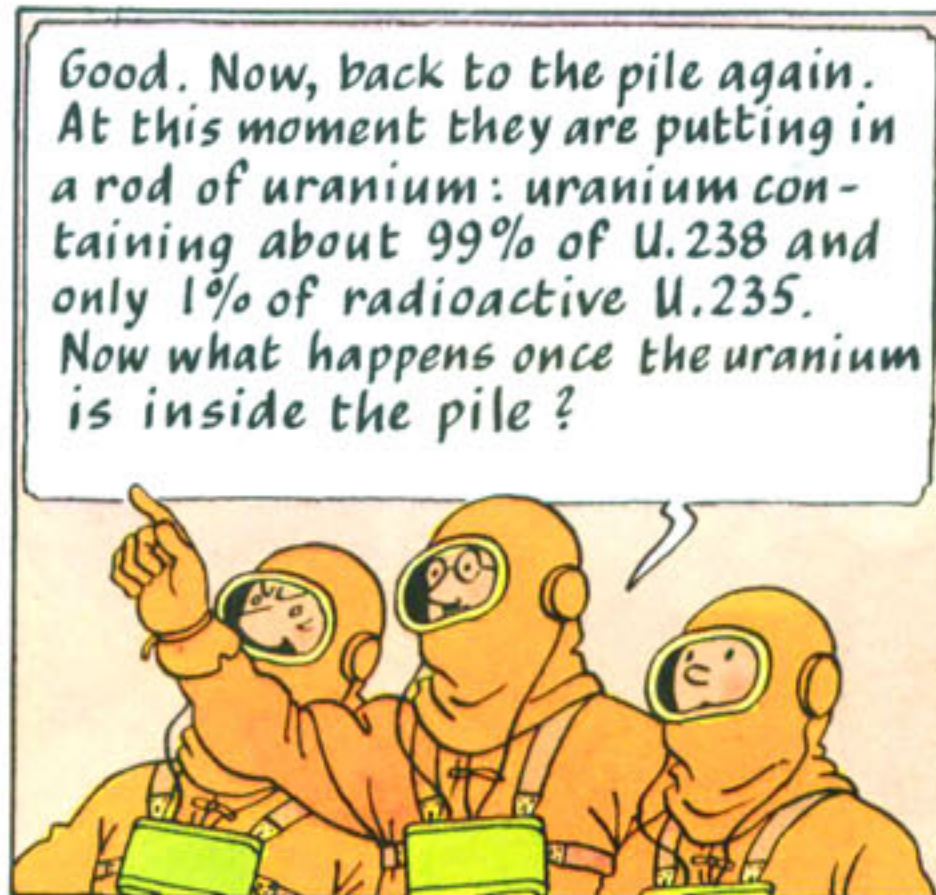




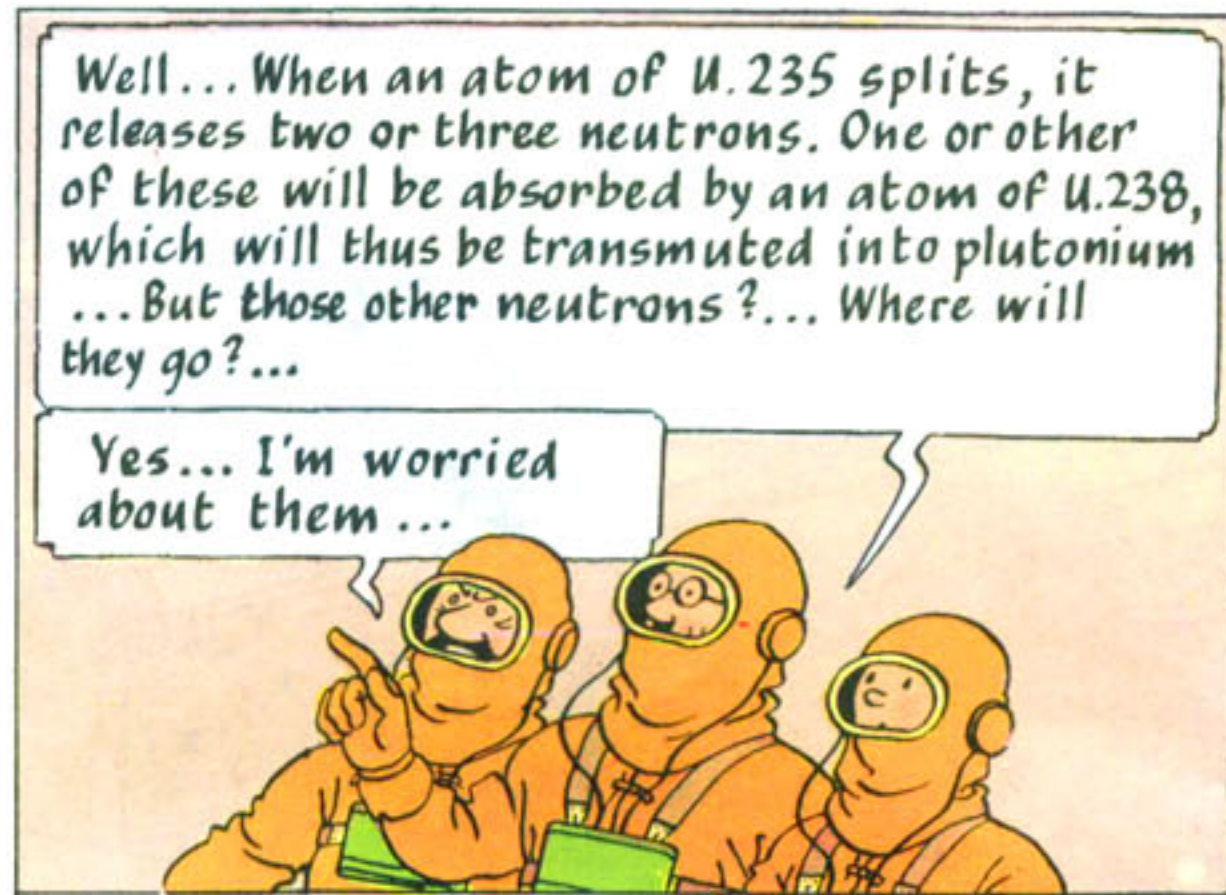


I hope you aren't hurt? ...

Hurt?... Oh no! ... Nothing at all!



Good. Now, back to the pile again. At this moment they are putting in a rod of uranium: uranium containing about 99% of U.238 and only 1% of radioactive U.235. Now what happens once the uranium is inside the pile?



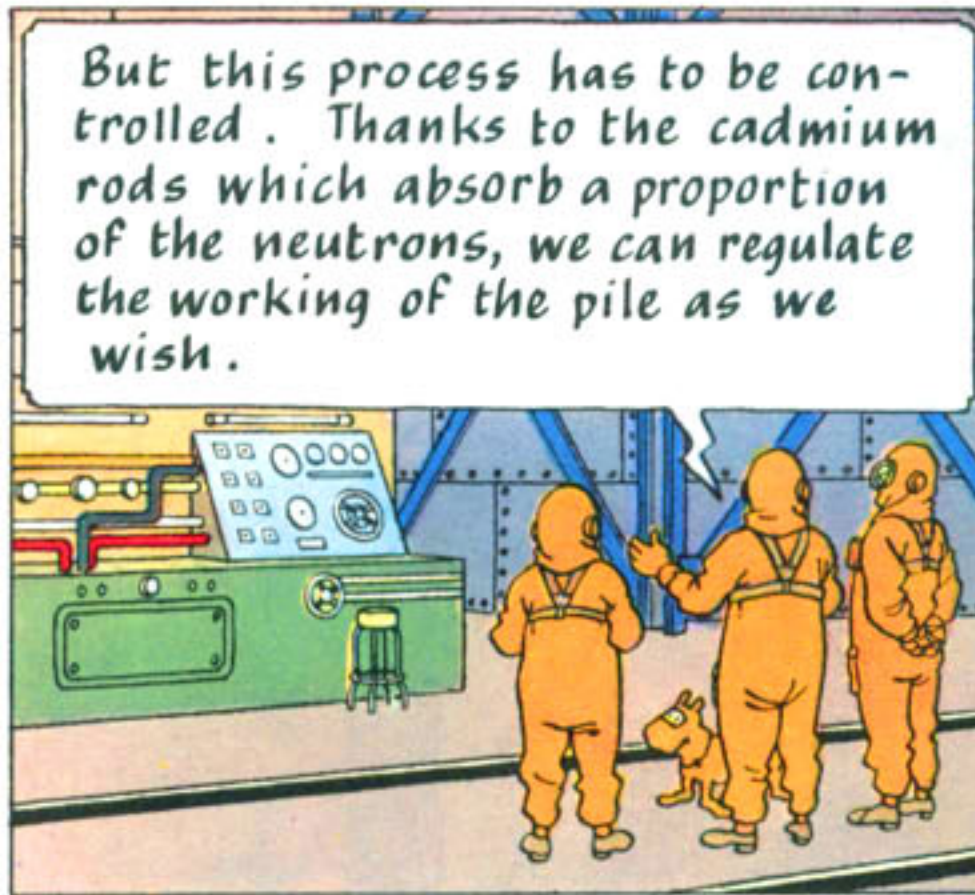
Well... When an atom of U.235 splits, it releases two or three neutrons. One or other of these will be absorbed by an atom of U.238, which will thus be transmuted into plutonium ... But those other neutrons?... Where will they go?...

Yes... I'm worried about them ...

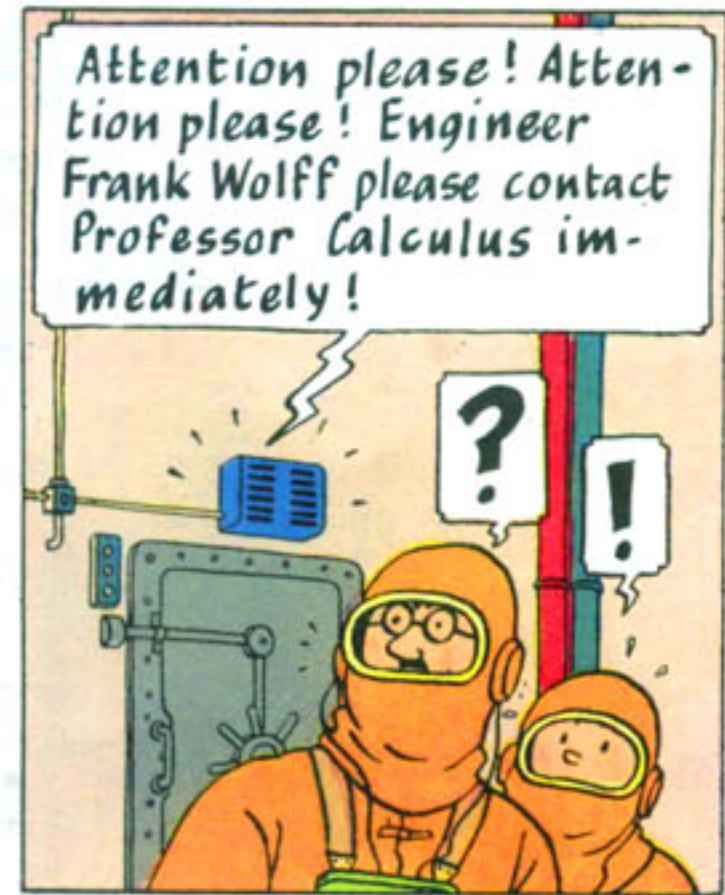


Restricted by the graphite that surrounds them, they continue through the pile, and end up by hitting one of the rare atoms of U.235. These in their turn split and release two or three neutrons again ... You see?

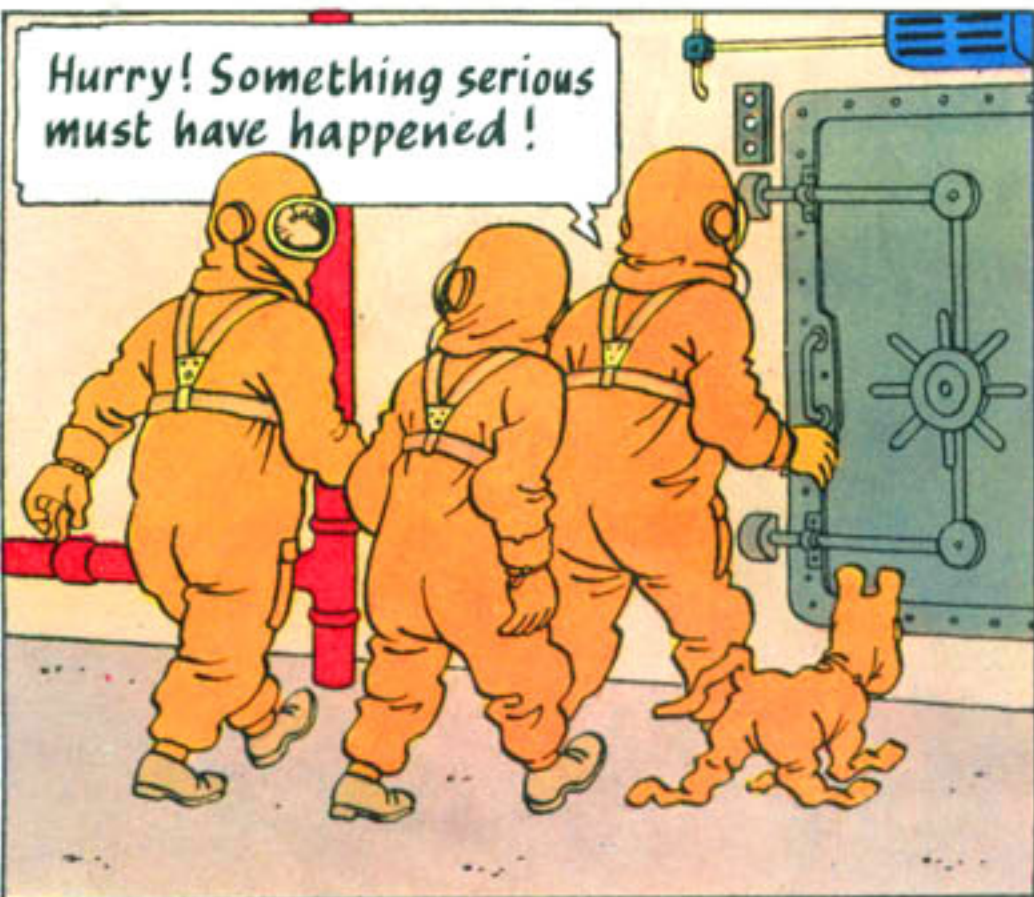
Of course! It's child's play...



But this process has to be controlled. Thanks to the cadmium rods which absorb a proportion of the neutrons, we can regulate the working of the pile as we wish.



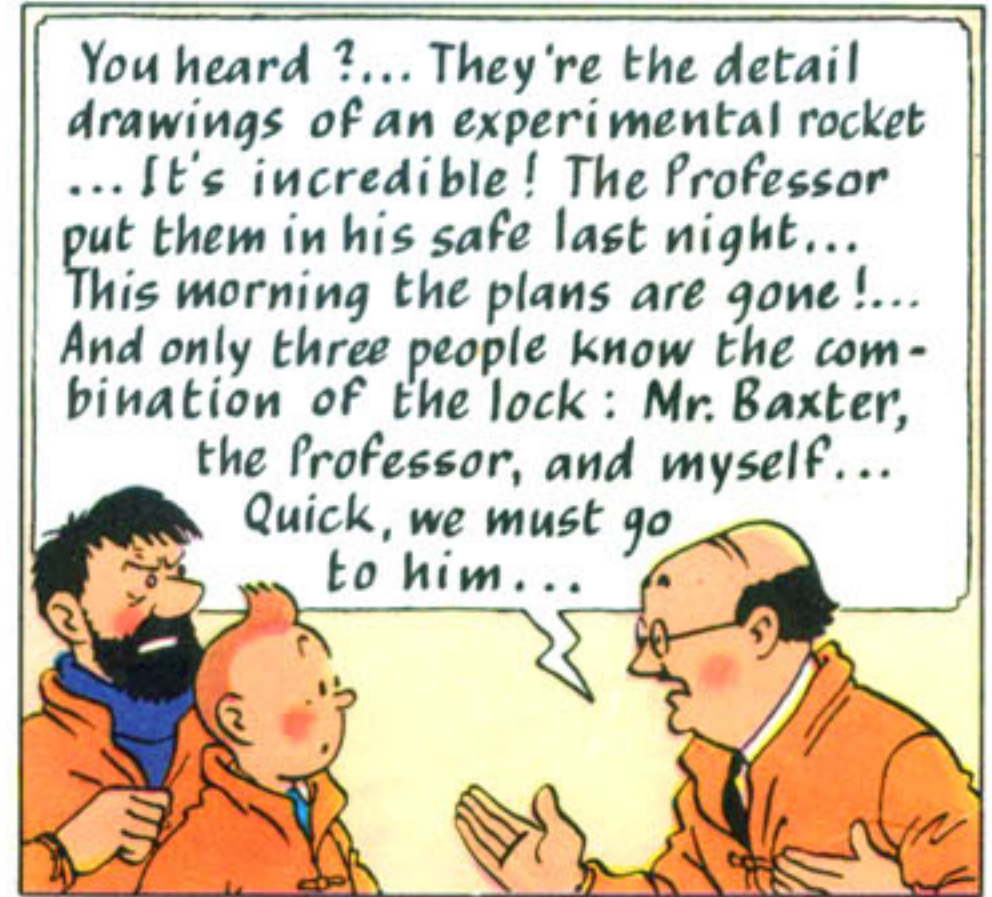
Attention please! Attention please! Engineer Frank Wolff please contact Professor Calculus immediately!



Hurry! Something serious must have happened!



Hello!... Hello!... Professor Calculus?... This is Frank Wolff... You... How... What?... The plans?... Gone??... Yes, we'll come at once.



You heard?... They're the detail drawings of an experimental rocket ... It's incredible! The Professor put them in his safe last night... This morning the plans are gone!... And only three people know the combination of the lock: Mr. Baxter, the Professor, and myself... Quick, we must go to him...



Just when is someone going to let me out of this fancy - dress?



A few minutes later...

And this morning when I opened the safe, look what I found: old newspapers instead of the plans...

We'd never hear the end of it if I rummaged in a dustbin! You'd do better to let me out of this duffle coat with a windscreen!



Excuse me, Professor, I may be mistaken, but I found these in the waste-paper basket. Aren't they the plans you're looking for?

Well I never!



I... Why, so they are!... But how could I? I'm terribly sorry... In a moment of absent-mindedness last night I must have put the plans in the basket, and locked up these old newspapers...



How lucky to have found them! These are plans of an experimental rocket we are just getting ready. Come, I'll show you... It's a model of the rocket which will, one day, take us to the Moon...



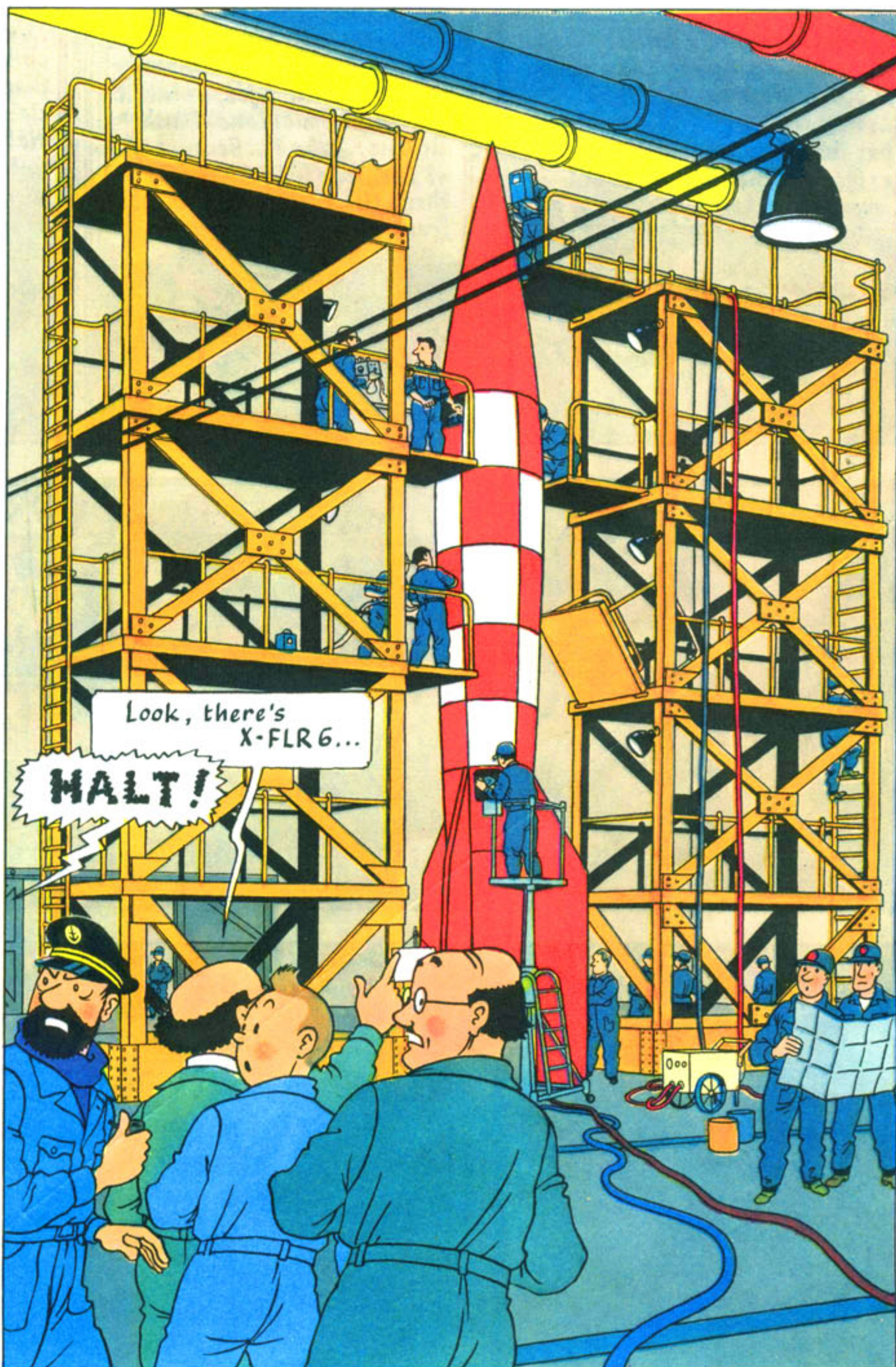
As you know, the Moon travels round the Earth, always showing the one face. The other side is completely unknown. The radio-controlled rocket we are going to launch will circumnavigate the Moon...

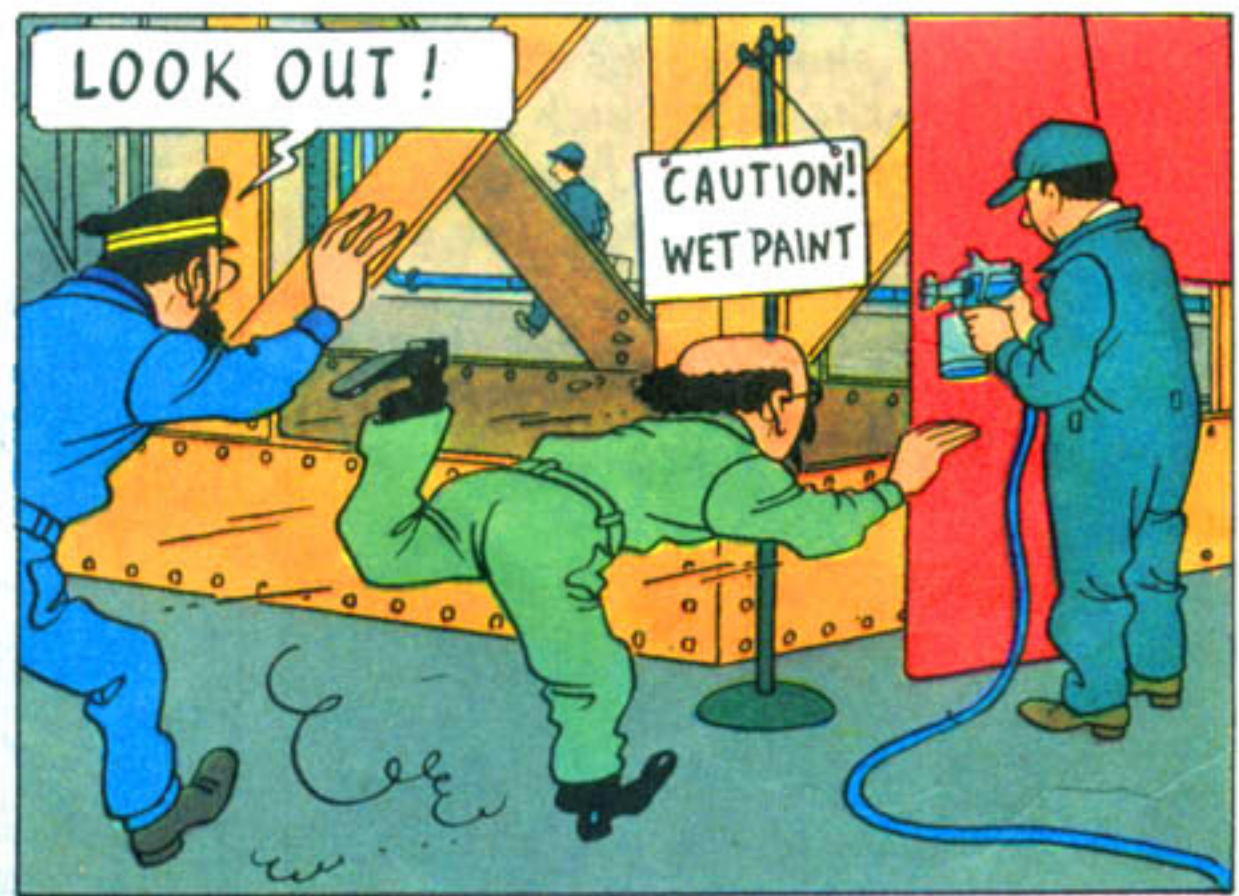
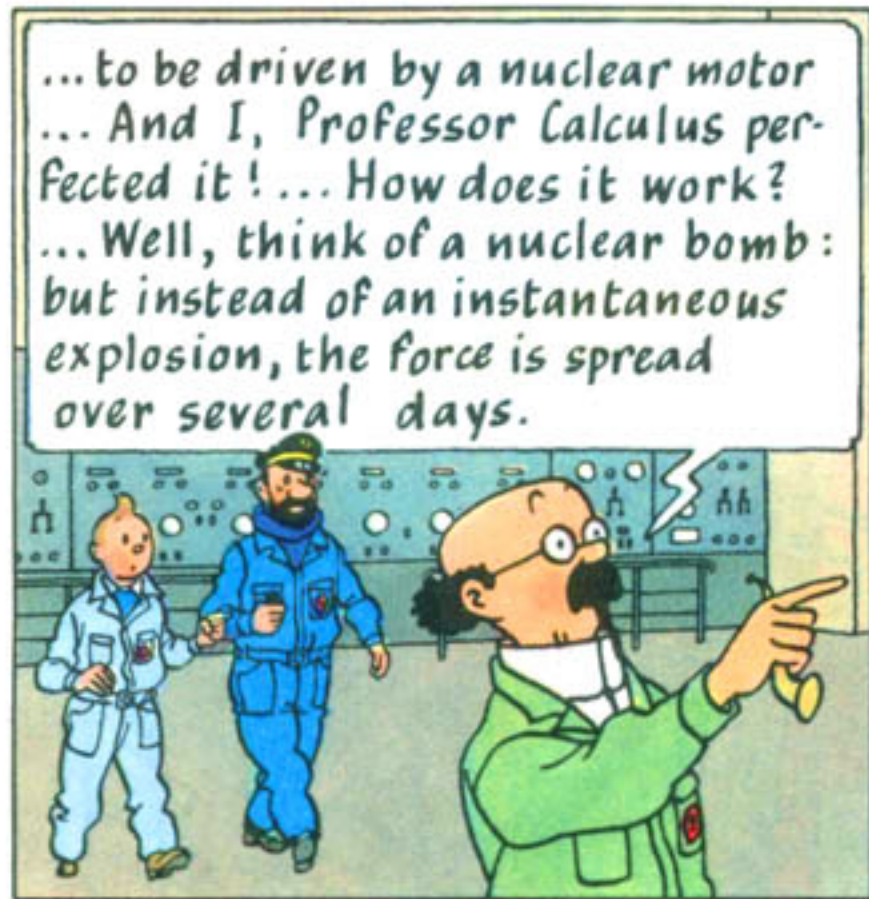
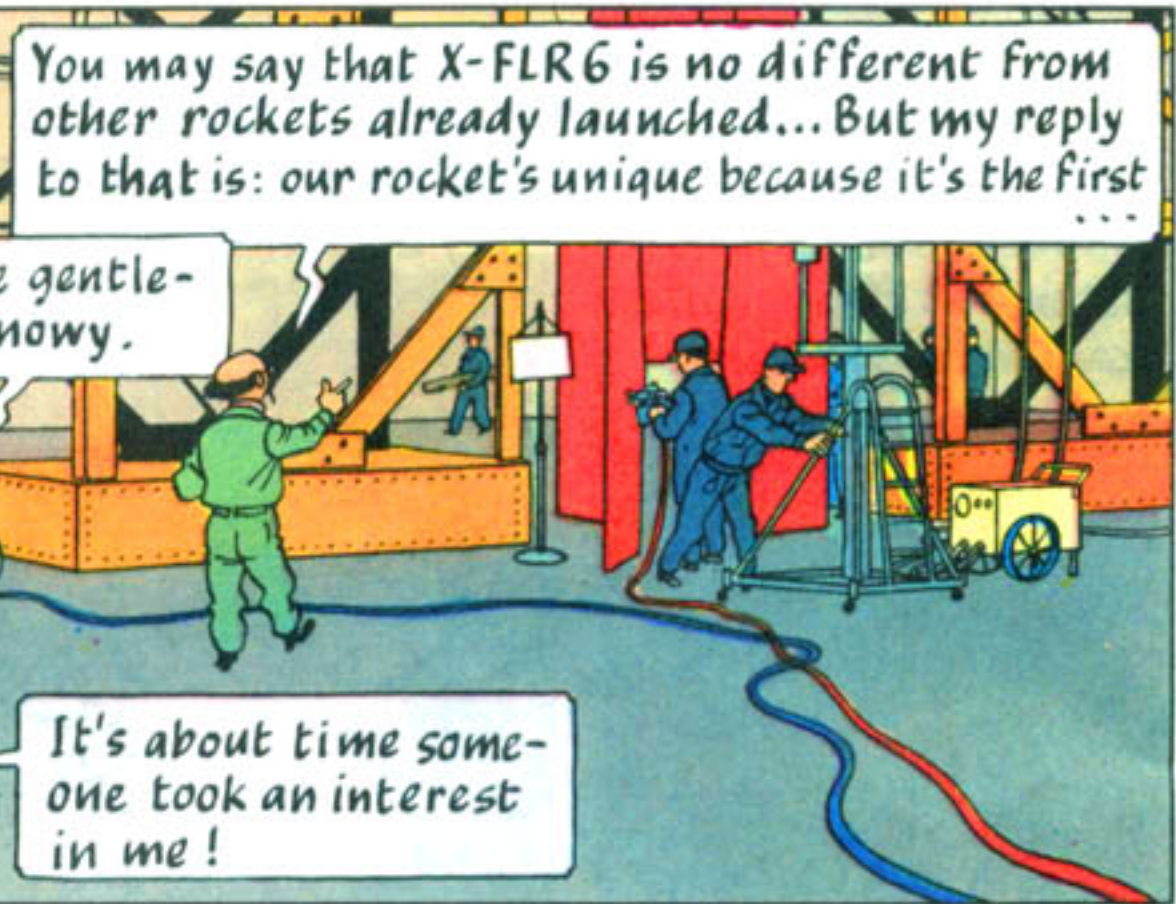


... and take photographs of the other side—the face which is, and always will be, invisible from the Earth. If only from the point of view of astronomy this will be of tremendous interest. But that is not our only objective. Needless to say the rocket...



... X-FLR 6, as we have called it, will carry a full range of instruments. When these are recovered they will give us invaluable information for our own trip to the Moon...





Attention please!... Control calling!... Emergency!... Aircraft from South violating Security Area... Fighters and A.A. personnel to action stations



Sprodj Control to unidentified aircraft. Are you receiving me?... You are violating a Security Area... If you proceed you are liable to be forced down

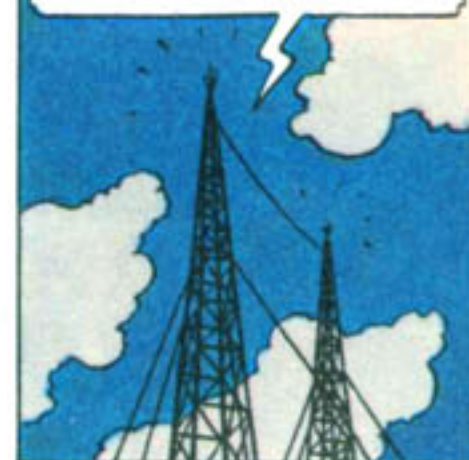


They've spotted us!... They're ordering us to turn back!

At all costs don't answer them: we aren't over the right place yet.



Sprodj Control to unidentified aircraft. I repeat, if you do not clear Security Area, we will open fire.



We hadn't bargained for this! They say they'll shoot!

Answer with a few odd words to make them think we're in trouble... We must play for time...



... craft... F... R... receive... lost... course... please... our... posi...



A plane must have lost its way. Their radio is intermittent. They're trying to answer us. What shall we do?



This is it! Jump!



Radar to Control!... Three parachutists have just jumped from the plane!

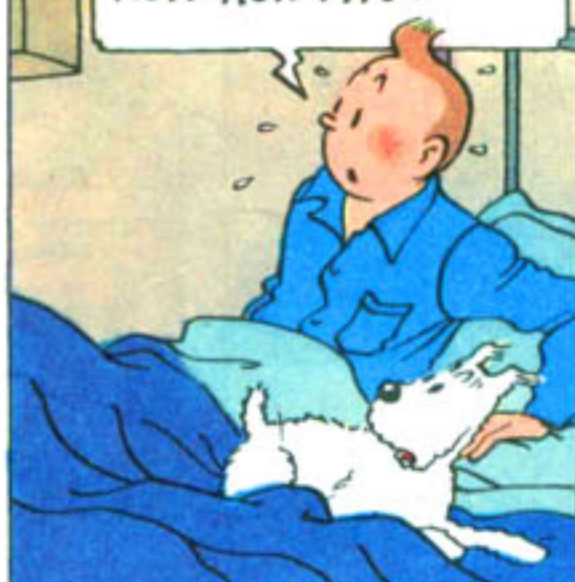


Control calling!... Order the Ack-Ack to open fire!



BOOM BOOM BOOM

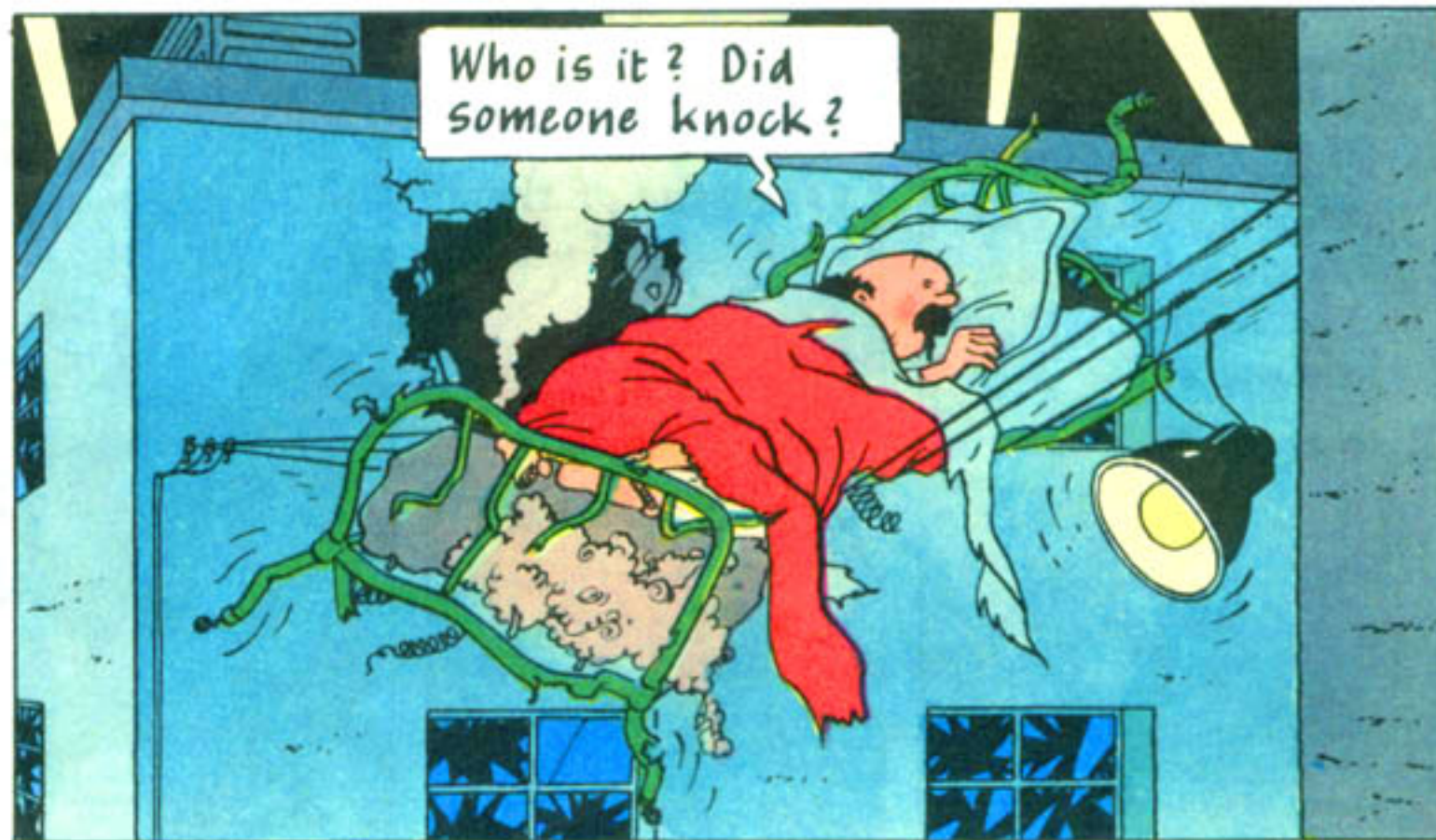
Crumbs! It wasn't a dream: that's Ack-Ack fire!



That's an unexploded shell coming down!



Great snakes! It went off in the Professor's room! Quick! I must hurry!



Next morning...

Attention please! All personnel in category "A" please report at once to Mr. Baxter for an important announcement..

Category "A"?... That's us!

Yes. Come on!

Gentlemen, there have been serious incidents during the night... An unidentified aircraft flew over the Security Area. It eluded our fighters and anti-aircraft fire, and dropped three parachutists. The parachute of one failed to open and he was killed. His body was found this morning. He was carrying rations, arms, and a radio set, but of course no identification papers...

Till now the other two parachutists have evaded capture. Needless to say everything is being done to find them. They will undoubtedly be caught forthwith. Meanwhile, gentlemen, I ask for your co-operation...

Operation?... Who's he talking about, having an operation?... Is somebody ill?

... and would like to impress on you, my senior executives, the need for constant vigilance. This daring raid proves that even the strictest precautions cannot stop desperate men.

Thank you, gentlemen, that will be all. May I just have a word with the X-FLR6 team...

Perhaps your ear-trumpet is blocked?

Not in the least: it's just blocked, that's all.

You see? It's plaster... from that explosion last night... No, it won't come out like this...

Let's see, perhaps if I shake it...

Well, Professor, what are you up to now?

OH! Blistering barnacles! I thought that sort of thing only happened to me!

I'm terribly sorry... Don't mention it!

Excuse me: the telephone...

RRRRING

Hello... Yes... What?... Captured the parachutists?... Both of them?... Splendid!... Greeks, you say?... That's odd. Bring them here immediately. I'll question them myself.

A few minutes later

... You've got the strong end of the wick... no, I mean...

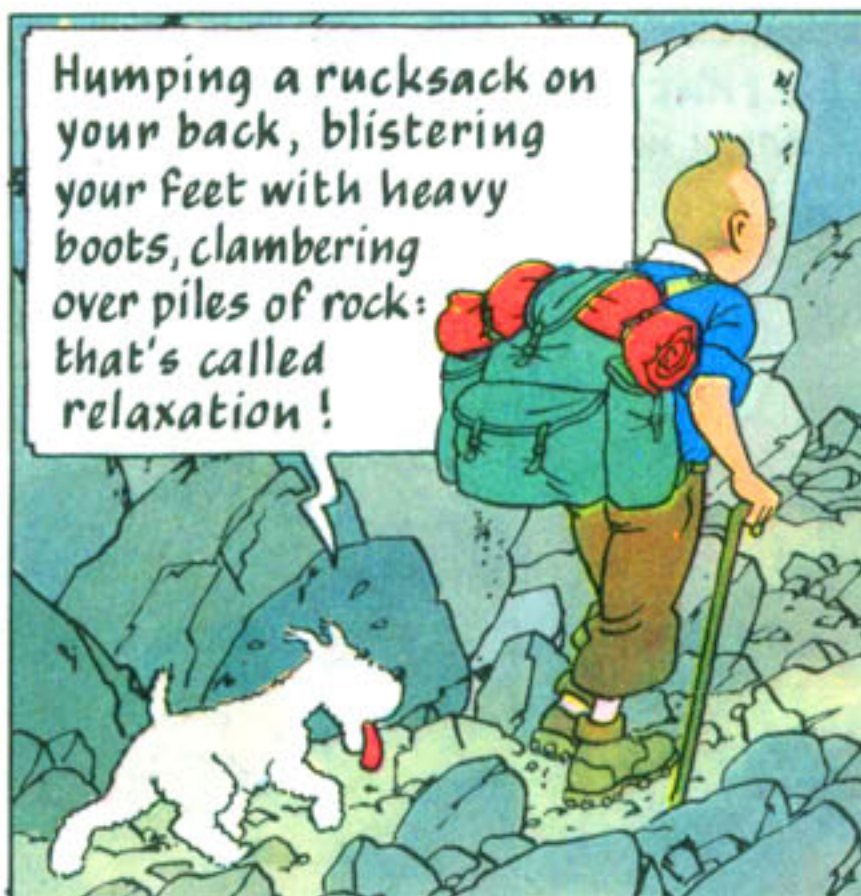
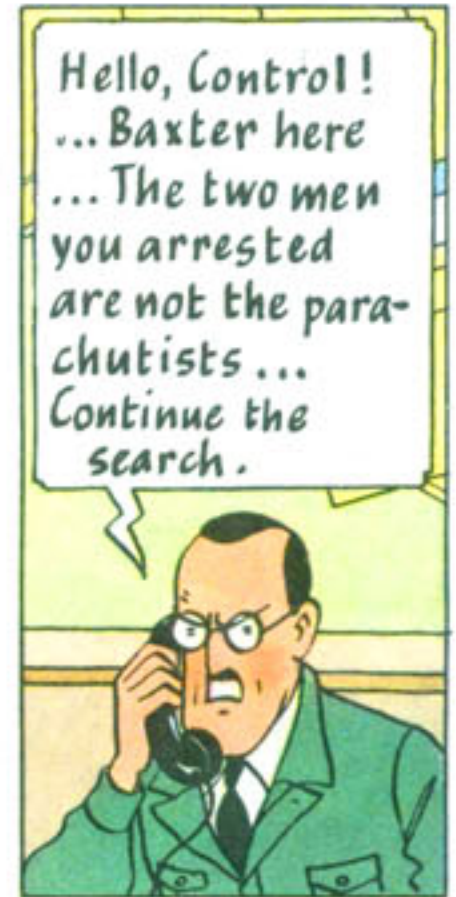
Silence!

RAT
TAT
TAT

To be precise: the stick!

These are the two birds, sir.

This is it!... Sensational appearance of the Thomson twins!



Supposing these mysterious parachutists had an accomplice within the Centre who wanted to hand over the plans... How would they set about it?... All the entrances are guarded!... No of them?... No...



You see, Snowy, before we left I spent a long time studying a plan of the Centre. And I found two ventilators no one bothers to guard. They think they're inaccessible... Well, I believe there's a way of getting at them...



Let's see, where's the first one?... There!... Yes, that's it... No, you can't reach that; it's a sheer drop... Where's the other one...



There it is!... Well I think there's a way to approach that one... Come on, Snowy, we'll take a closer look.



So there's our ventilator!



I'm going to look. You guard my rucksack, Snowy - and no noise! Those parachutists can't be far away.



There you go! Acrobatics again! You'll break every bone in your body one day!



It's just as I thought. This must be where the spies contact their inside accomplice... I...



WOOAH! WOOAH!



A BEAR CUB!

WOOAH! WOOAH!



It must have been attracted by the smell of the honey sandwiches in my rucksack...



Well, if you like them, take one... Enjoy yourself, little greedy-guts!



There he goes, without waiting for more!... And he didn't even say thank you!



That's that, eh, Snowy my boy? Here's a piece for you.



Hey, Snowy, what's the matter?





Steady! Steady! You bunch of gluttons!



Crumbs! Here come the parents! That crowns it!



There! Those are for you! Go and get them!



Quick Snowy! Now's our chance to give them the slip. We'll make our way up there.



Funny sort of lift!



Here we are... The first thing is to warn the Captain.

The first thing is to let me down!



Hello, hello!... Hello, Captain?... Yes, it's me. I think I've got it... Yes... J Sector... Corridor 7... Ventilator 3... Yes... I can count on you?



Trust me!... You said J Sector, Corridor 7, Ventilator 3... Right! No, no, not a word to a soul!

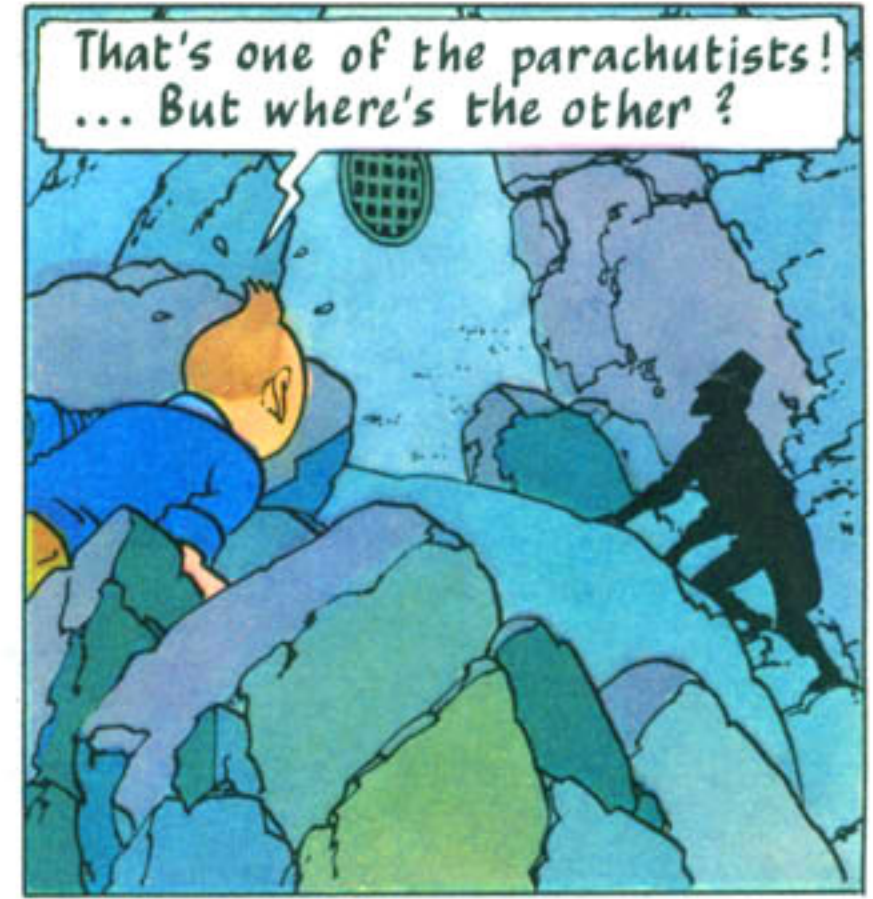


Well... all we can do is await events... Here, Snowy. We must wrap up well; it's a chilly night.



Some hours later...

What's that?... I heard a noise!



That's one of the parachutists! ... But where's the other?



He's approaching the grating... Someone's handing him papers... Now's my moment to join in!



Hands up!



Well done, Jim!

BANG

At that moment,
inside the Centre...

That's a
shot!

From outside!
... I... Hey, I've
got someone! ...
Oh, I've lost
him!

Wooa-aa-aa-aah ...

Got him again!
... Quick, help
me hold him!

Where are you?
... Ah, there!

Let me go! Here,
let me go! ... It's
me, Frank Wolff!

Ah, the lights have gone
on again... Why it's Mr. Wolff!

That's what I tried
to tell you! ... Mean-
while he's got away...

OH!

Great Scotland
Yard! Who's that?

The Captain! He's been
knocked out!

Now then, what's the meaning
of all this hullabaloo?

Mr. Baxter!

That's Snowy howling,
Mr. Baxter. Something
must have happened to
Tintin. Hurry! He's out
there, near the venti-
lator grid.

Hello, Control?... Bax-
ter here... Send a
search party at once
to look for Tintin ...
Outside... J Sector...
Corridor 7... Ventilator
3... Hurry! ... Keep me
informed at Post 18.

Now Captain, tell me what
happened to you.

It's like this... Tintin went
off this morning, saying he
was going to try to catch
the parachutists... About
five o'clock he called me by
radio: he was convinced he'd
found the place where the
intruders...

... would try to contact their accom-
plices. According to him it was the
ventilator grid in this corridor. Events
proved him right! ... In the evening I
lay in wait here... It was well on into
the night when the lights suddenly
went out, leaving the corridor in
total darkness. I heard a rustling
beside me, and that moment I
thought my head had burst!

And you,
Wolff?

Well, I happened to see the Captain as he
left his quarters... There was something
... er... odd about him and it intrigued
me... I followed him. When he hid, I
did the same... Time passed... Then, as
he said, the current went off. I heard
a dull thud, and the sound of a body
falling... I leapt forward... There was
a shot outside... then shouts... Someone
jostled me in the dark... And then I found my-
self in the hands of these men.

Very odd...

And what are you doing
here at this hour gentle-
men?

In all sincerity
Director-General,
I can solemnly
and truthfully
say...

BHOOP

BHOOP

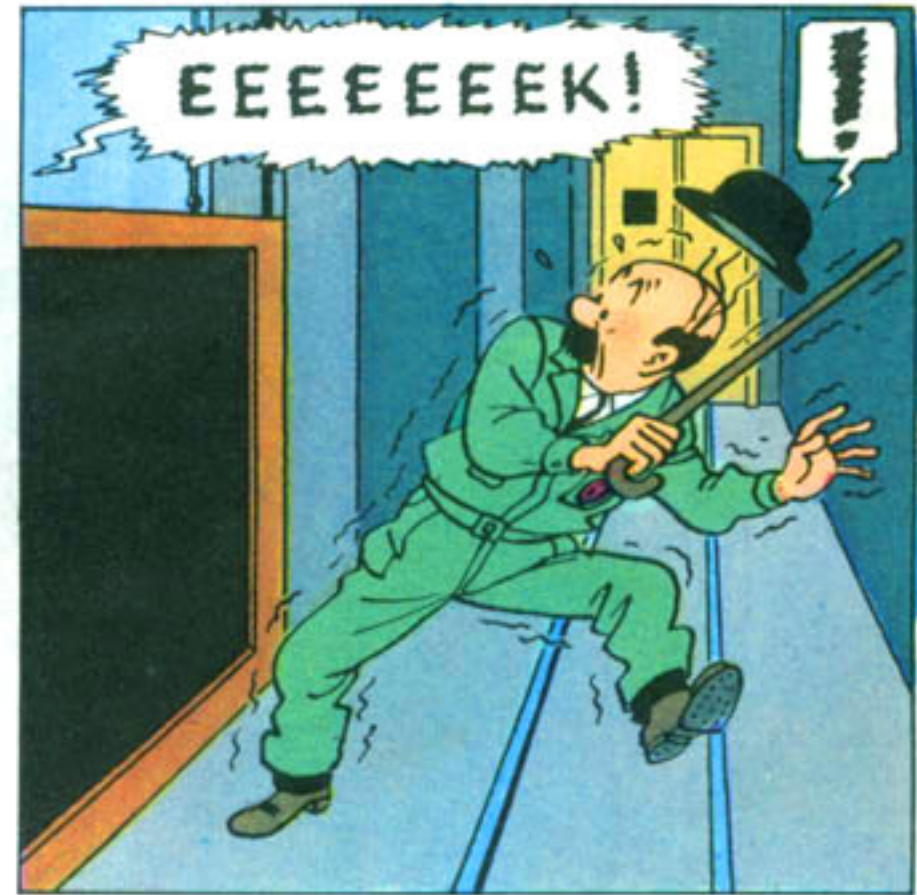
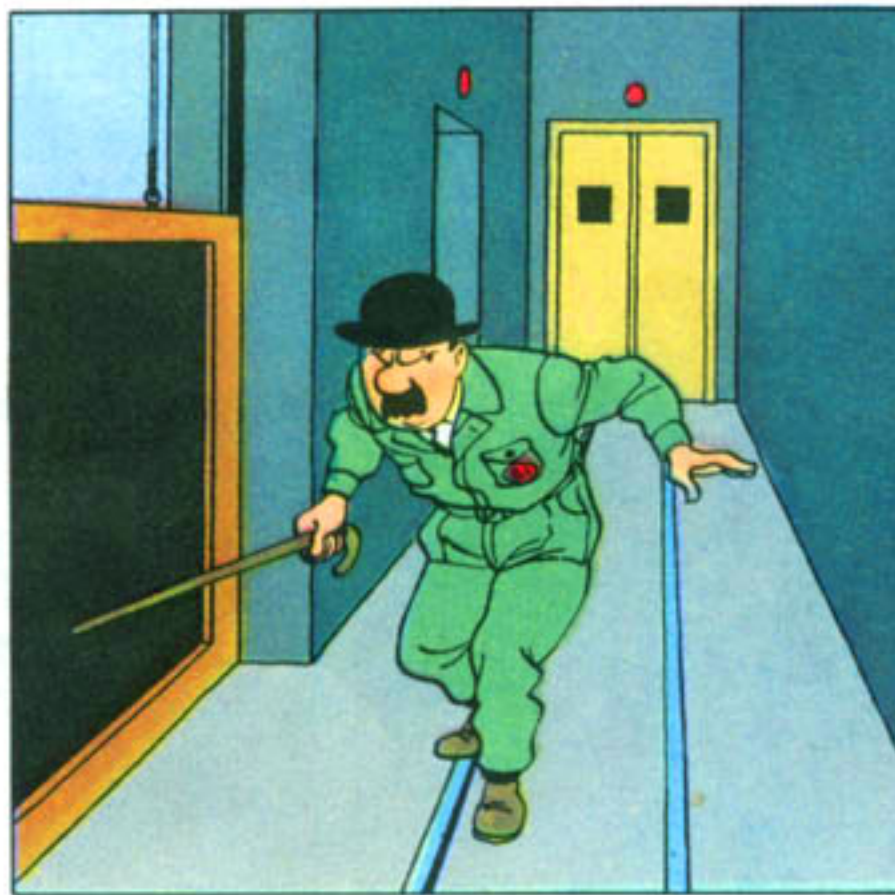
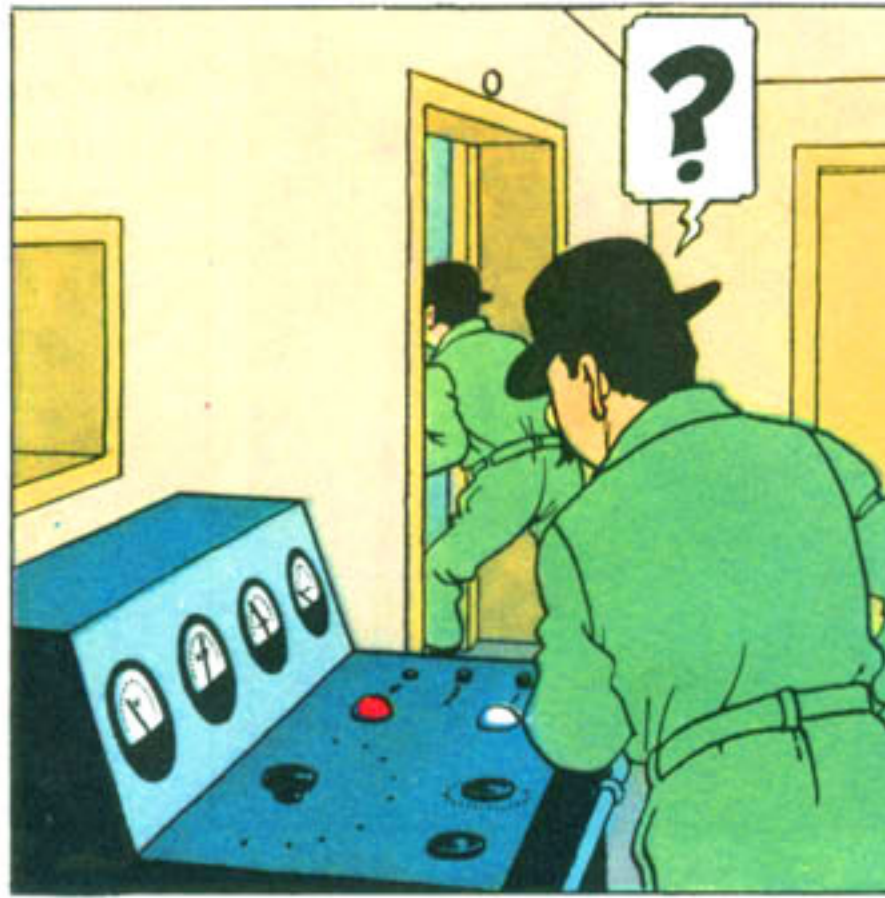
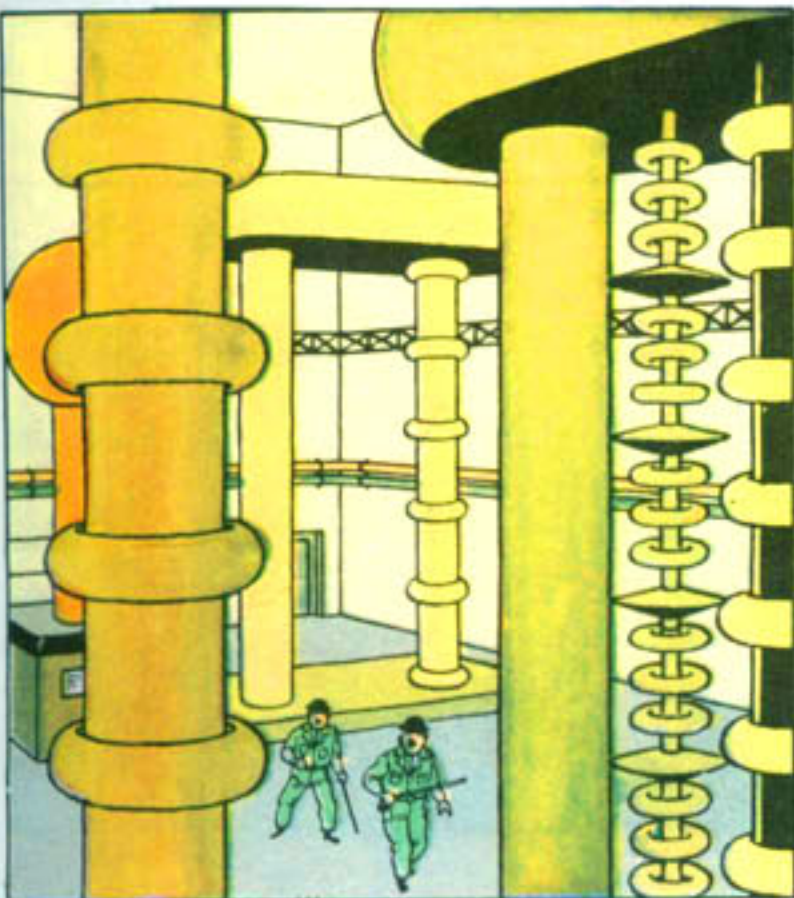
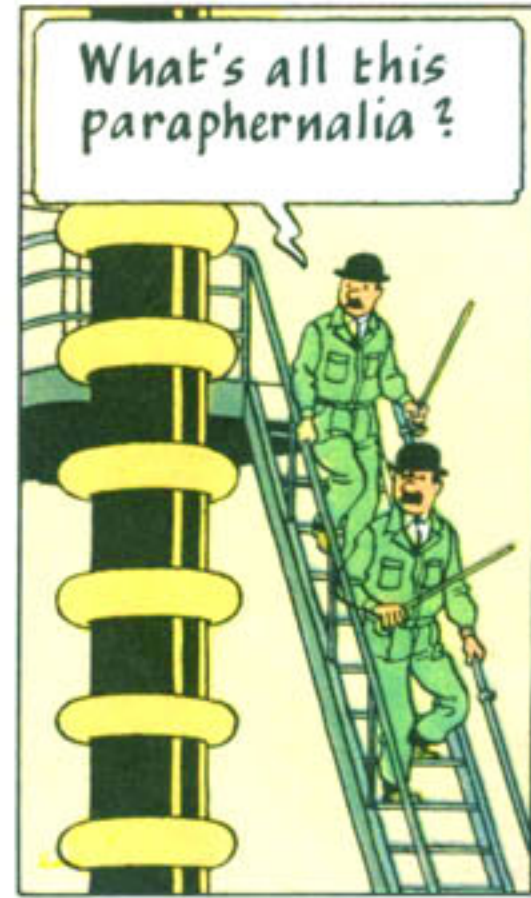
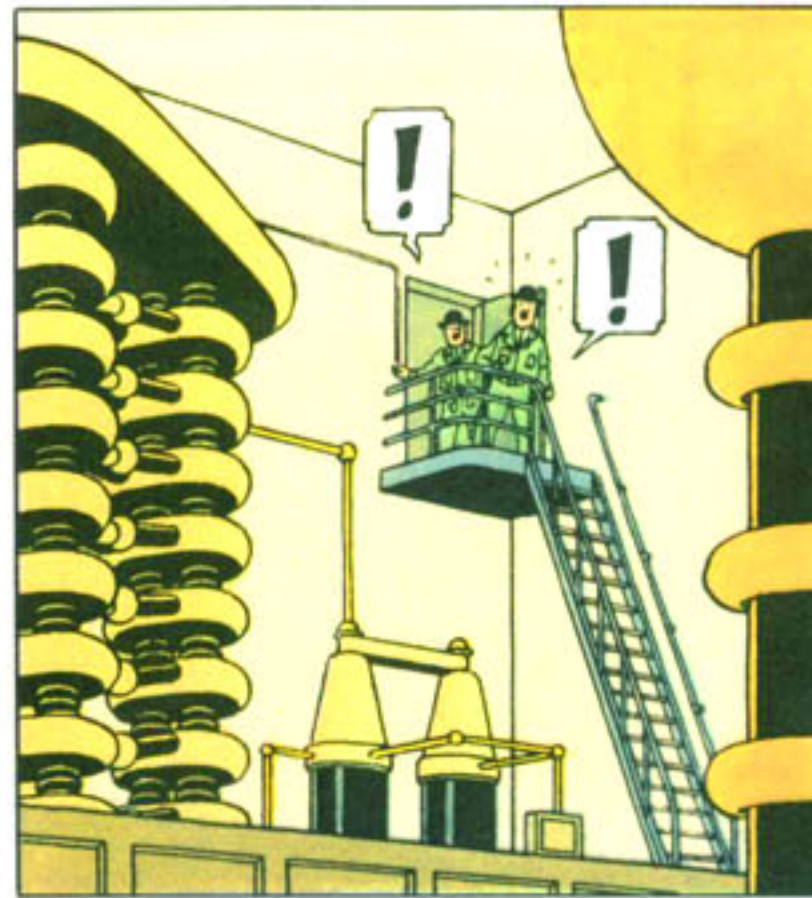
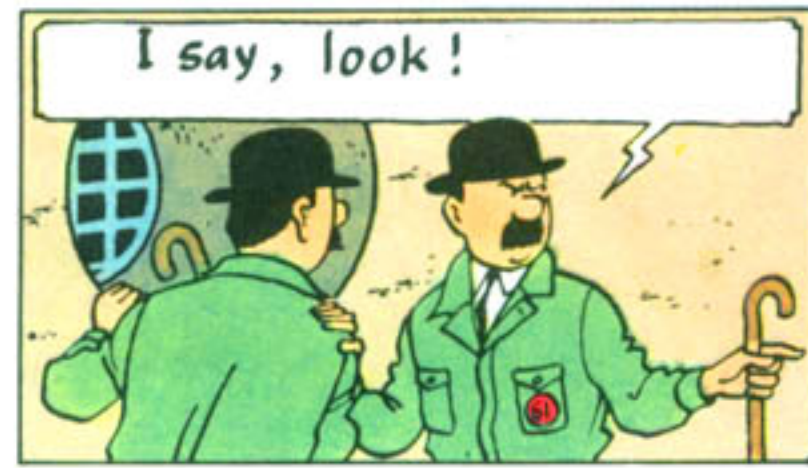
RRRRING

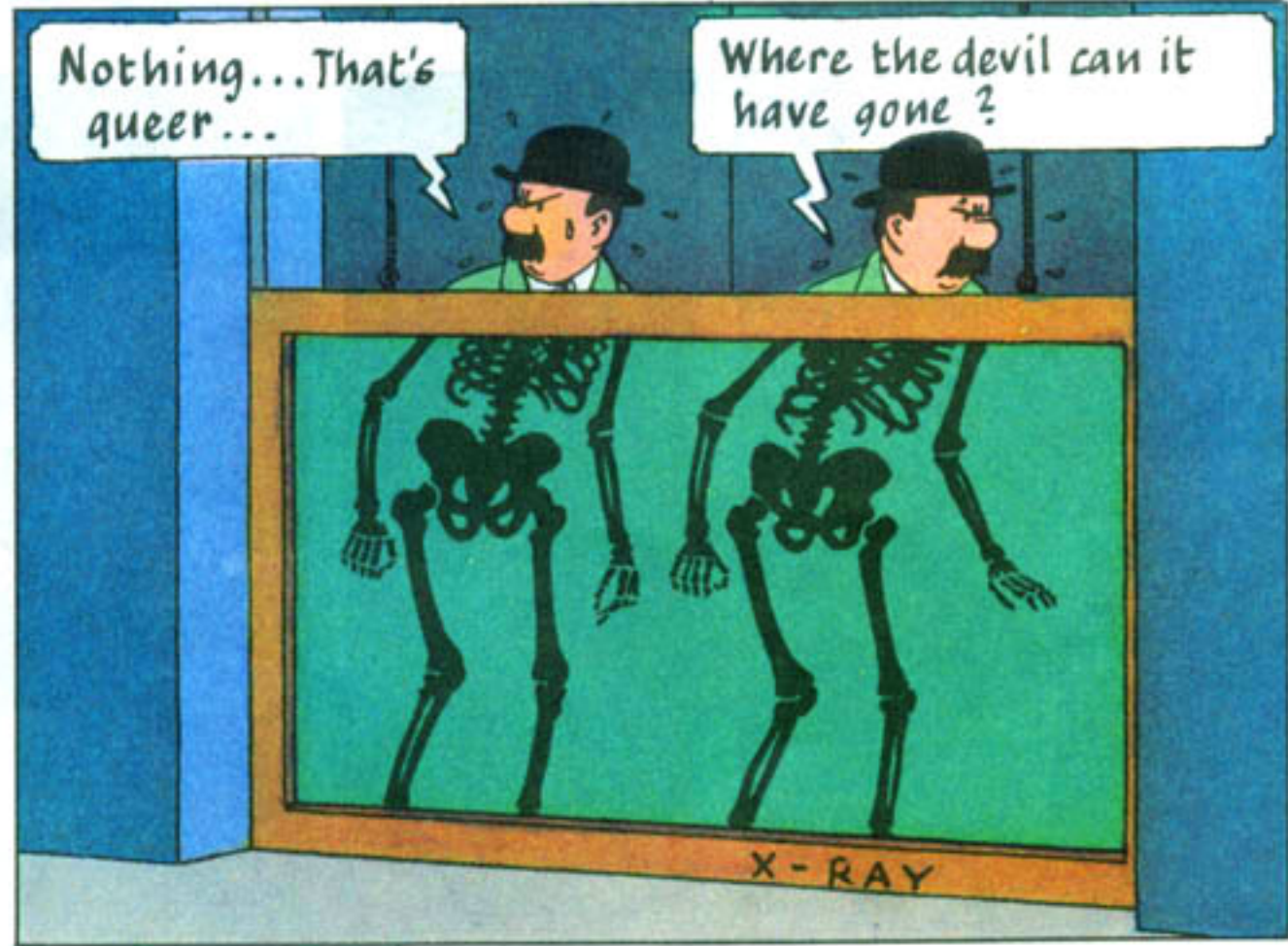
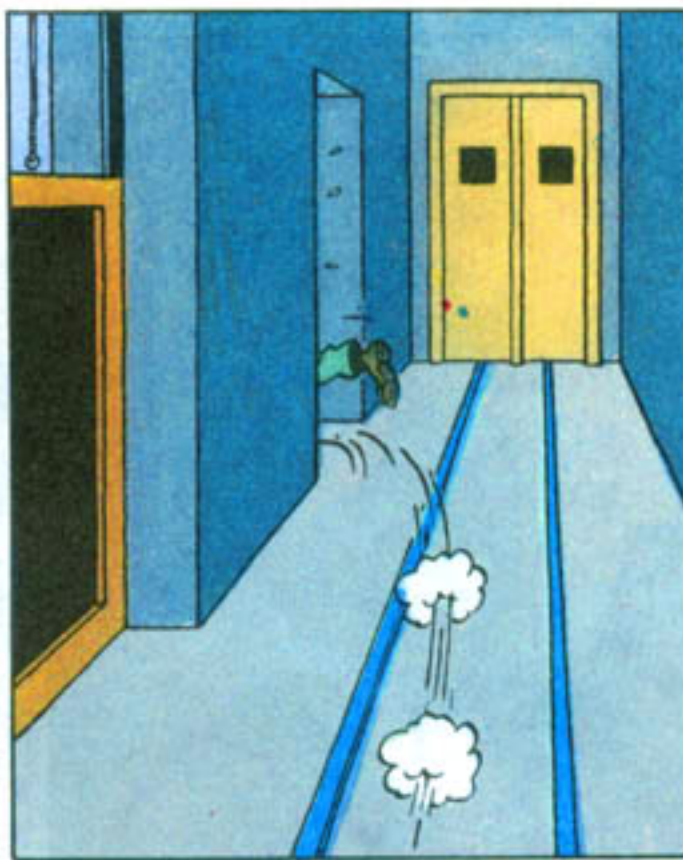
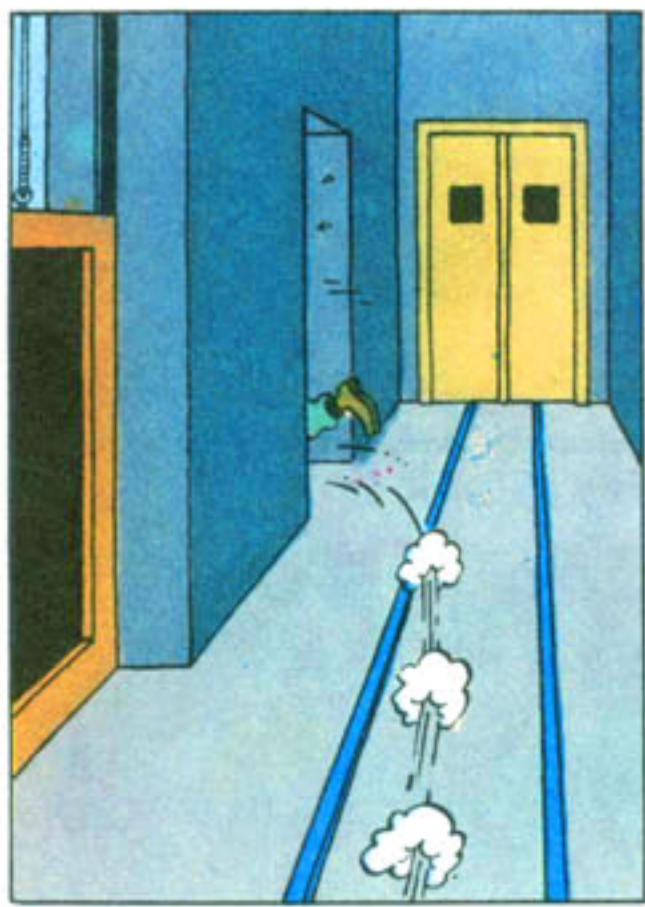
Oh! The
telephone...

Forgive us... It's some extraordinary
pills we once took... in Arabia¹... Their
effect recurs some- times.

Hello! ... Yes... You've found him?
He's hurt?... What did he say?...
Oh, he's unconscious... In the
sick-bay?... You're waiting for the
doctor?... All right. I'm coming at once.

¹ See Tintin in the Land of Black Gold







Keep your eyes open! ... It can't have gone far.



In here, perhaps?



Hey, psst! ... Quick, Thompson, come and look!

?



?



W-w-we must act at... at... at once! At once! T-t-t-take him b-b-b-by surprise! ... Now, keep calm! ... Get your gun out: he may be armed.

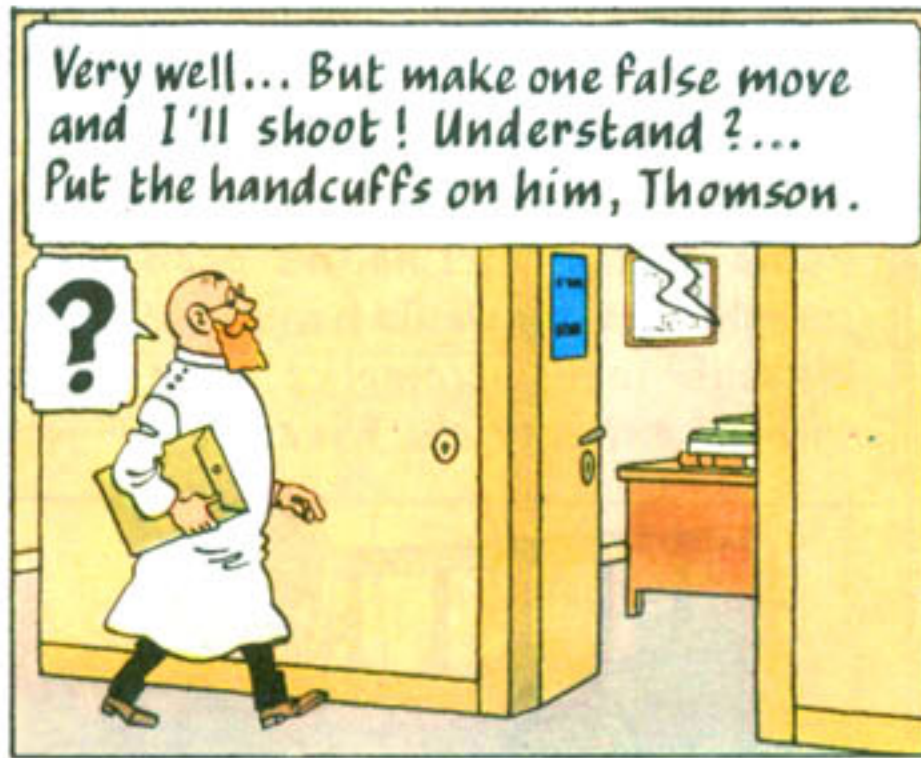
All... all... all... all right!



Hands... hands... hands... hands up!



Hands up, I said! Oh, so you won't! ... Well, in that case I'll... I'll... I'll...



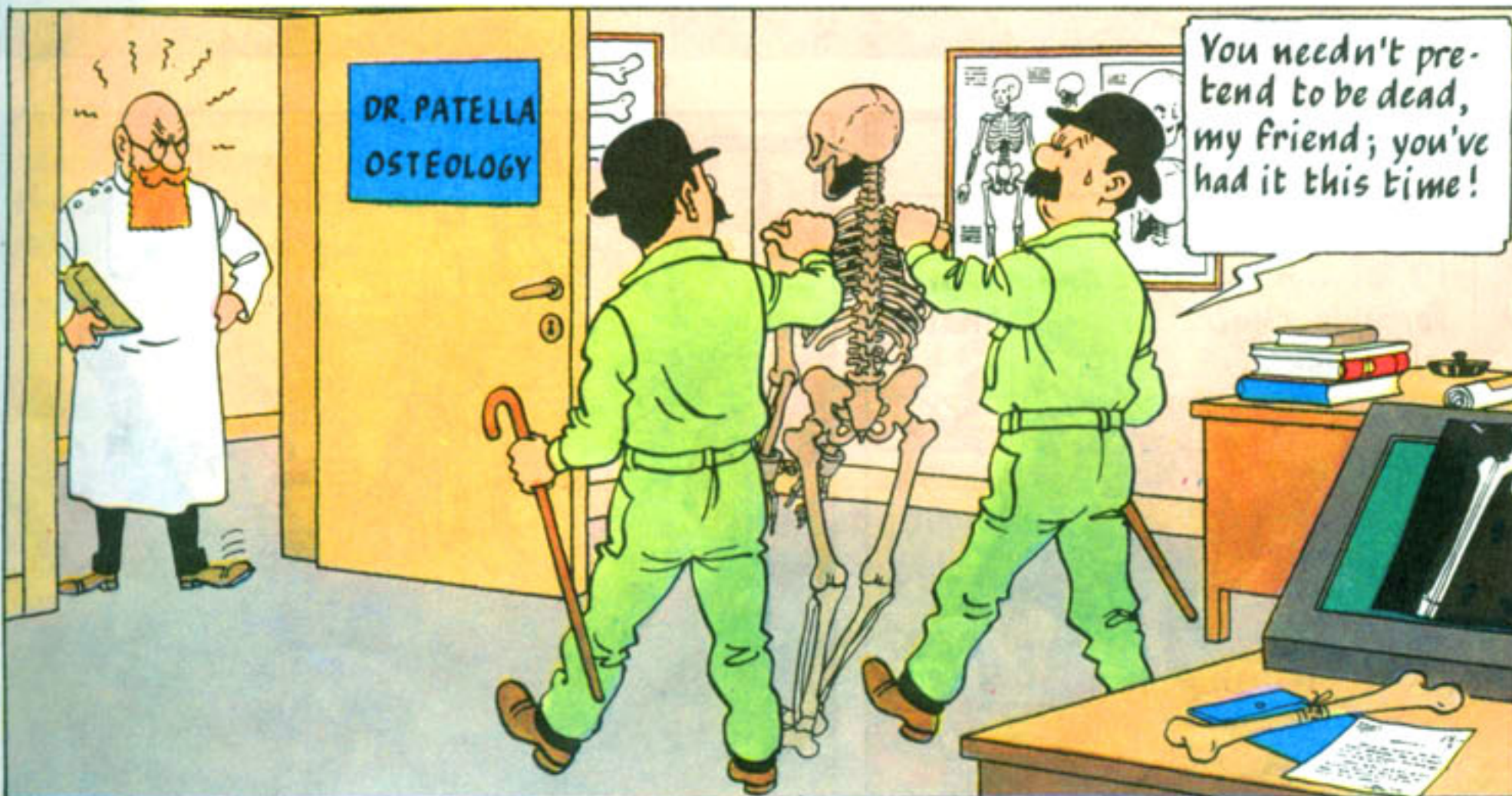
Very well... But make one false move and I'll shoot! Understand?... Put the handcuffs on him, Thompson.

?



Now, get going! ... Quick march! ... You don't want to?... Passive resistance, eh?... Grab him, Thompson!

!



You needn't pretend to be dead, my friend; you've had it this time!

DR. PATELLA
OSTEOLOGY



Meanwhile...

Calling KM 2... Calling KM2... First mission completed... First mission completed...

O.K.! We'll have their rocket, now!

Meanwhile...

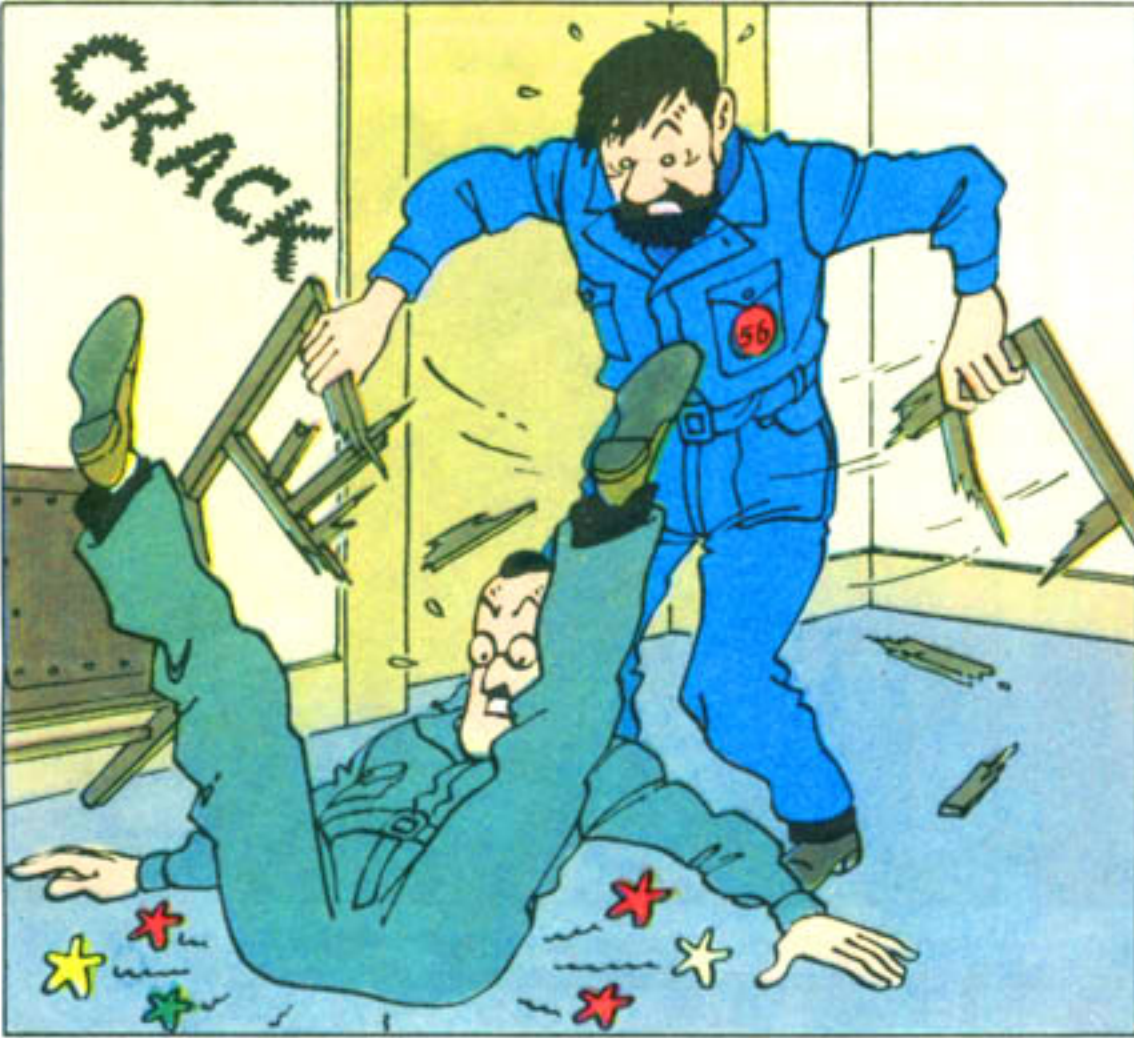
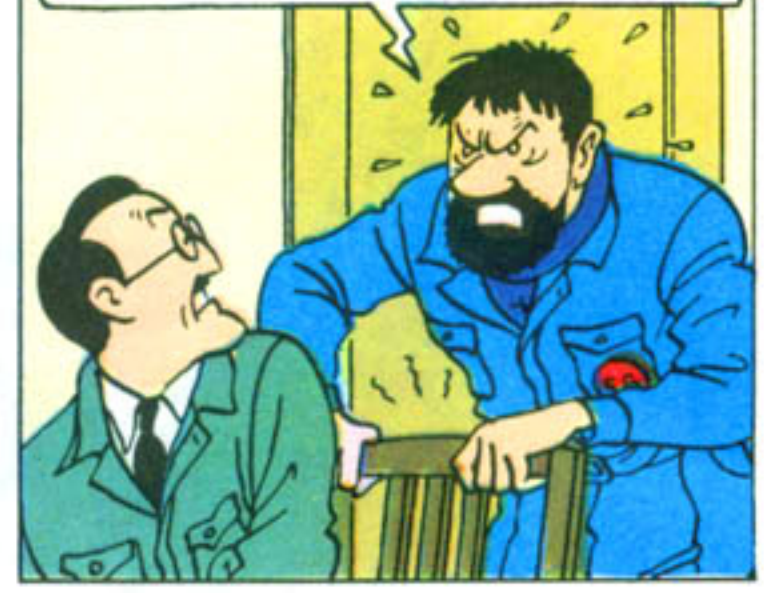
No, luckily it's nothing serious. The bullet only grazed the skull... Of course, it was a violent blow. But he's come round completely now, and you can question him.



...Then I leapt forward and shouted "Hands up!"... He obeyed... At that moment I heard an explosion, and instantly I felt a terrific crack on my head... It was the other parachutist, whom I hadn't seen. To save his accomplice he fired at me.



The gangsters!... The pirates! ... If I get my hands on those crooks, I'll tear them apart like... like... like...



I... Forgive me, Mr. Baxter... I'm terribly sorry... Wait... I'll get you another chair.



No need, thank you! ... Where were we? ... Oh yes... The next thing is to find out which documents are missing. And above all, we must unmask the traitor in our midst, spying on all our activities.



I'm afraid that won't be easy. Now the fellow has achieved his object he will try to be inconspicuous. As for our discovering which documents he gave to his accomplices. I'm certain he won't have been foolish enough to steal the originals, and so help us to narrow our search.



To my mind he would simply have made copies. If I hadn't been there tonight the spy would have handed over his stuff to his accomplice, quite quietly, with no one any the wiser.



You're right!.. But still, we'll continue our inquiry. Meanwhile I'll ask Calculus to speed up preparations for launching the trial rocket... With that I'll leave you... Get well soon.



Are you coming, Captain?

If I may, I'll stay with Tintin.



Look Captain, it's late and...

None of that!... I'm staying here!... A full pipe and a comfortable chair, that's all I ask...



Some weeks later. The day for the launching of the trial rocket has arrived.

Well, Professor?

Everything is ready, Mr. Baxter. The last guide rails are in place ... The gantries have been removed. The technicians are now...

... completing the fuelling - up.

Hello, Mr. Baxter... Look who's here...

See! They've almost finished.

Tintin! You?... I thought you were still confined to your room.

I am, in theory! But I wouldn't miss the launching of the trial rocket for anything.

Look, Mr. Baxter. Tintin's better!

Finished!

Finished!... Everything's ready. I'll clear the bay.

Good idea... But don't forget to clear the bay!

Oh! I'm sorry!

All very well to apologise! Why doesn't he look where he's going!

At any rate, I'll be safe up here!

Ah, peace at last!

Wooah!

Attention please!... Clear the launching bay... Attention please!... Clear the bay...

Clear the launching bay!

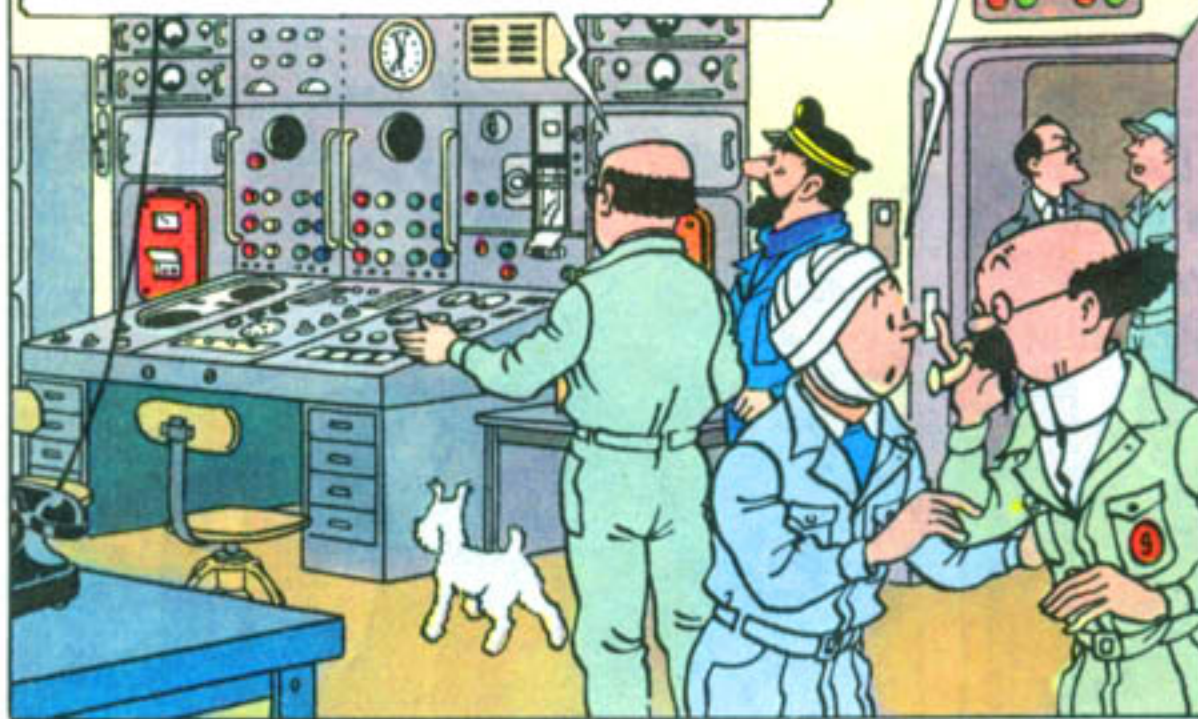
I repeat ...

All right! I heard!

All out?... Splendid!... We can go to the Control Room.



This is it... From here we shall control the rocket during its flight.



I say, Professor...

... Did you remember the gadget I mentioned to you when you came to see me in the sick-bay?

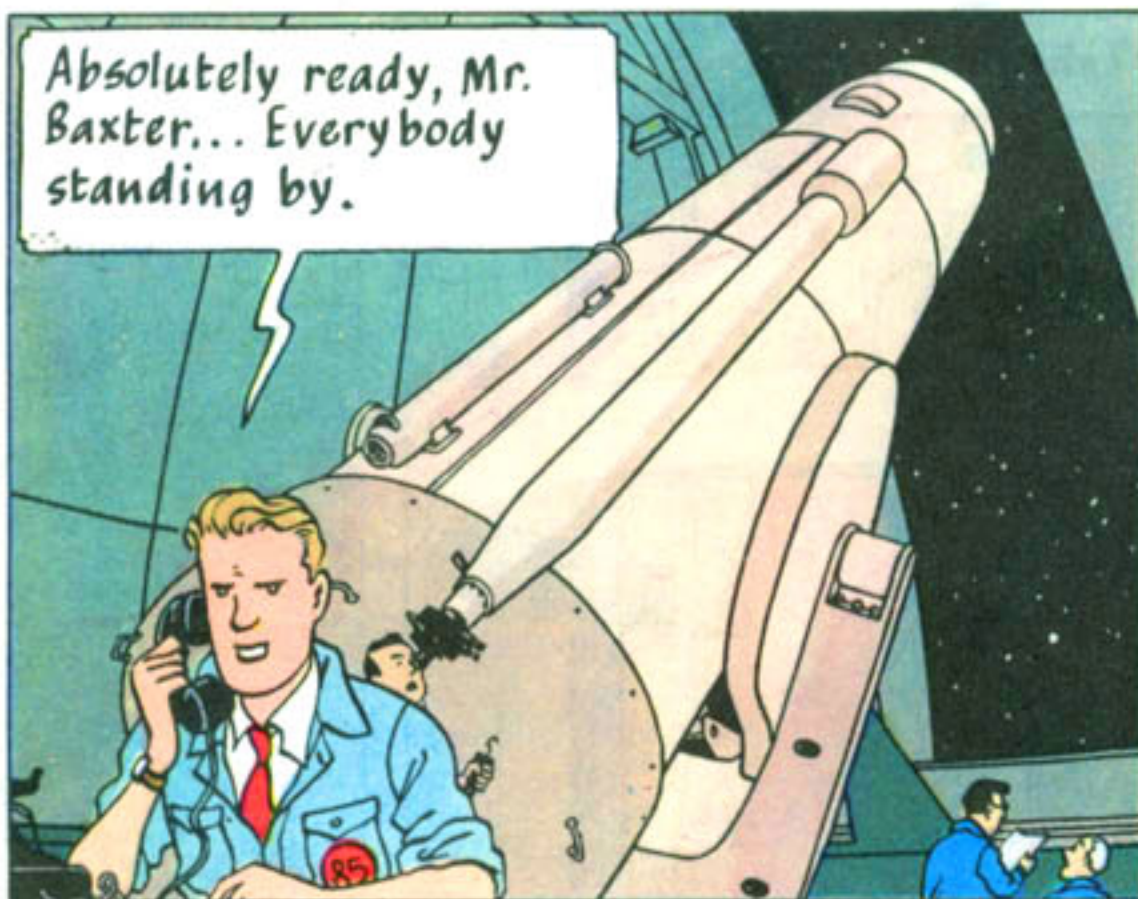
The gadget?... Oh, yes, it's done. I fixed it this evening...



Hello? Observatory?... Is that you, Michael?... Baxter here. I'm in the Control Room. All ready?



Absolutely ready, Mr. Baxter... Everybody standing by.



Yes, Radar here... Yes, Mr. Baxter, we're all ready...



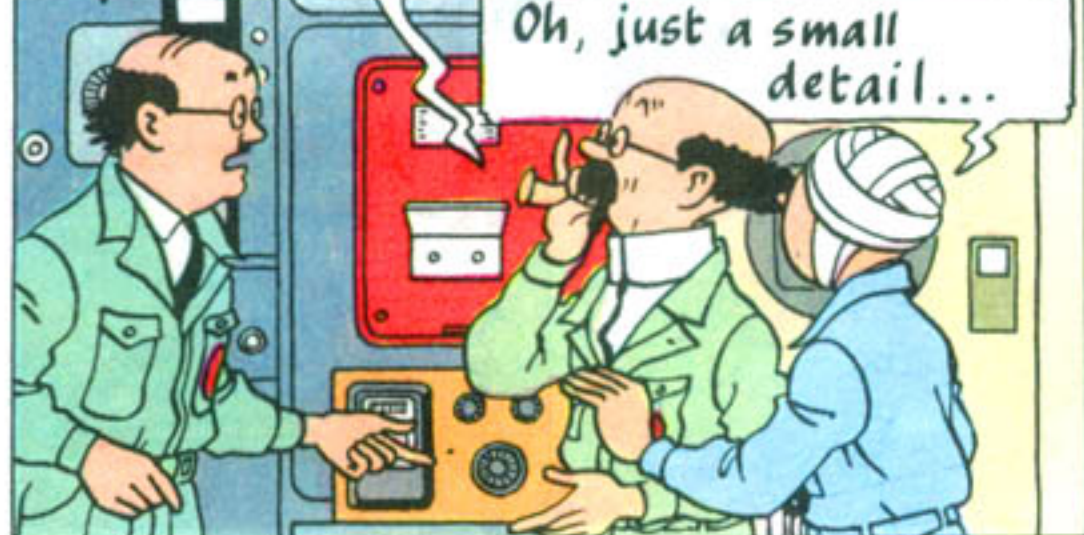
Well, now we can only wait for zero hour... Another twenty minutes.



Why, what's this little device, Professor? It wasn't here last night!

I... yes... I put it there... It's an idea of Tintin's.

Oh, just a small detail...



Meanwhile...

All the same it was fishy about that skeleton...



Look what I can see!

Well? It's a high-tension switch-room.



It may look like a power switch-room. But supposing it isn't, eh? We'll investigate. Here's my master key.

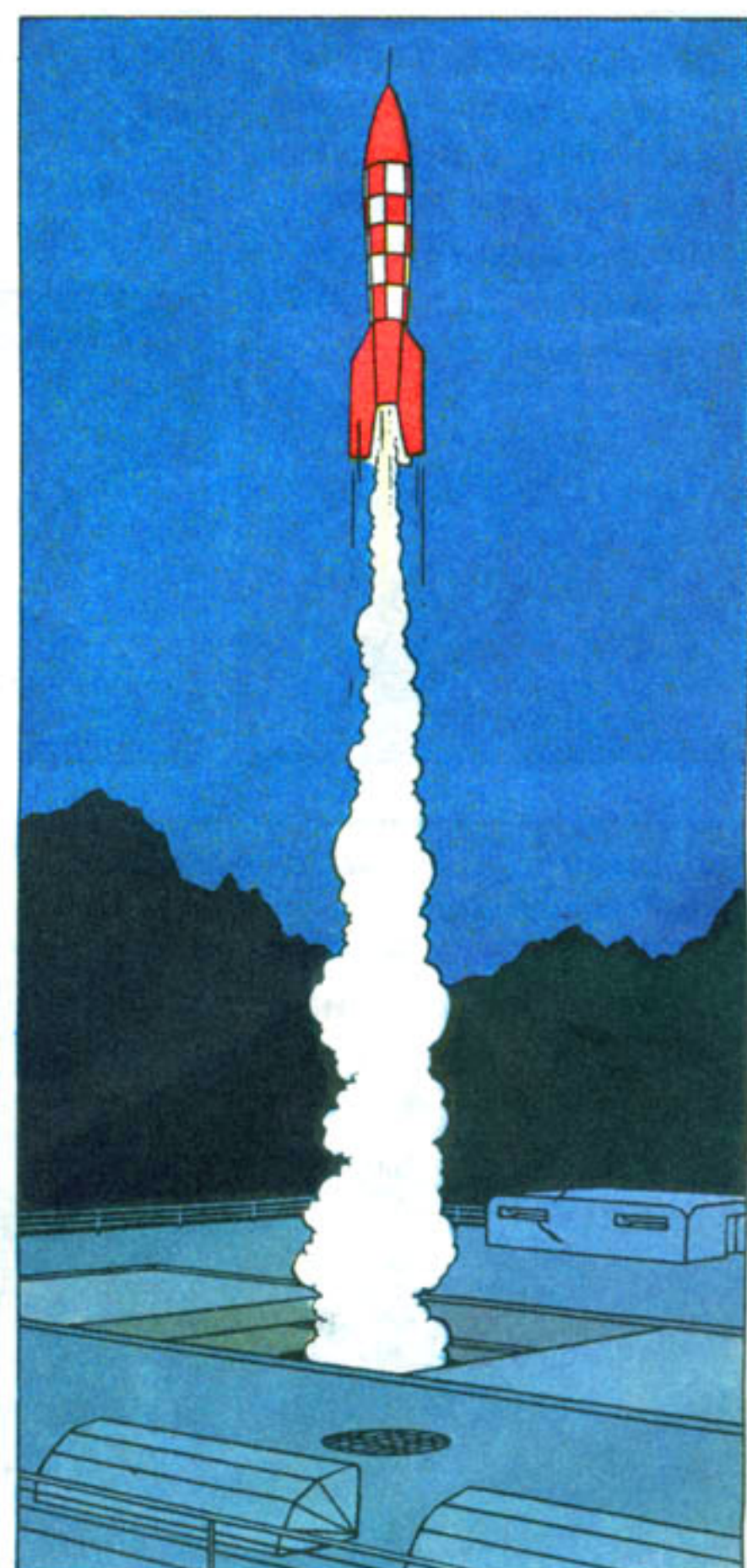
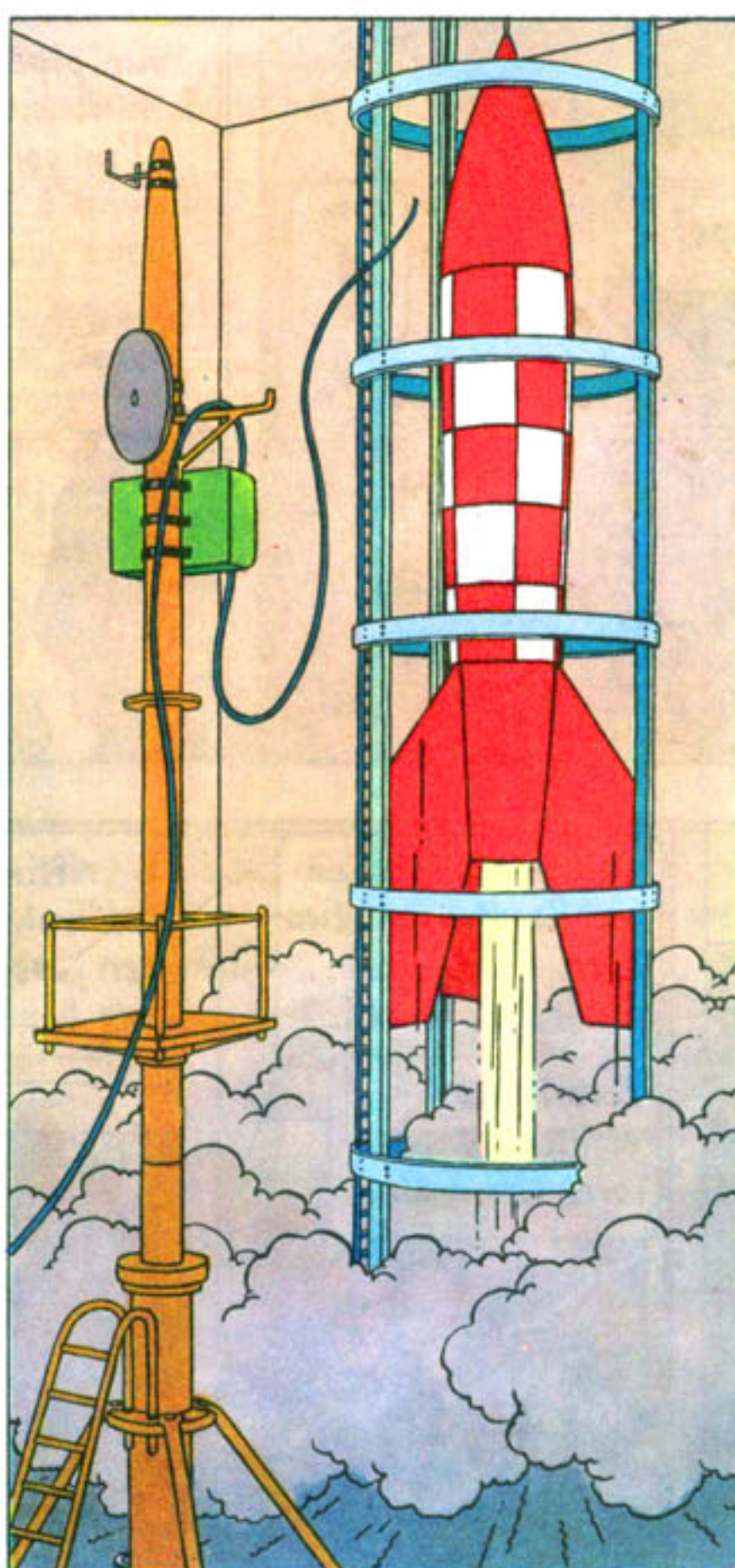
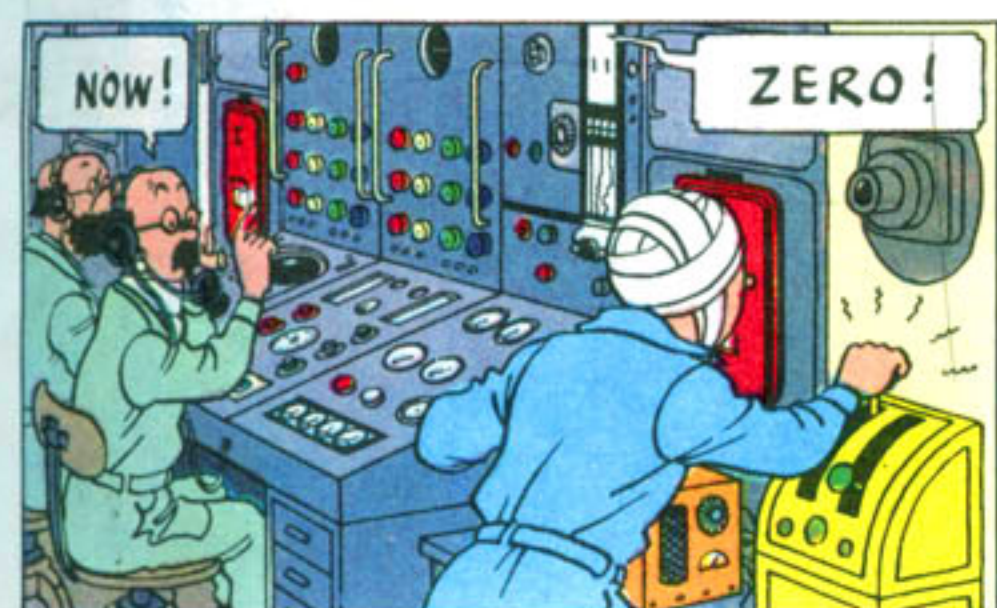
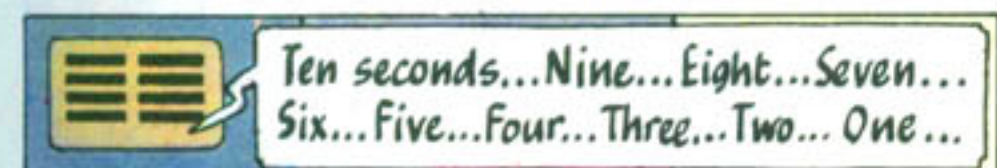
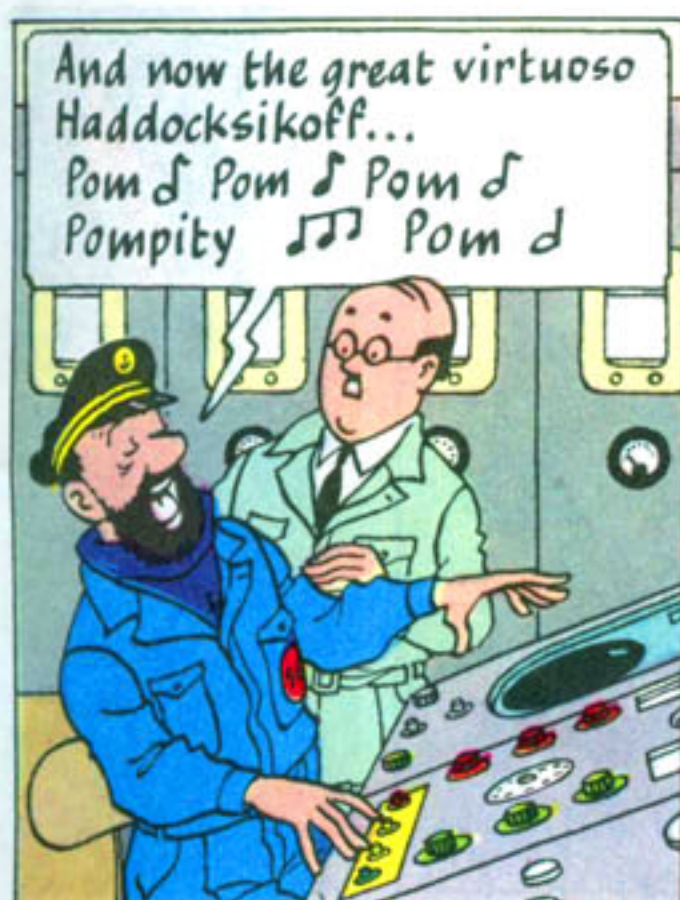
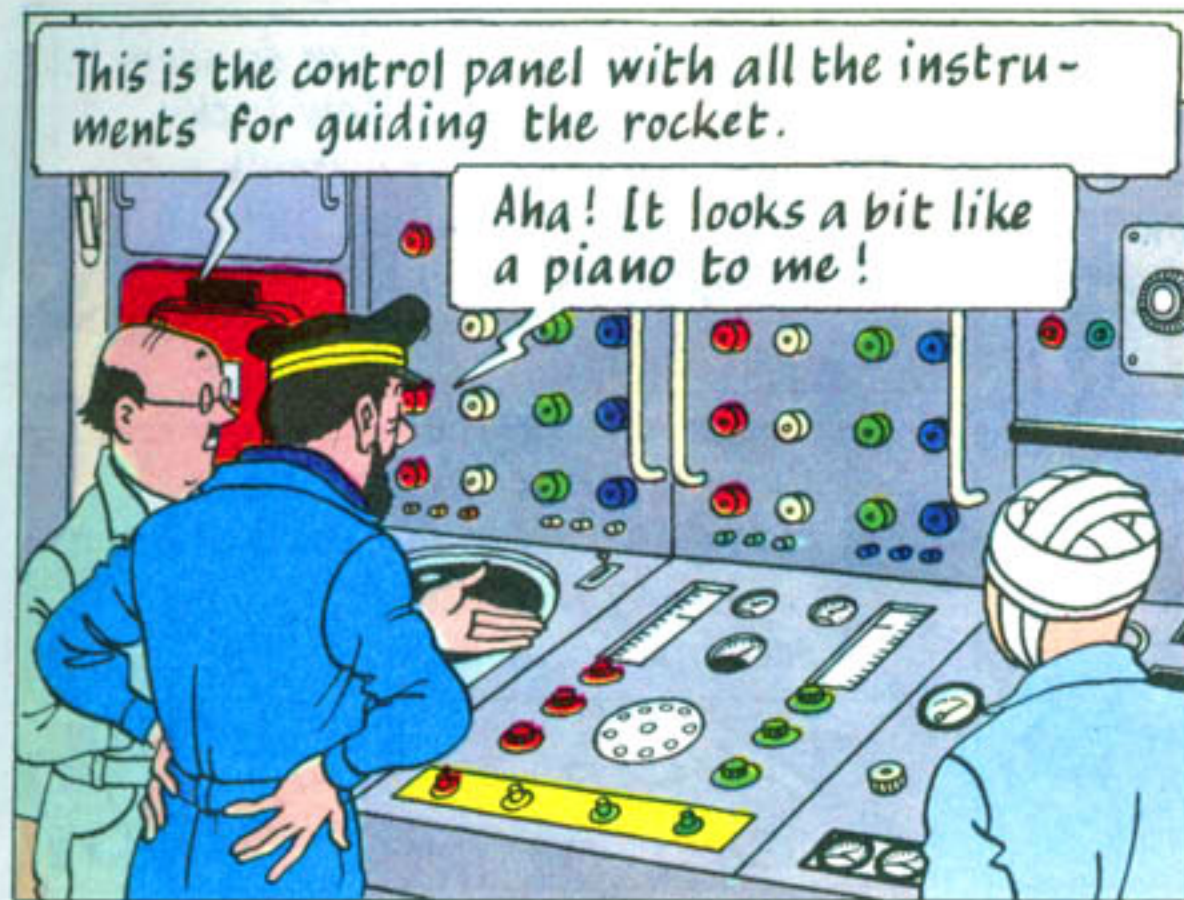


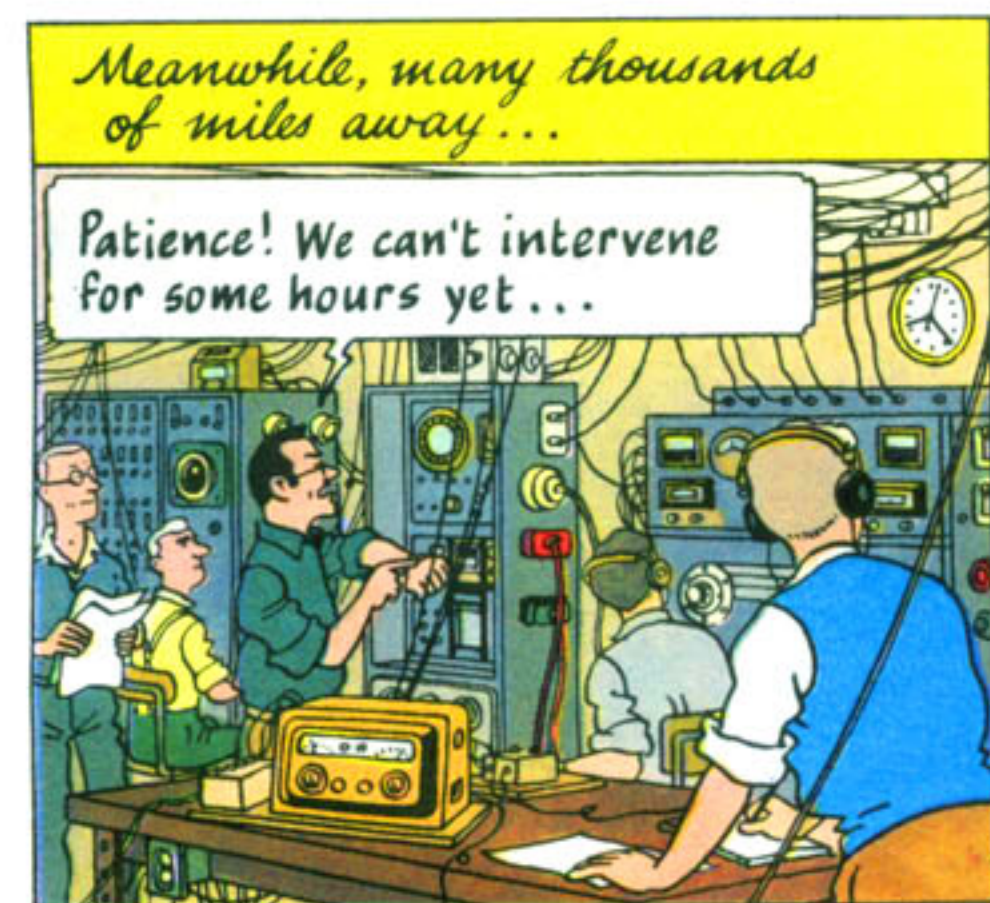
All the same, be careful.

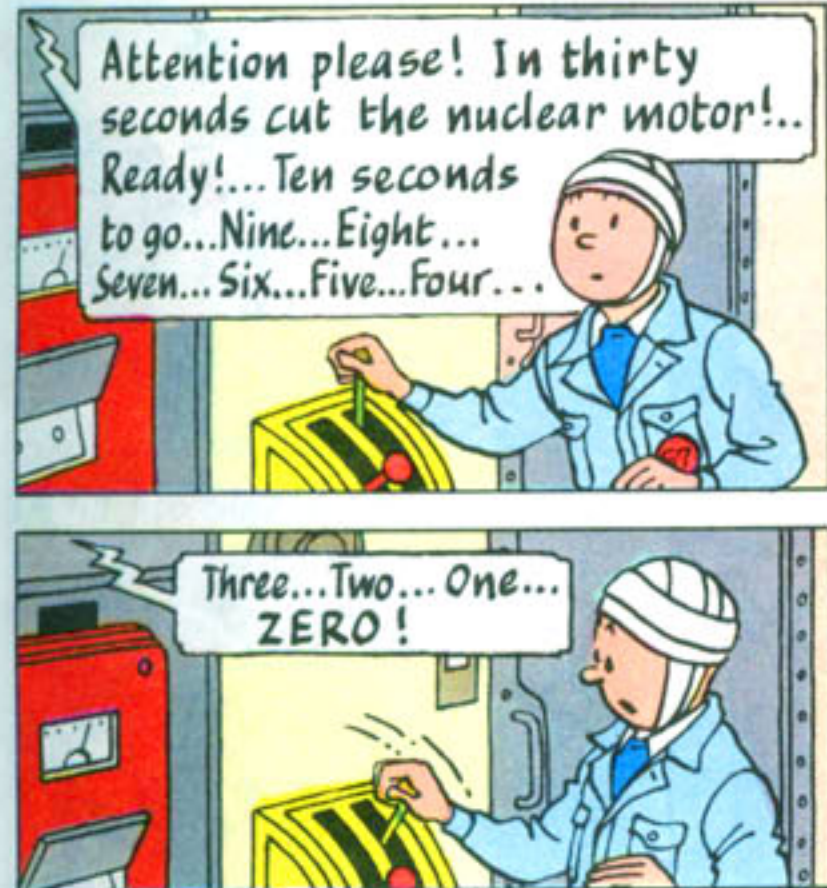
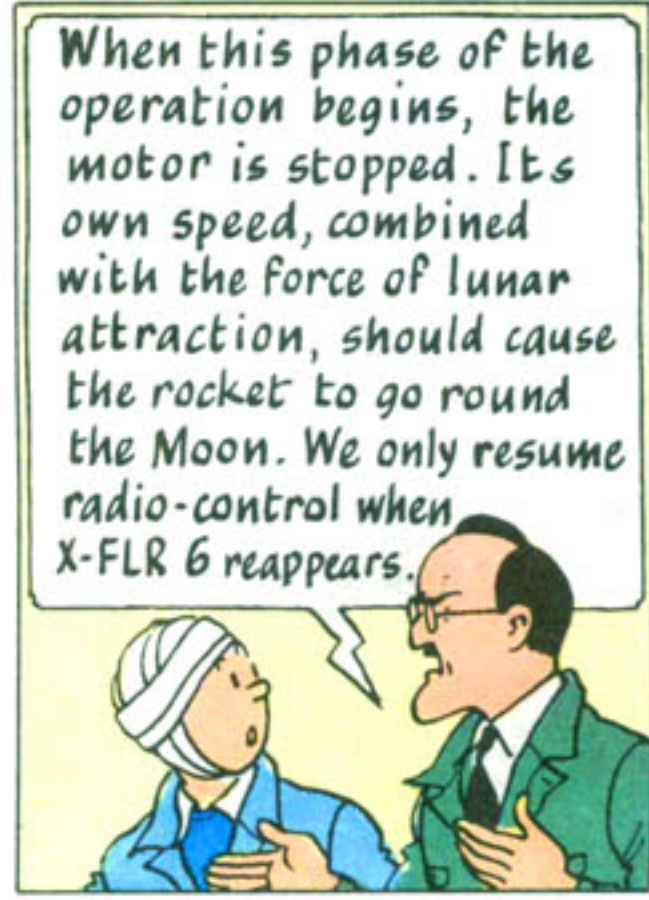


I'm not a child, am I?... Anyway, I...









Just imagine! For the first time in history, cameras are now photographing the side of the Moon no one has ever seen! And it's thanks to us, my dear Wolff! Thanks to us!



Observatory to Control Room... In three minutes the rocket will reappear... Stand by to resume radio-control...



THERE SHE IS!

Yes indeed, there she is!



Observatory to Control Room... Stand by... Restart the nuclear motor in thirty seconds...

D'you think I could do it?

Of course.



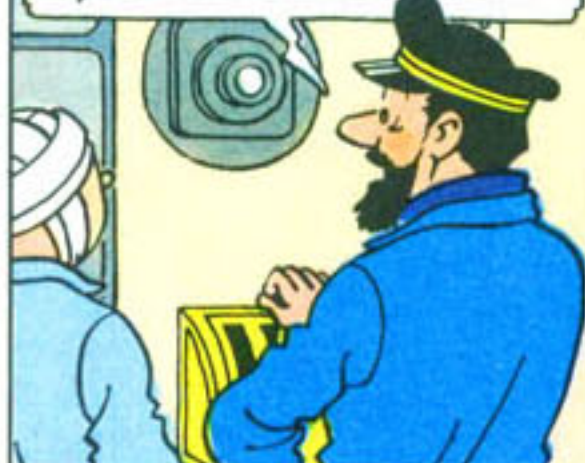
Observatory to Control Room... Ten seconds to go... Nine... Eight... Seven... Six... Five... Four... Three... Two... One... ZERO!

NOW!

Careful! Not so hard!



The wonders of modern science!... Just an ordinary lever, and click!... Hundreds of thousands of miles away an engine starts up!... It's fantas-tic!



Observatory to Control Room... Correction: zero, zero, nine, eight... Repeat...

Zero, zero, nine, eight. Correction made.



Observatory to Control Room... Correction: three, two, seven, six... Repeat...

Three, two, seven, six... Correction made.



For heaven's sake make those corrections! You're taking no notice of the figures we're giving!

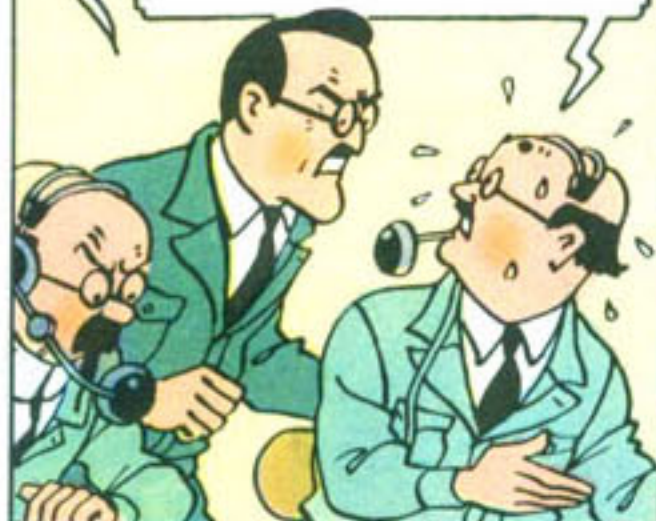


I beg your pardon, but I've followed you exactly!... I'm not deaf, am I?



Is something wrong, Wolff?

The rocket is going off course. I don't know what it is...



Correction: seven, eight, five, two. Correct it, this time!

That's what I'm doing, confound it!



Thundering typhoons, you wretched rocket! Will you get back on your course! You wait! I'll get you!



I can't understand it. The rocket is right out of control!

But surely that's impossible!



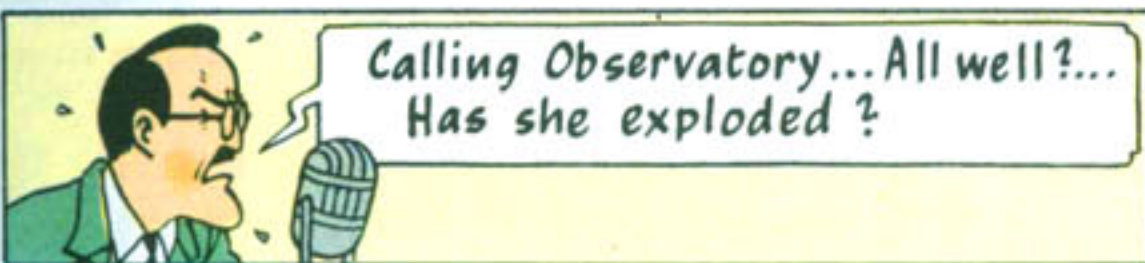
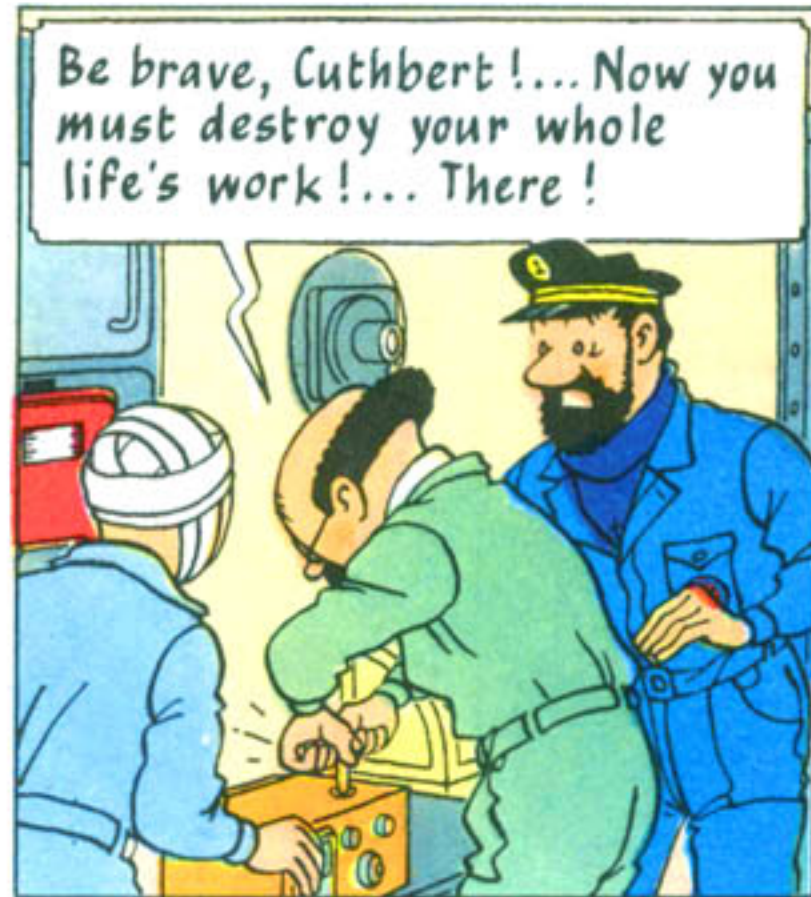
I've got it! Tintin was right!... How lucky I listened to him!

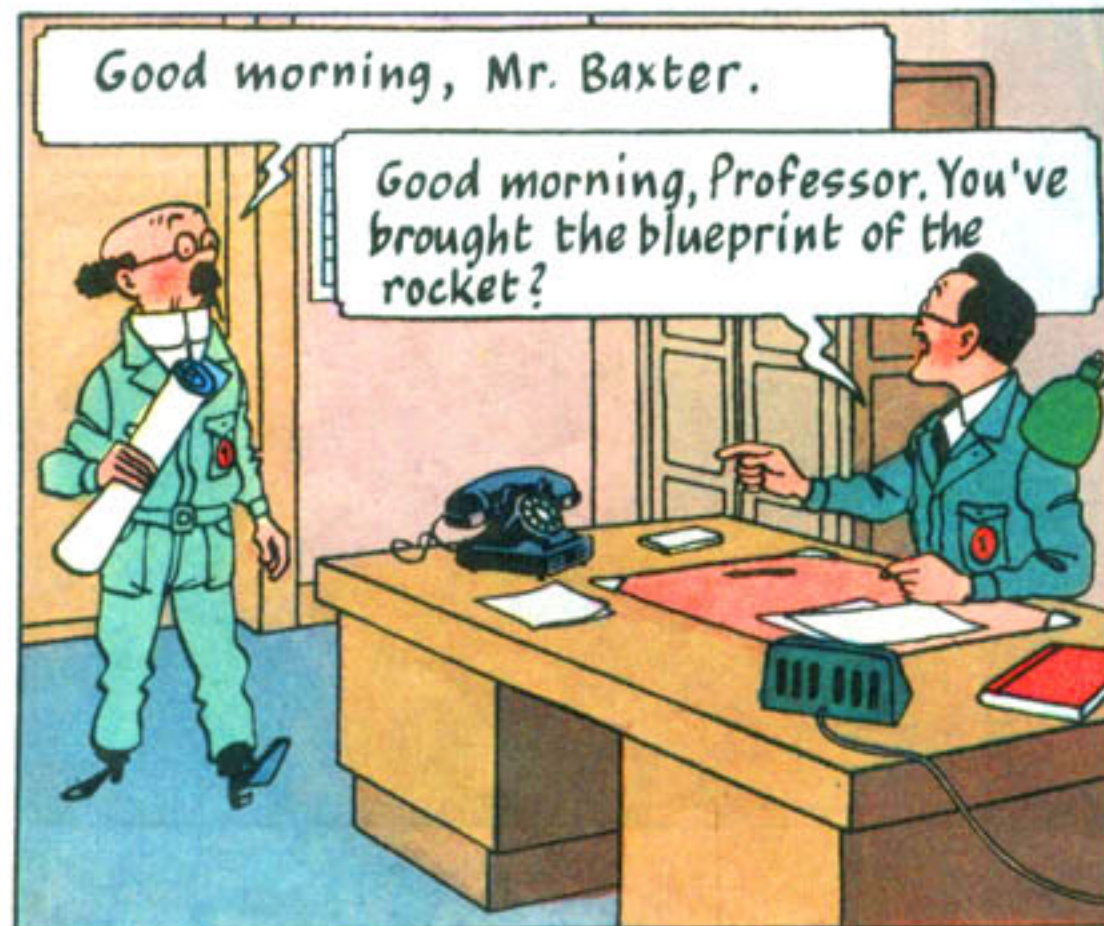
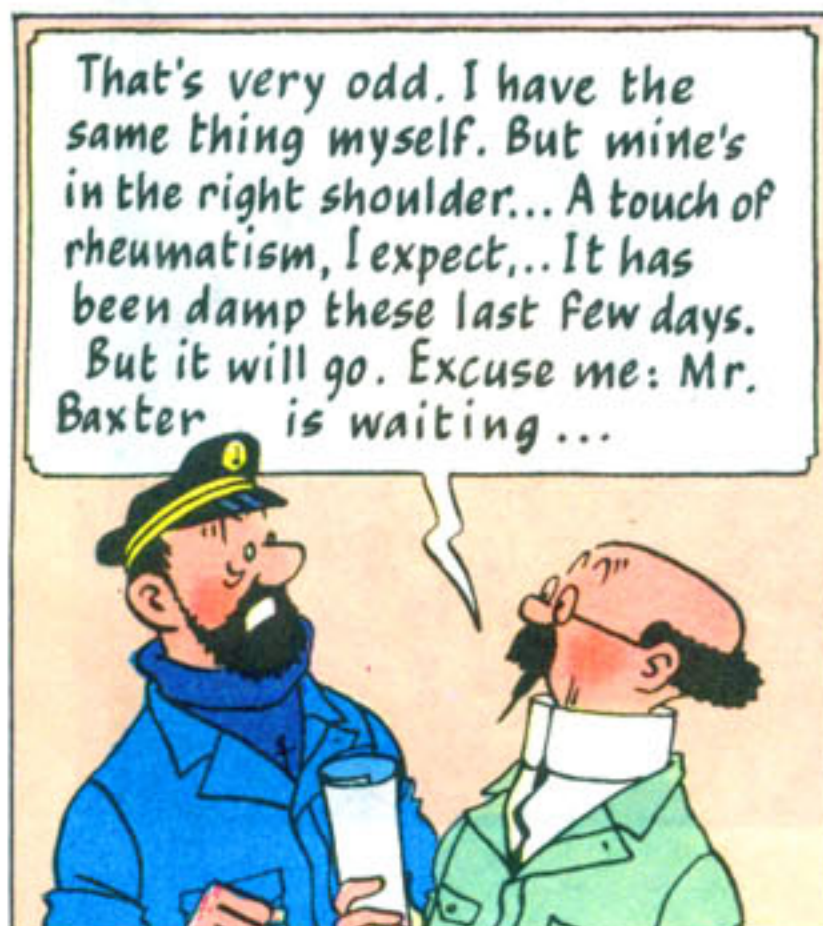
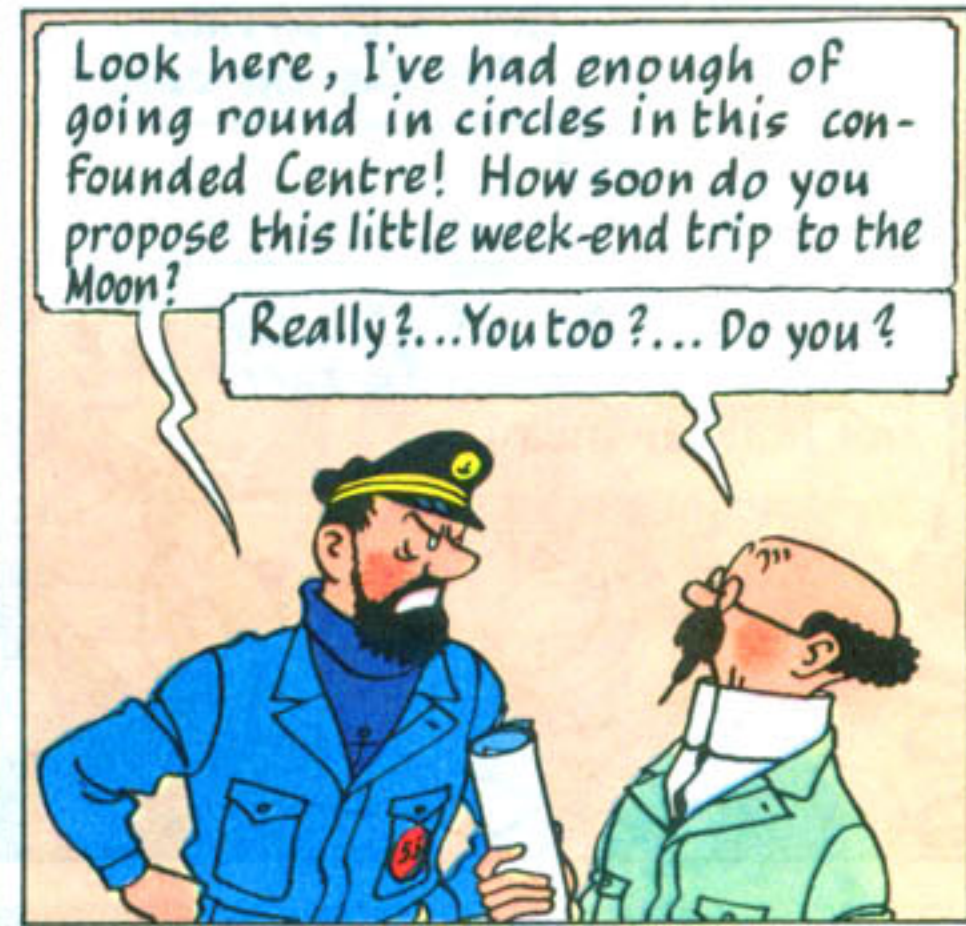
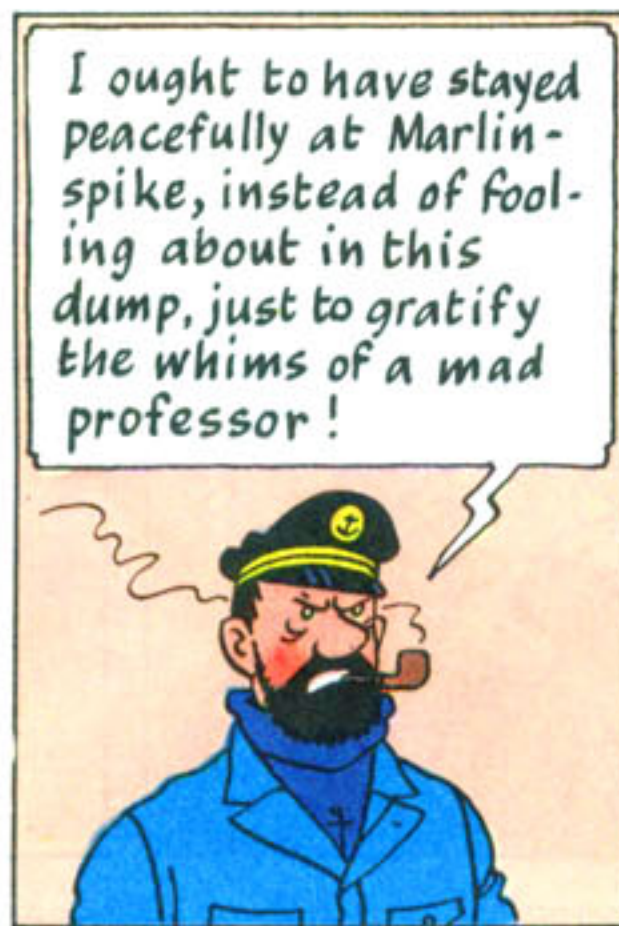
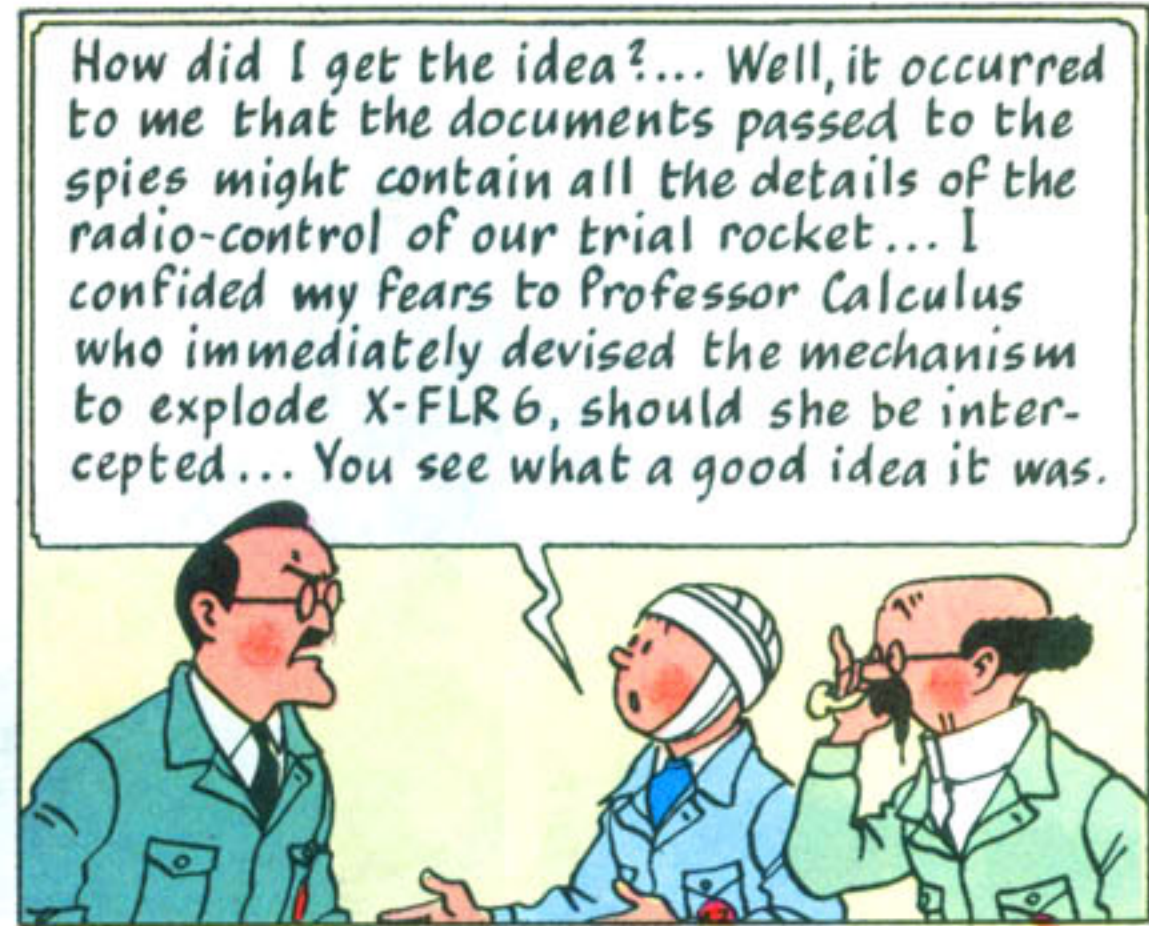
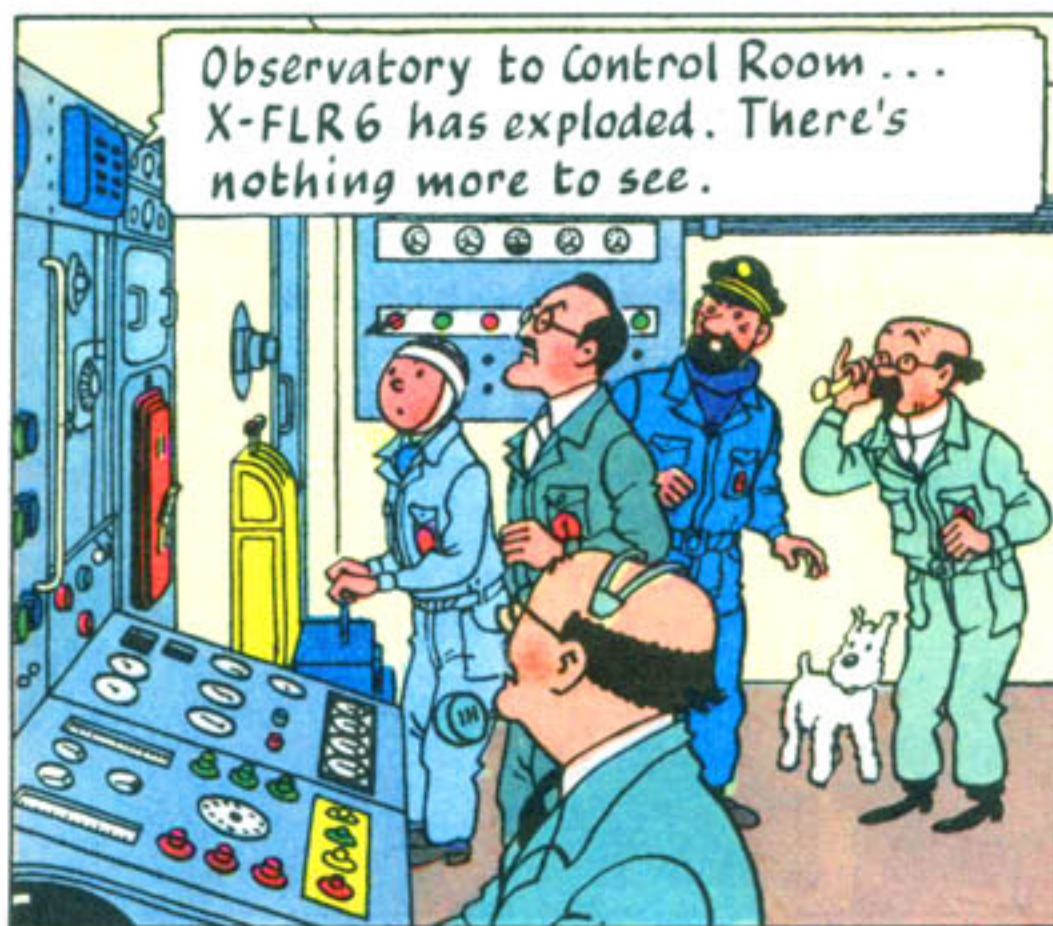
What do you mean?

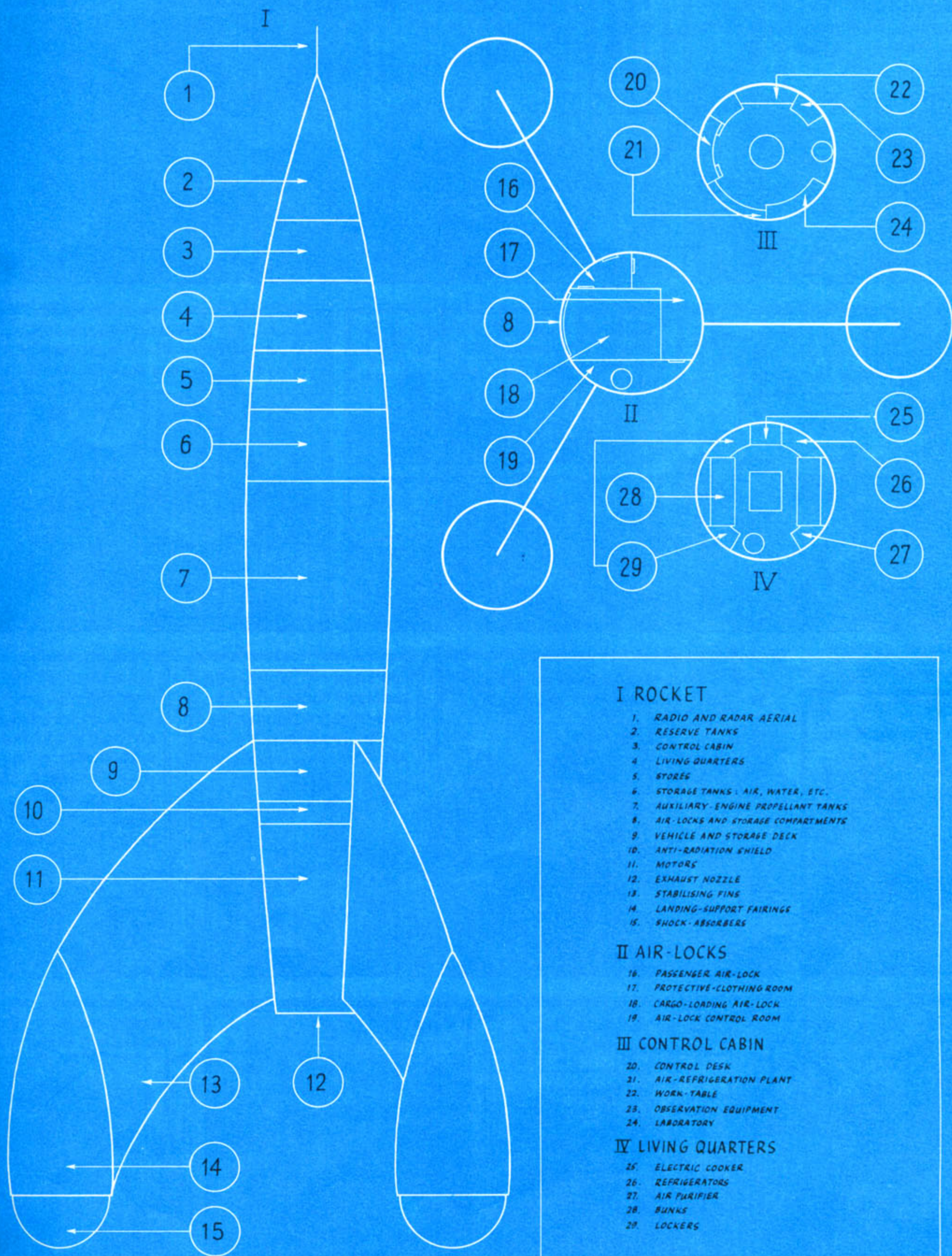


Hi, Professor! Mind your headphones!









Splendid, Professor! My heartiest congratulations! To me this looks admirable, from every point of view. When do you plan to start construction?

To tomorrow, if you agree.

Right!... I'll go and give the necessary instructions. The services of every skilled man will be at your disposal at once. Work will go on day and night.

That's wonderful. Thank you!

Here he comes again!

Goodbye, Mr. Baxter.

Look here, you didn't answer my question just now. How soon is your little trip to the Moon?

Well, if I were you I'd try camphorated oil.

Blistering barnacles, it's nothing to do with camphorated oil! It's the Moon..

Rubbed in night and morning.

You nitwit you! I'm talking about your trip to the Moon!

Maybe... But believe me, there's nothing like camphorated oil... Excuse me now. I'm up to my eyes in work.

Some months later..

Hello... Yes Mr. Baxter, we're going ahead with the space-suit trials... Captain Haddock is our guinea-pig... Yes, I'll keep you informed.

I say!... Your fancy-dress weighs a ton! You can't move a muscle with it on.

Don't worry, Captain. On the Moon things are six times lighter than on the Earth... Once up there, you'll feel as comfortable as if you were in a lounge suit.

Glad to hear it!

First of all we'll reduce the pressure. Yesterday we completed air-tightness tests with the suits. They were excellent... If anything is wrong, shout "Stop" and we'll restore normal pressure at once.

Here's your helmet.

I feel like a goldfish in its bowl!

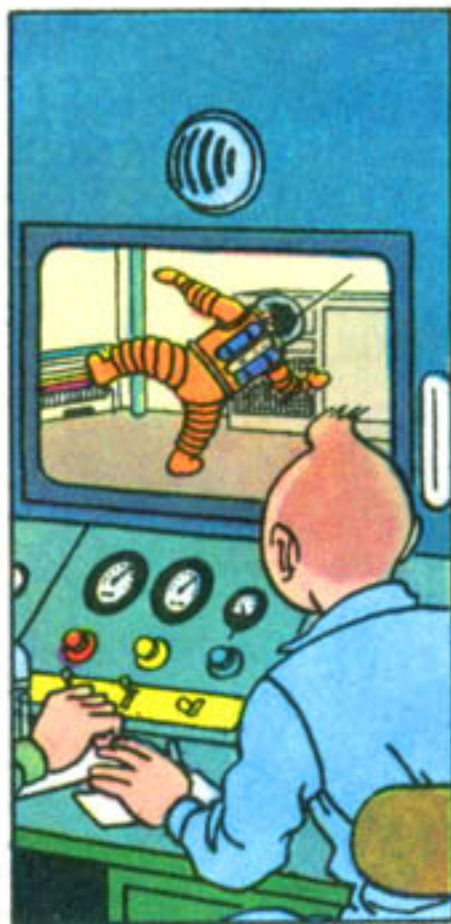
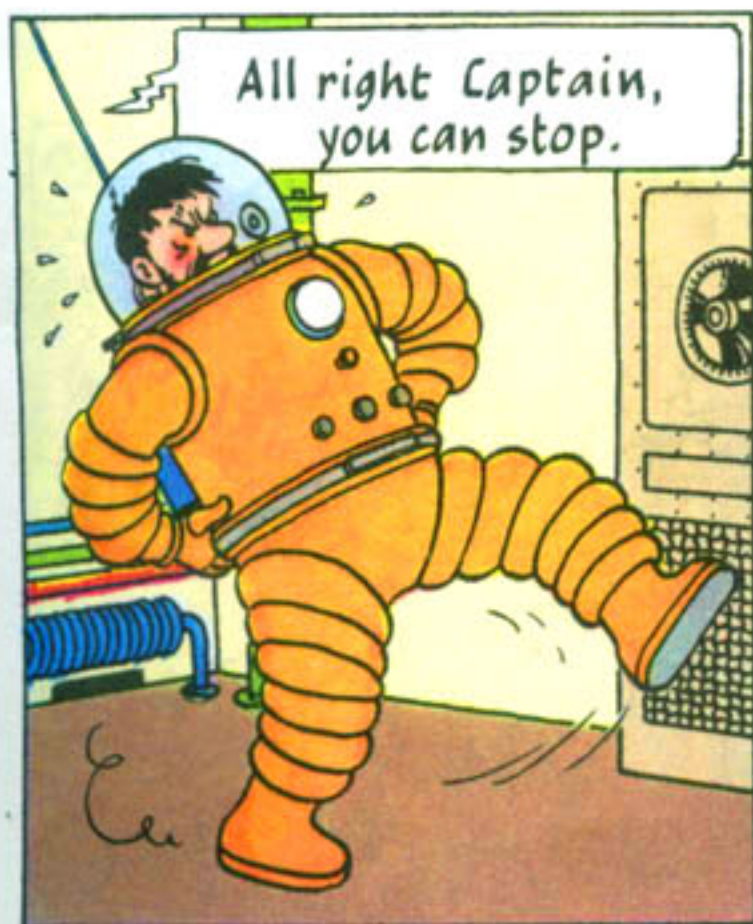
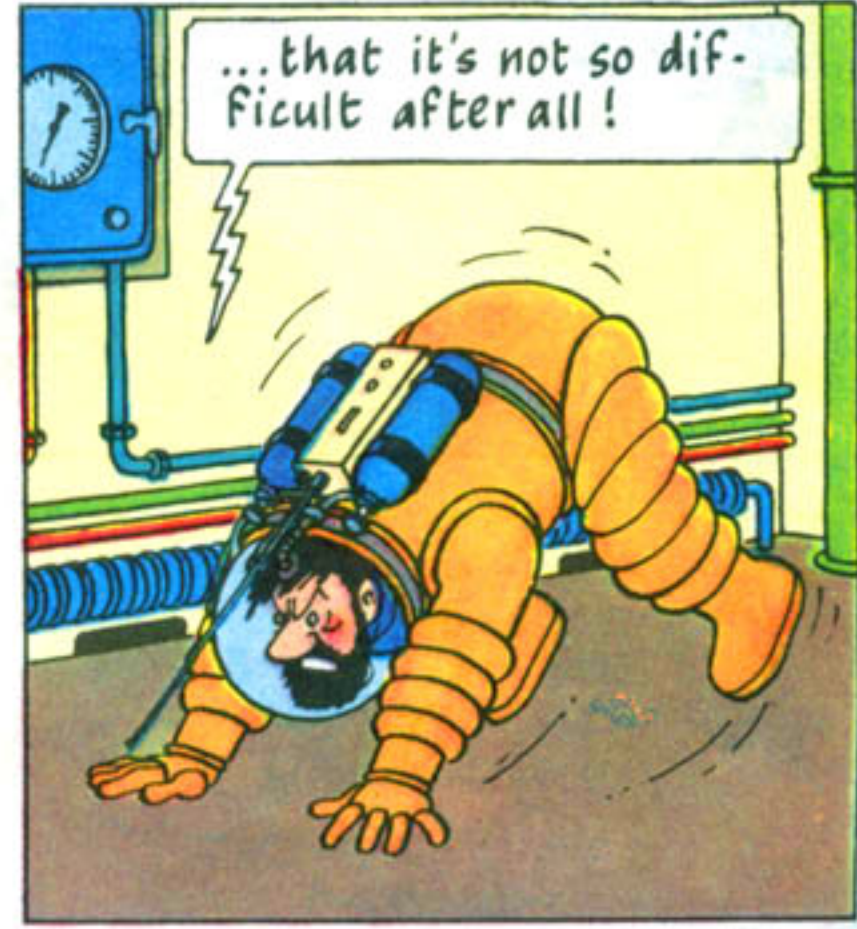
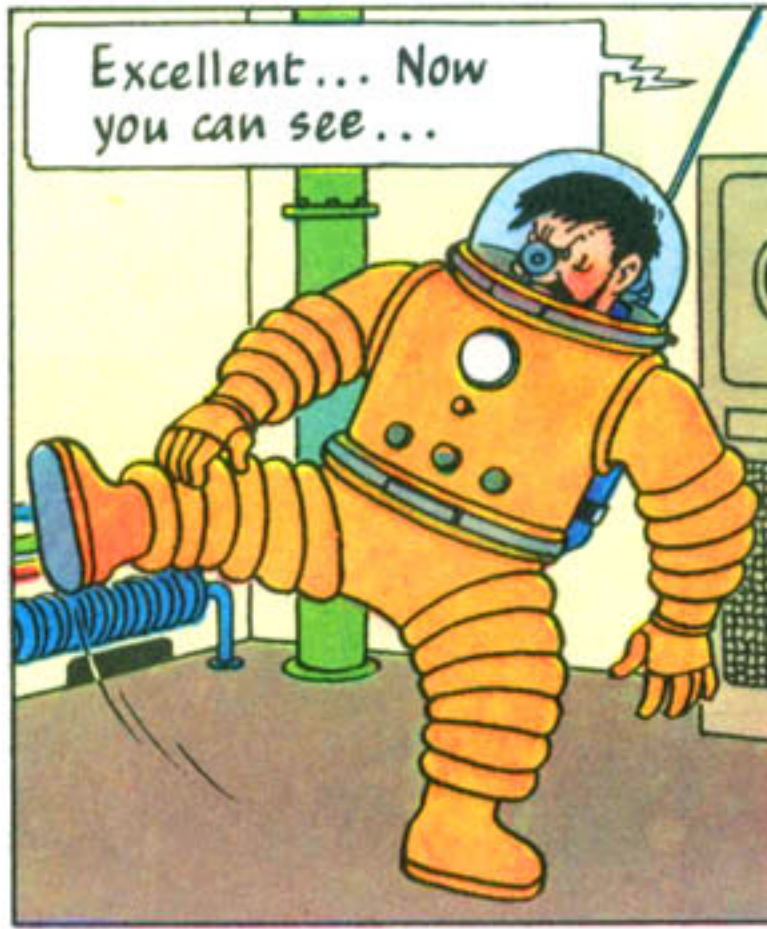
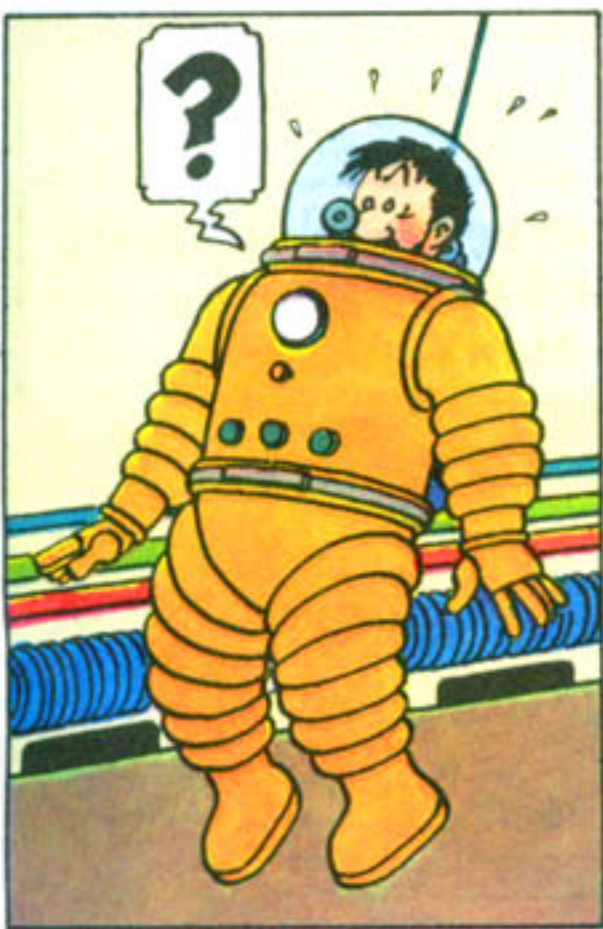
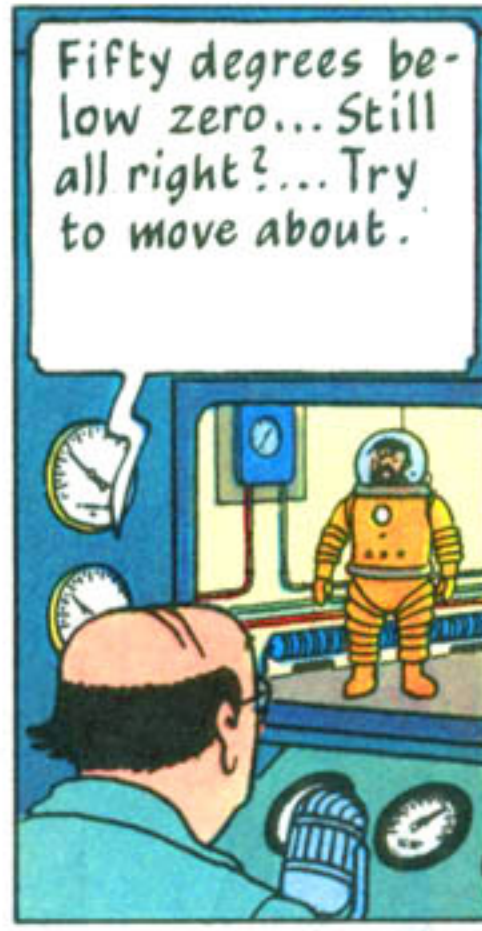
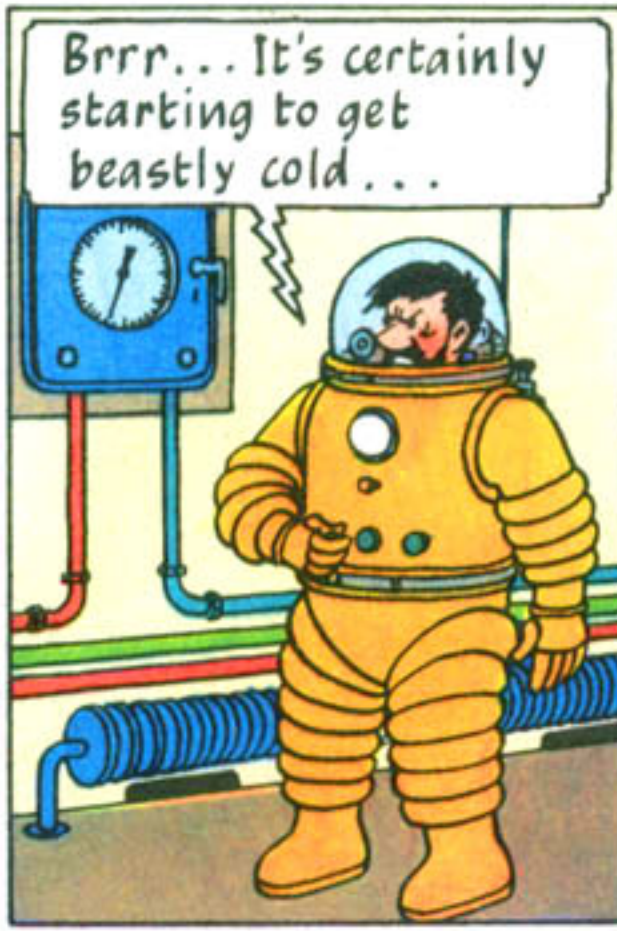
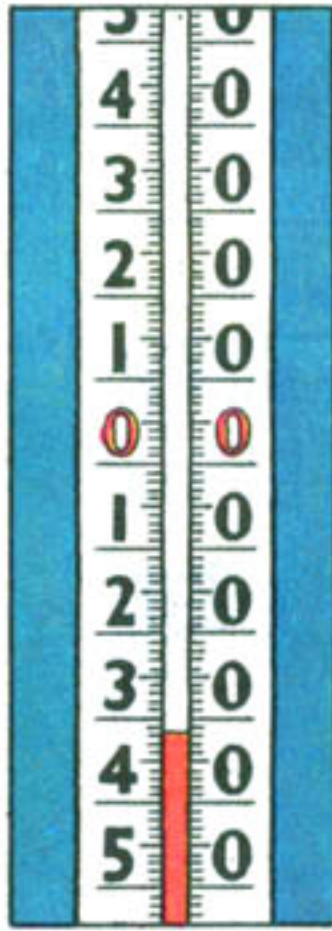
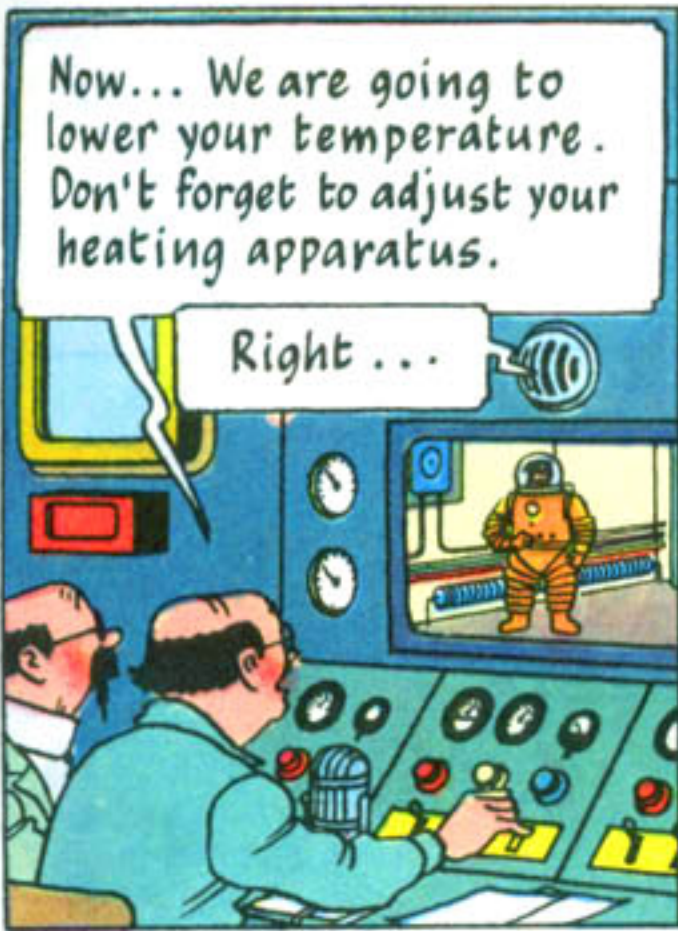
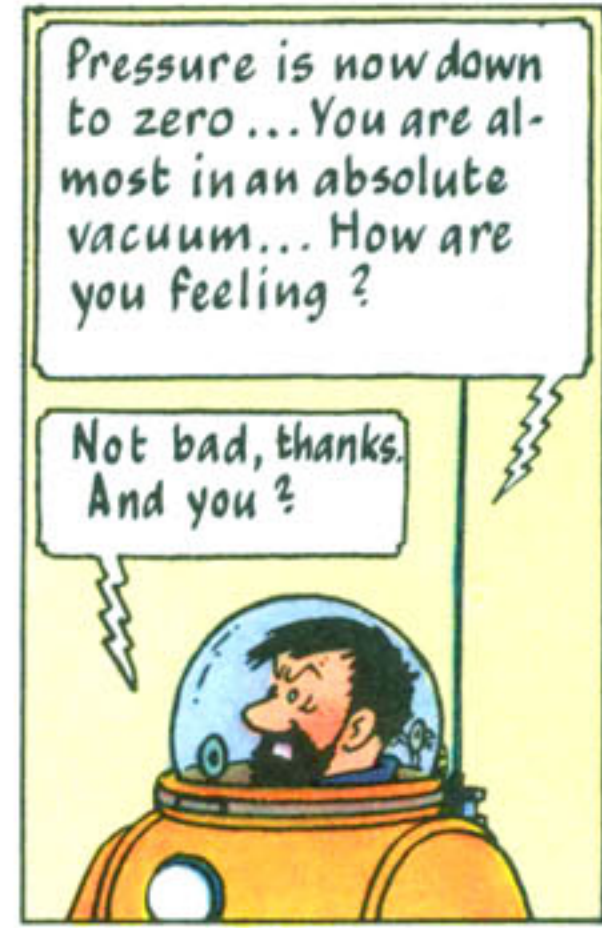
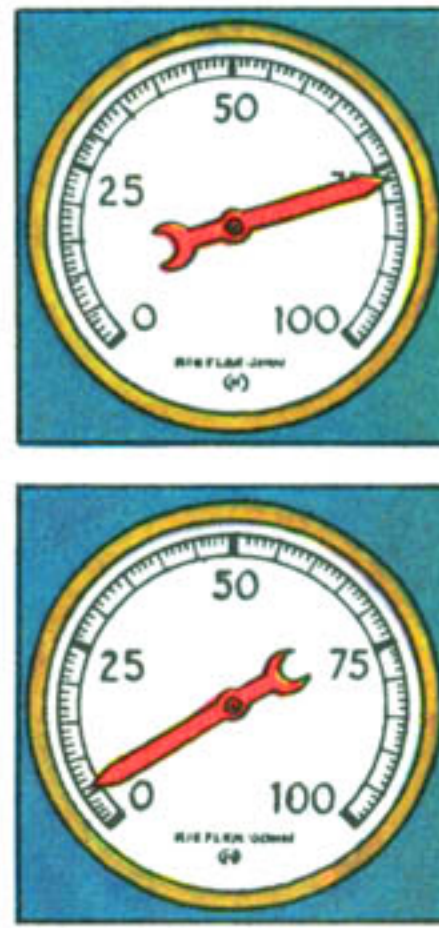
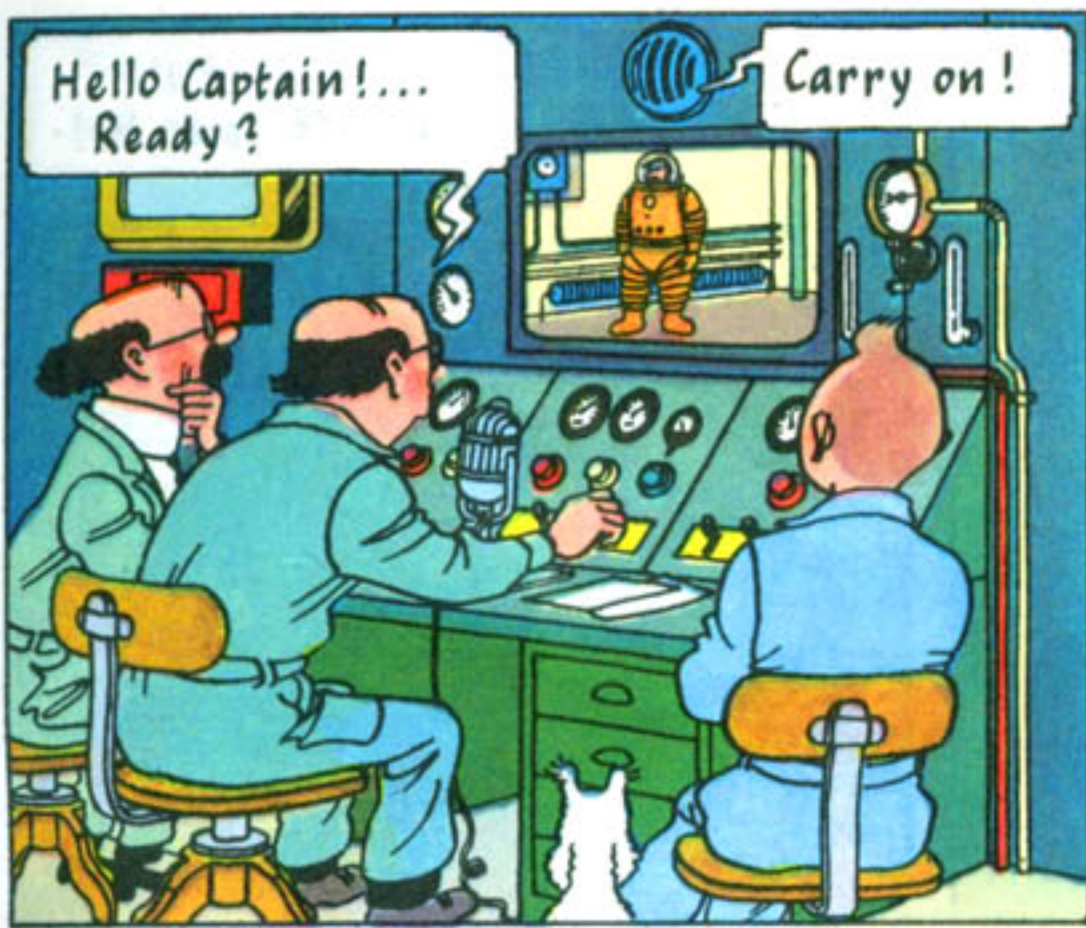
Testing the radio... Hello... Can you hear me, Captain?

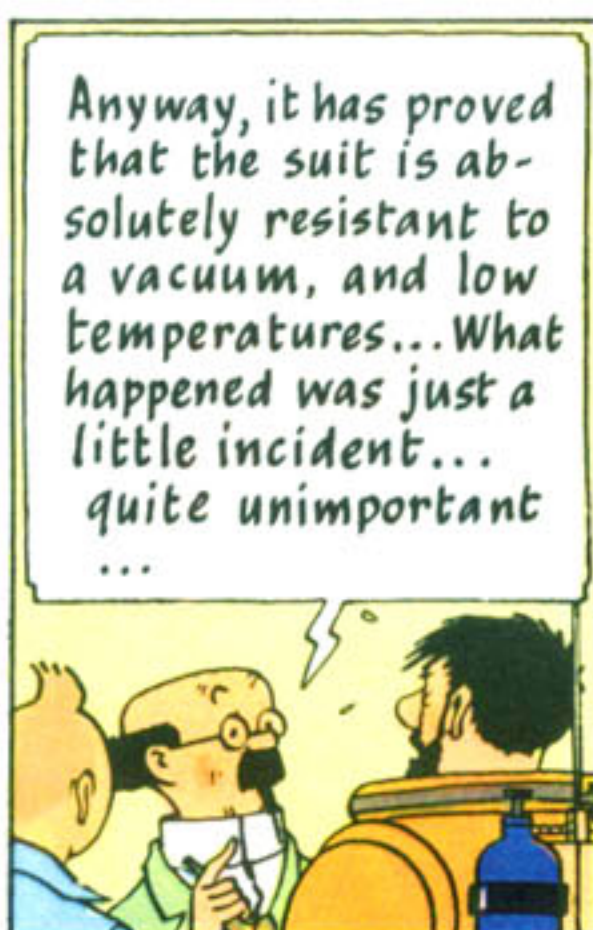
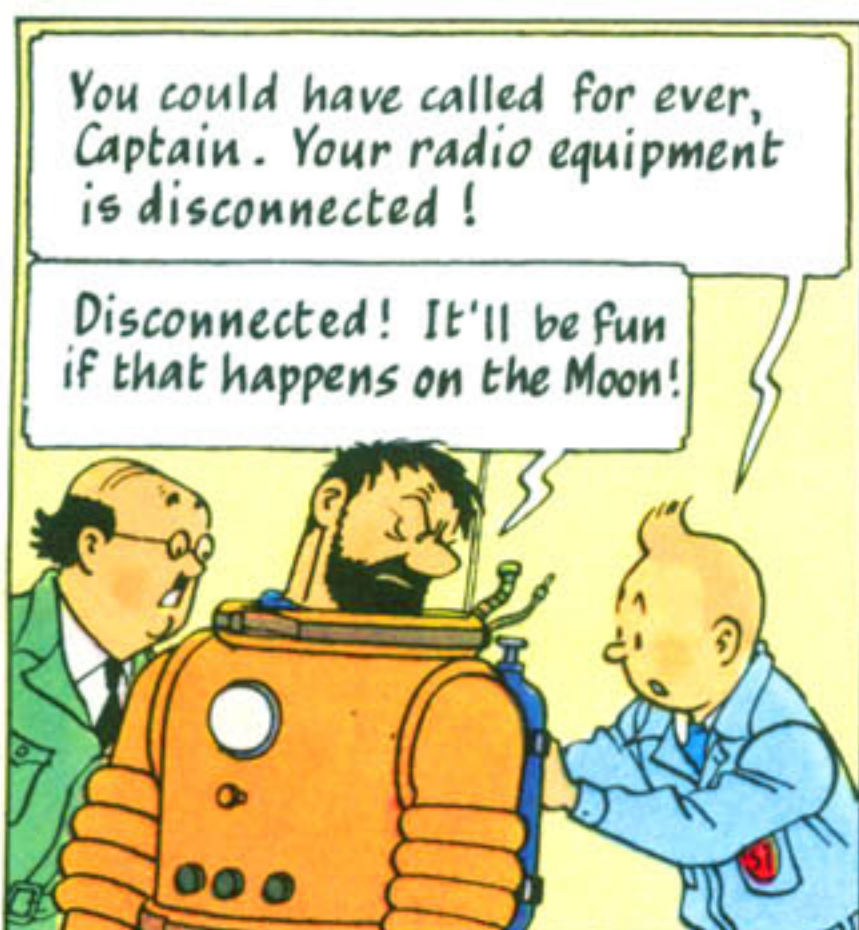
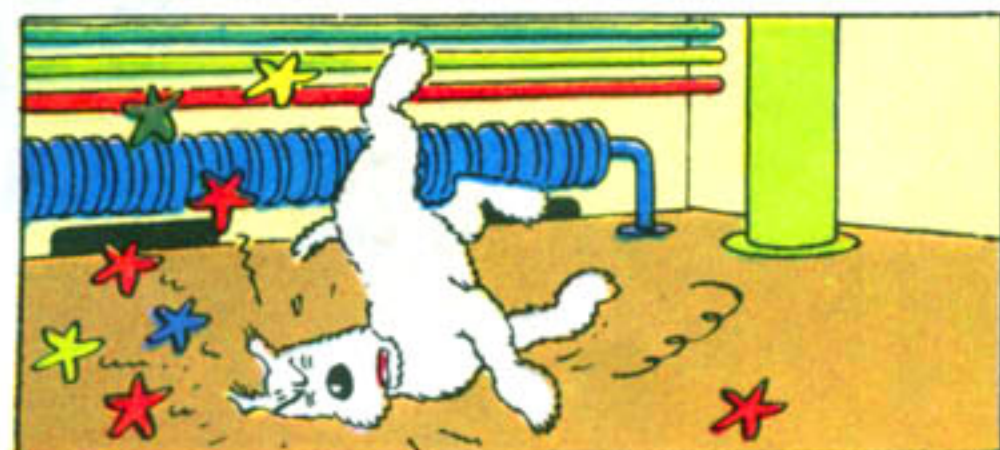
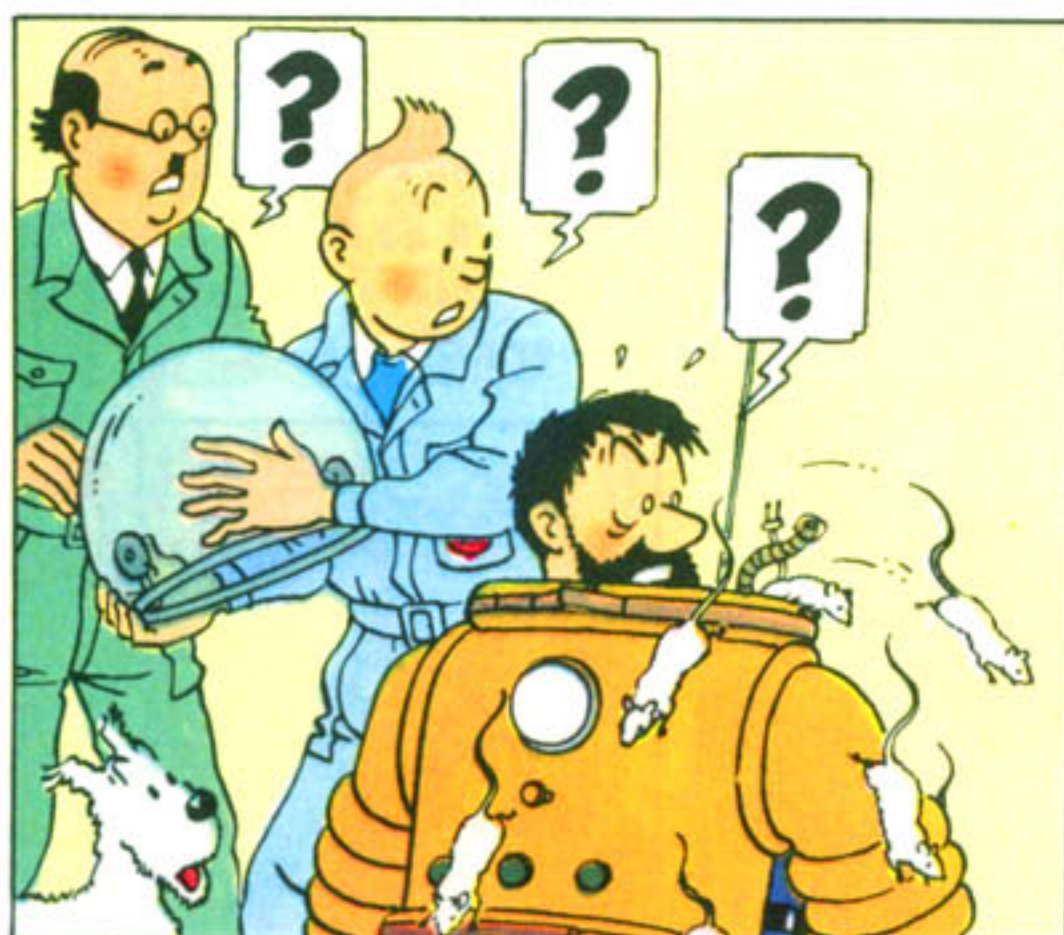
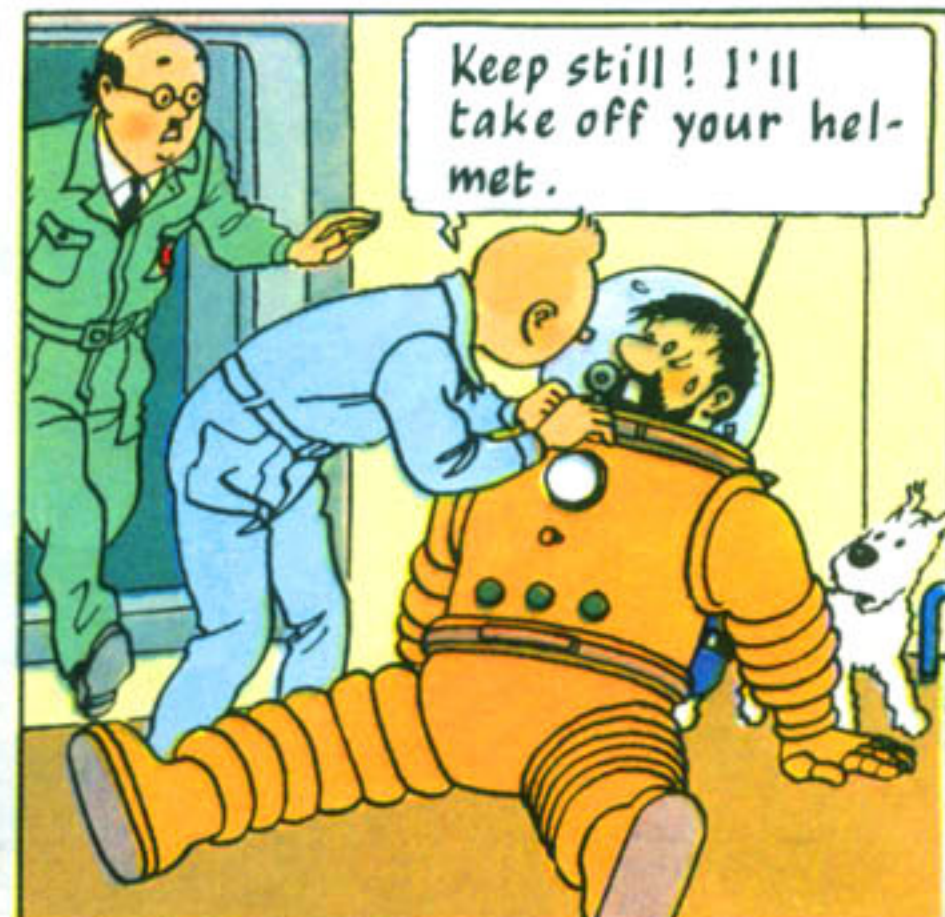
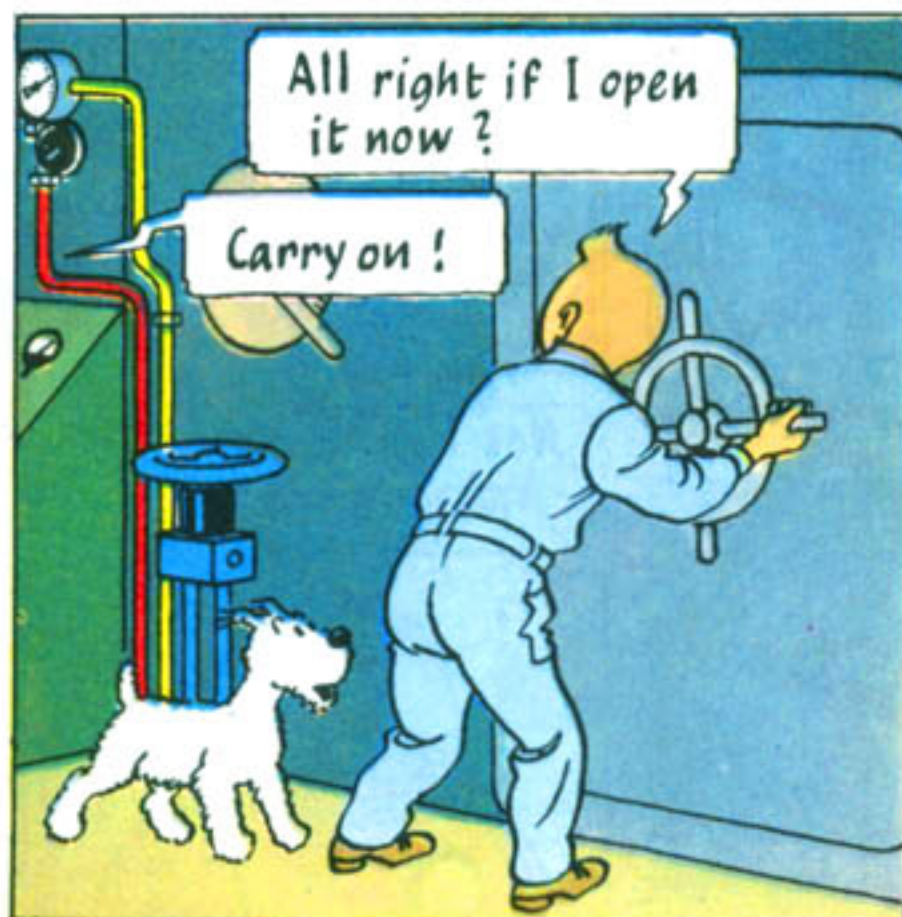
Yes, I can hear you. You can start now, I'm ready.

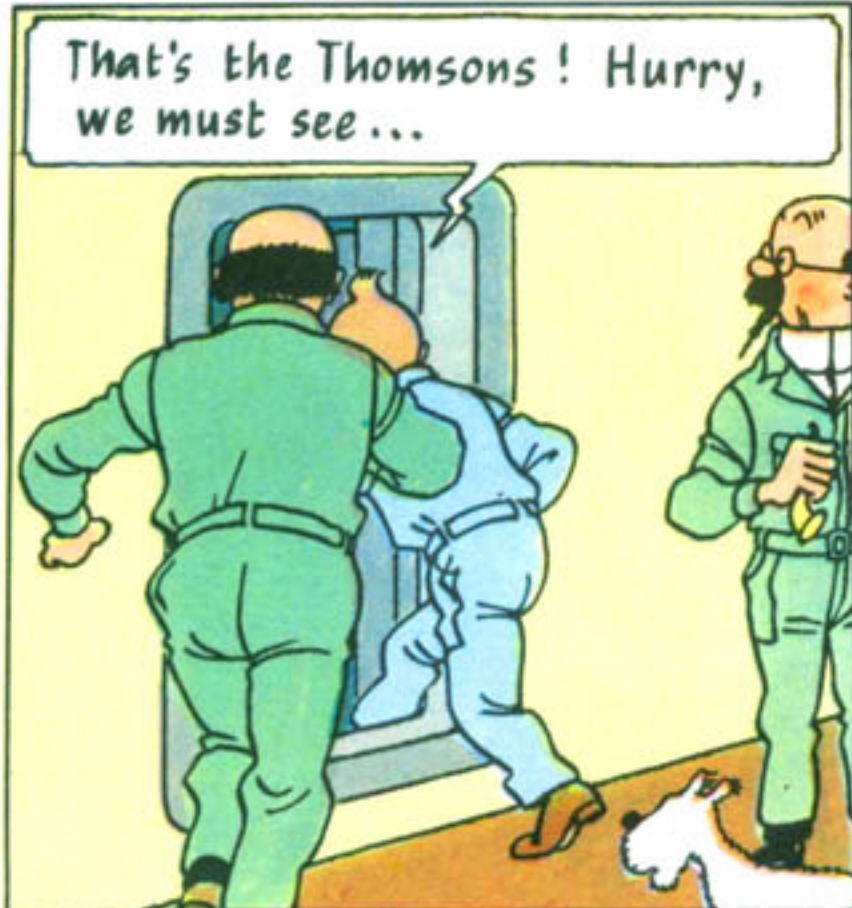
Good!... Goodbye for now. Good luck!

Thanks.

Between ourselves, I'm not all that happy!







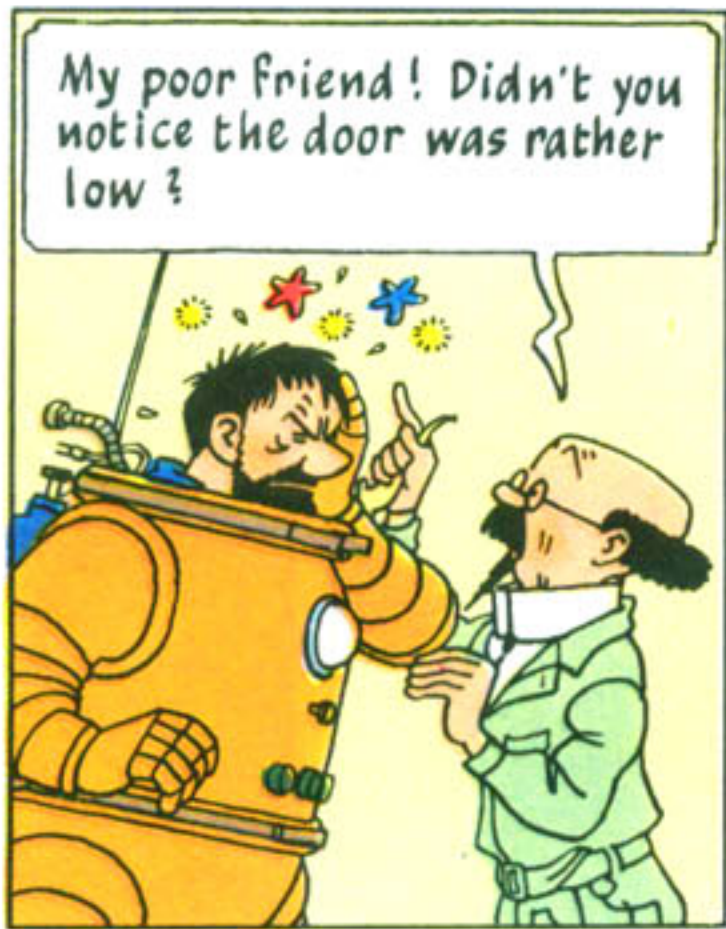
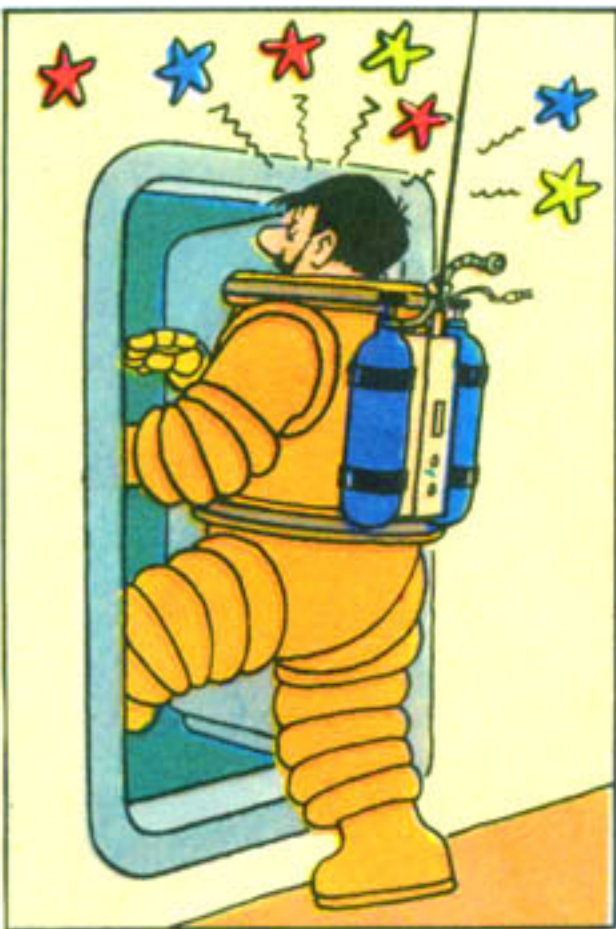
That's the Thomsons! Hurry, we must see...



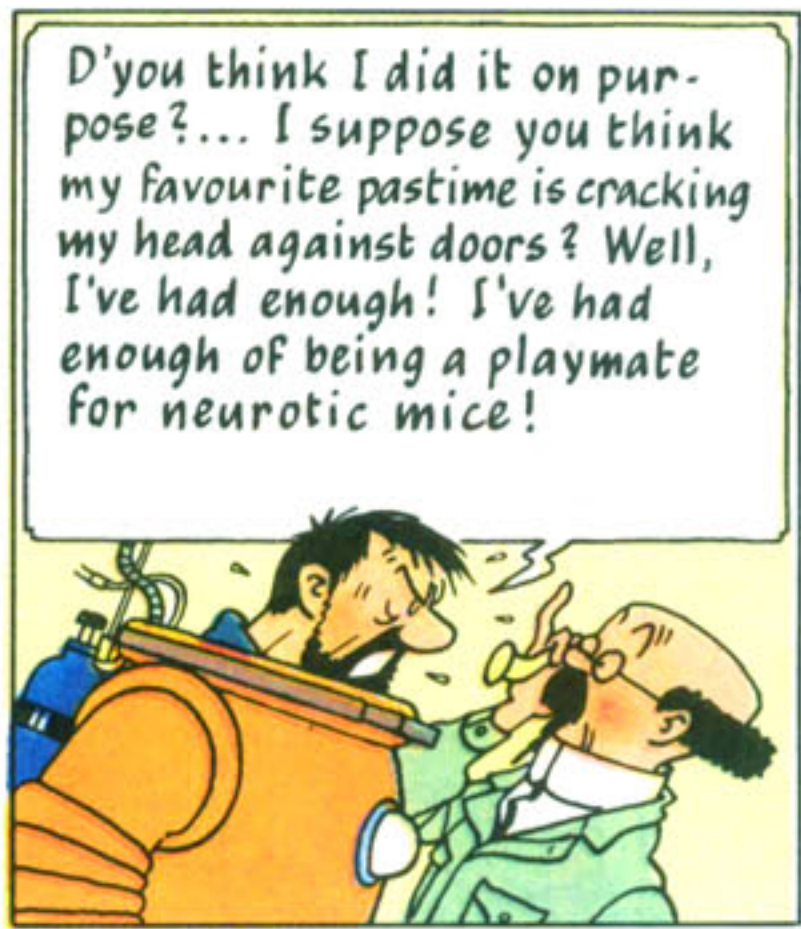
M-m-m... m-mice!... It's alive with mice in here!



Now what's happened to that pair of sea-gherkins?



My poor friend! Didn't you notice the door was rather low?



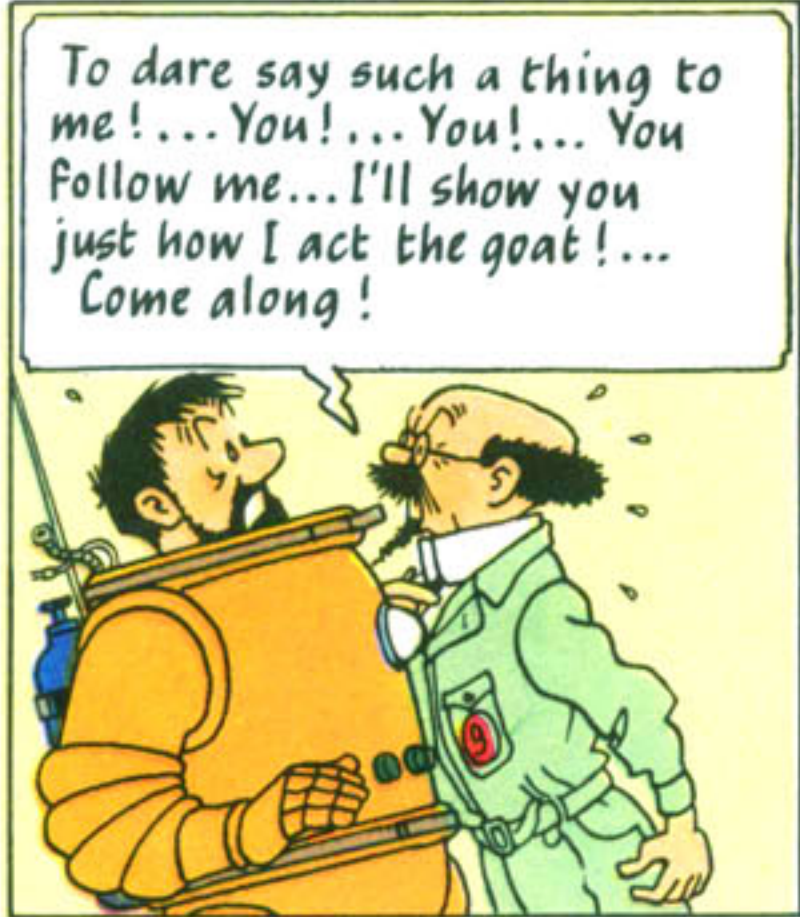
D'you think I did it on purpose?... I suppose you think my favourite pastime is cracking my head against doors? Well, I've had enough! I've had enough of being a playmate for neurotic mice!



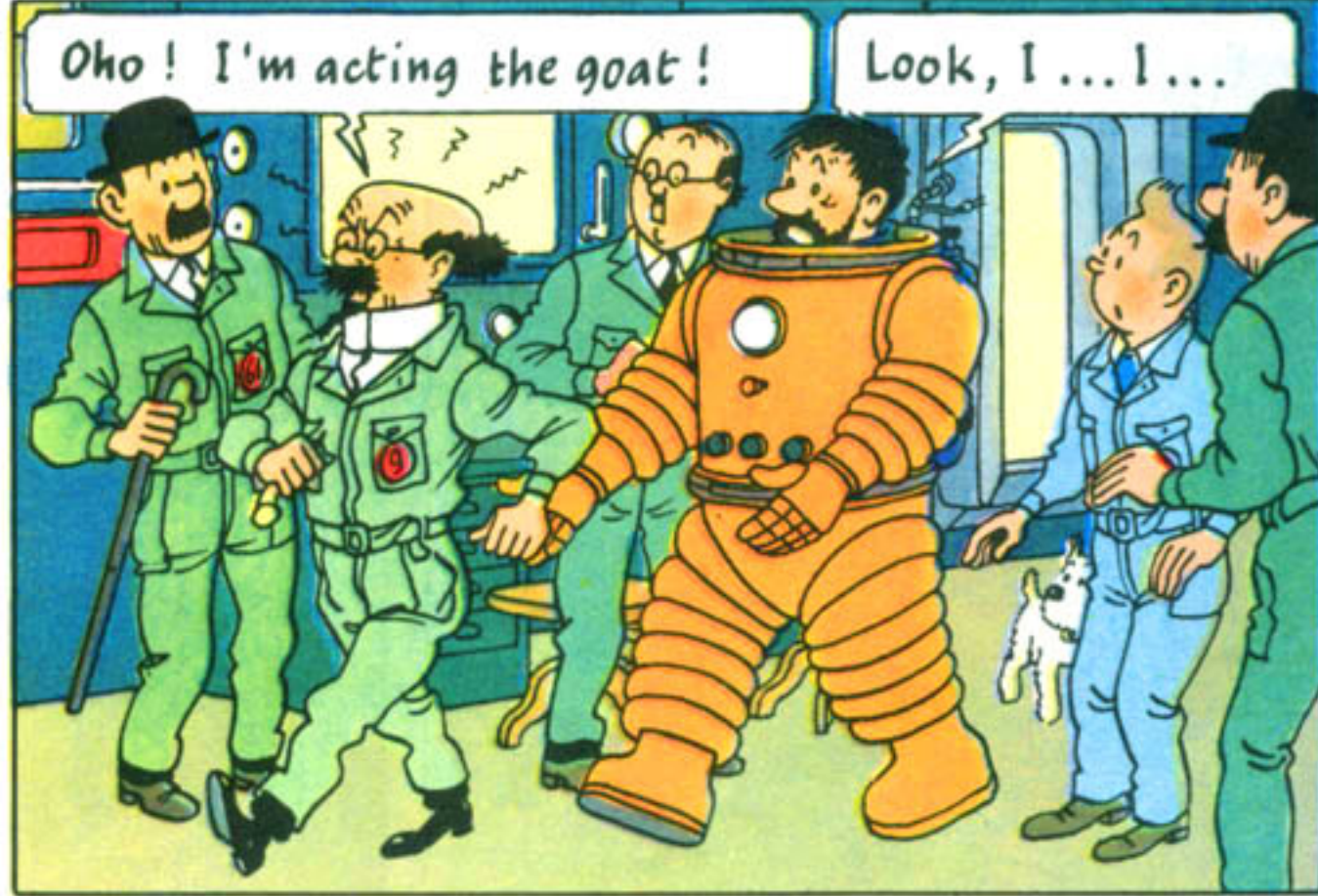
I've had enough, d'you understand?... You want to go to the Moon?... Well go! But without me! I'm going home to Marlinspike!... And you can go on acting the goat here for as long as you like!



Oh, I'm acting the goat? ... I'm acting the goat, am I?... I... This... this is too much! I, acting the goat!... I demand an apology... An apology, you hear?... You have no right to say such a thing!... Acting the goat!



To dare say such a thing to me!... You!... You!... You follow me... I'll show you just how I act the goat!... Come along!



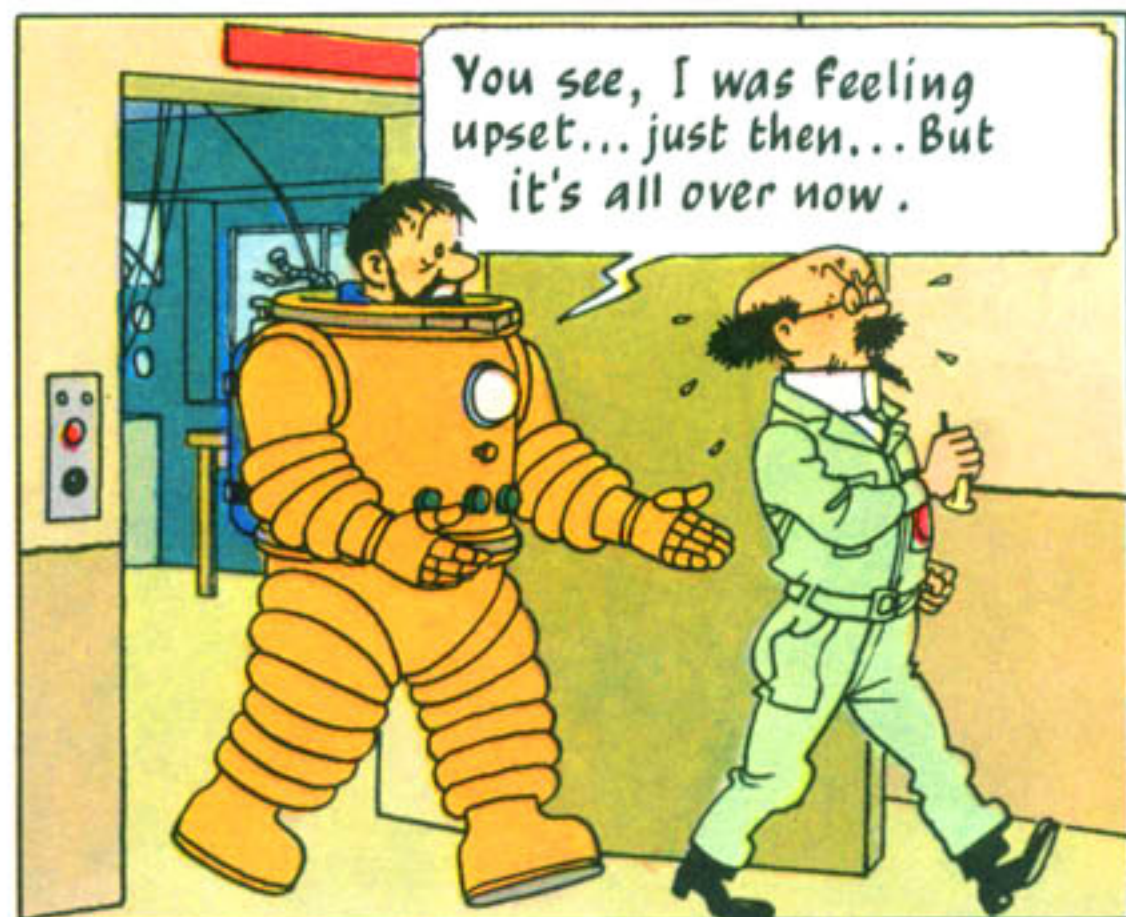
Oho! I'm acting the goat!

Look, I... I...

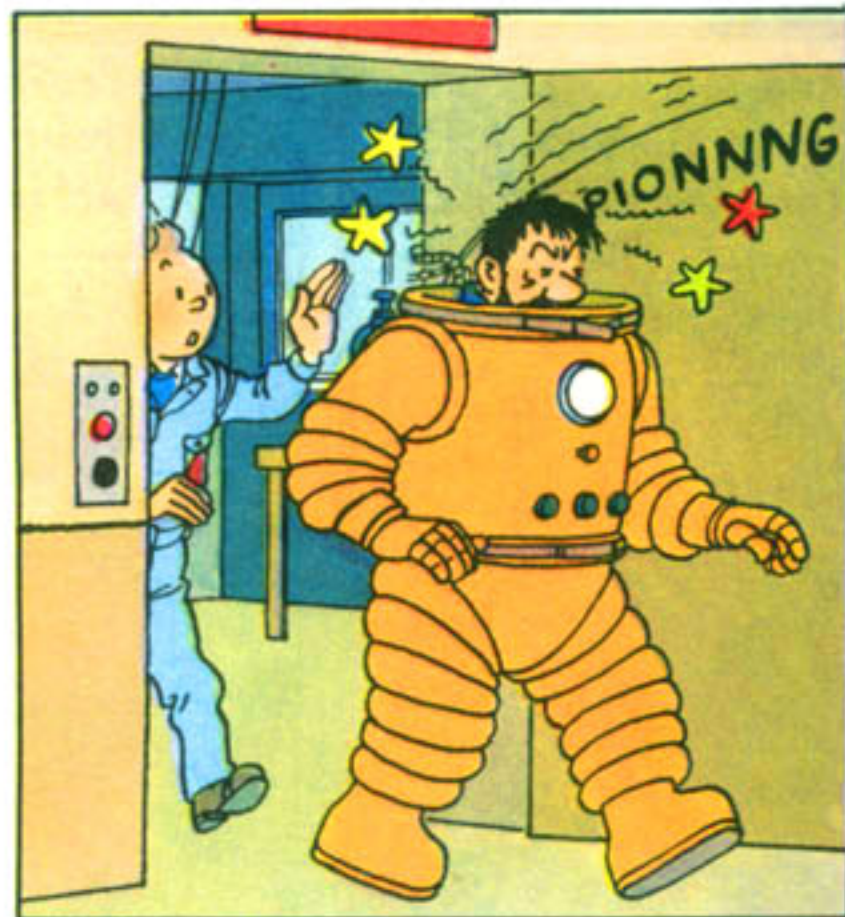


So, I act the goat?

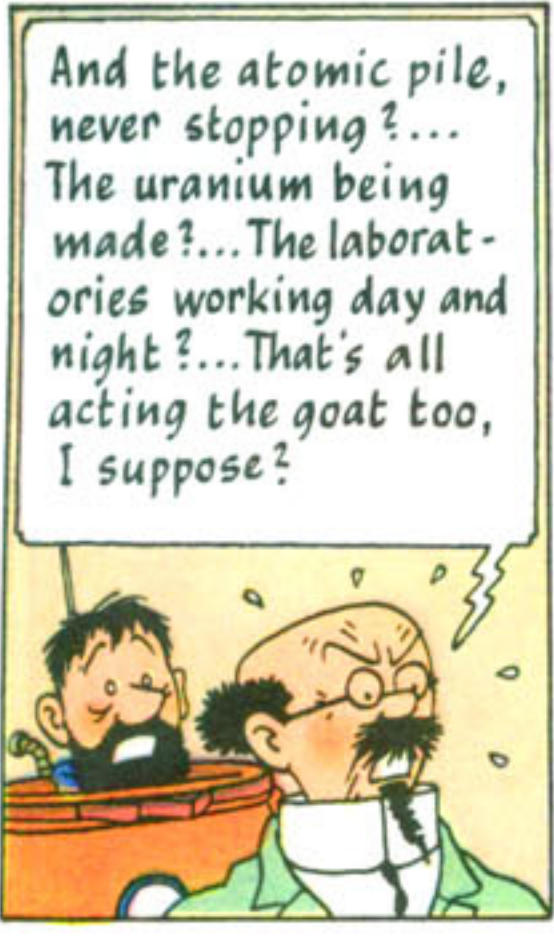
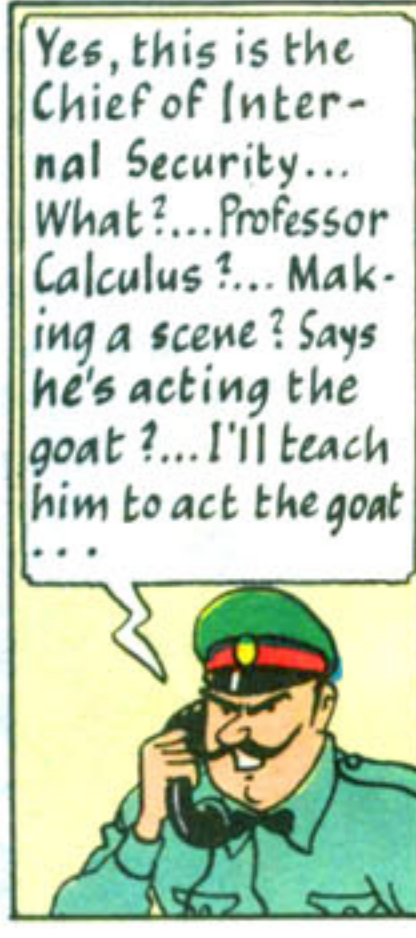
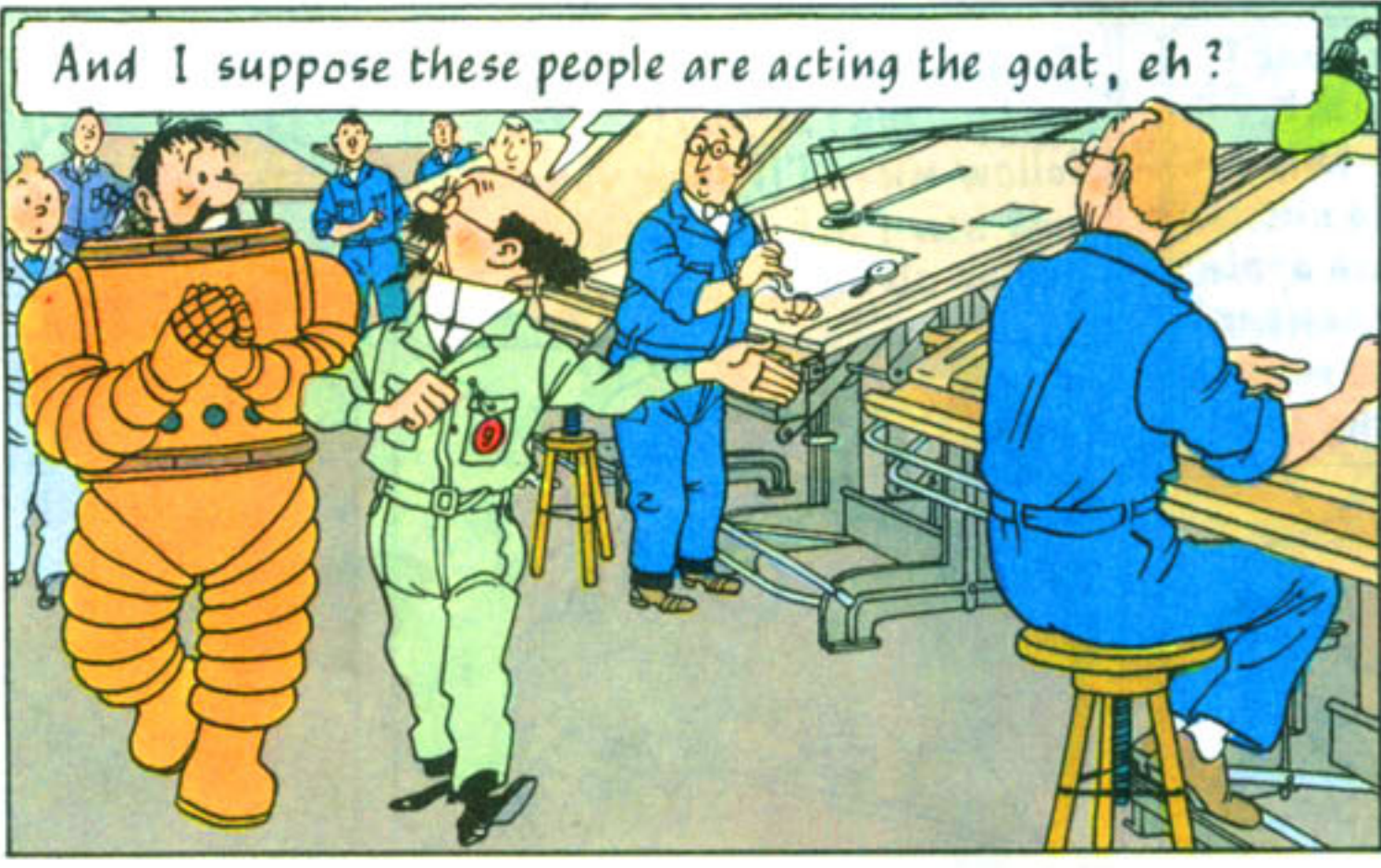
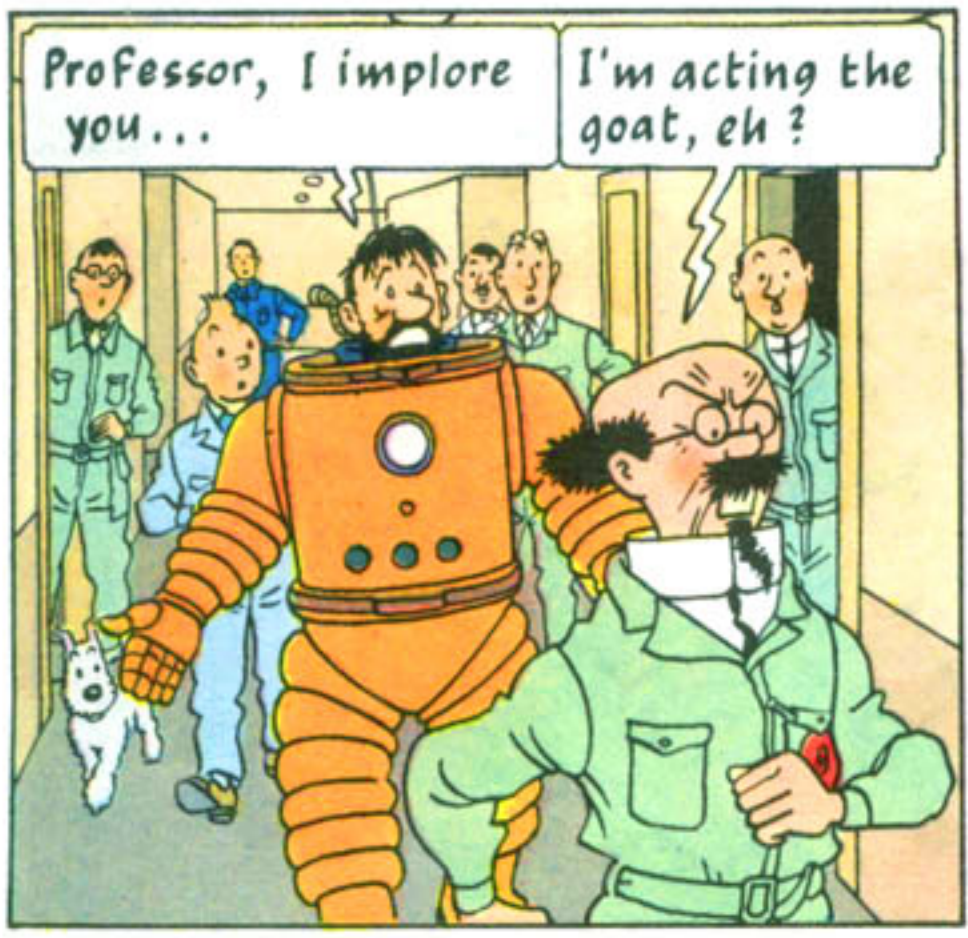
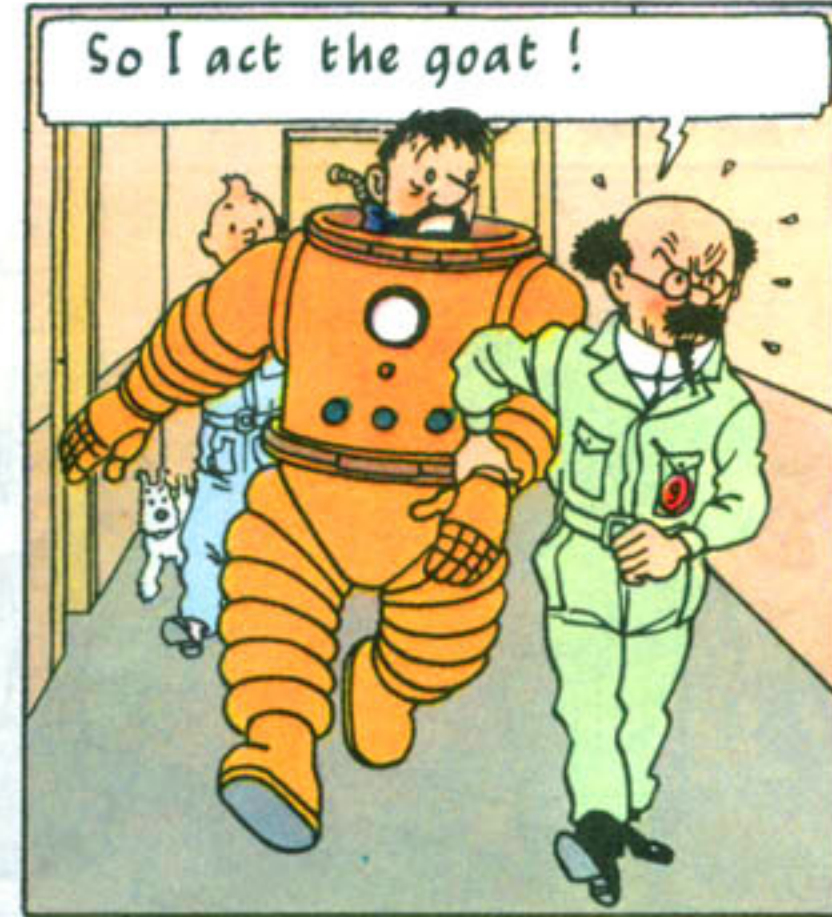
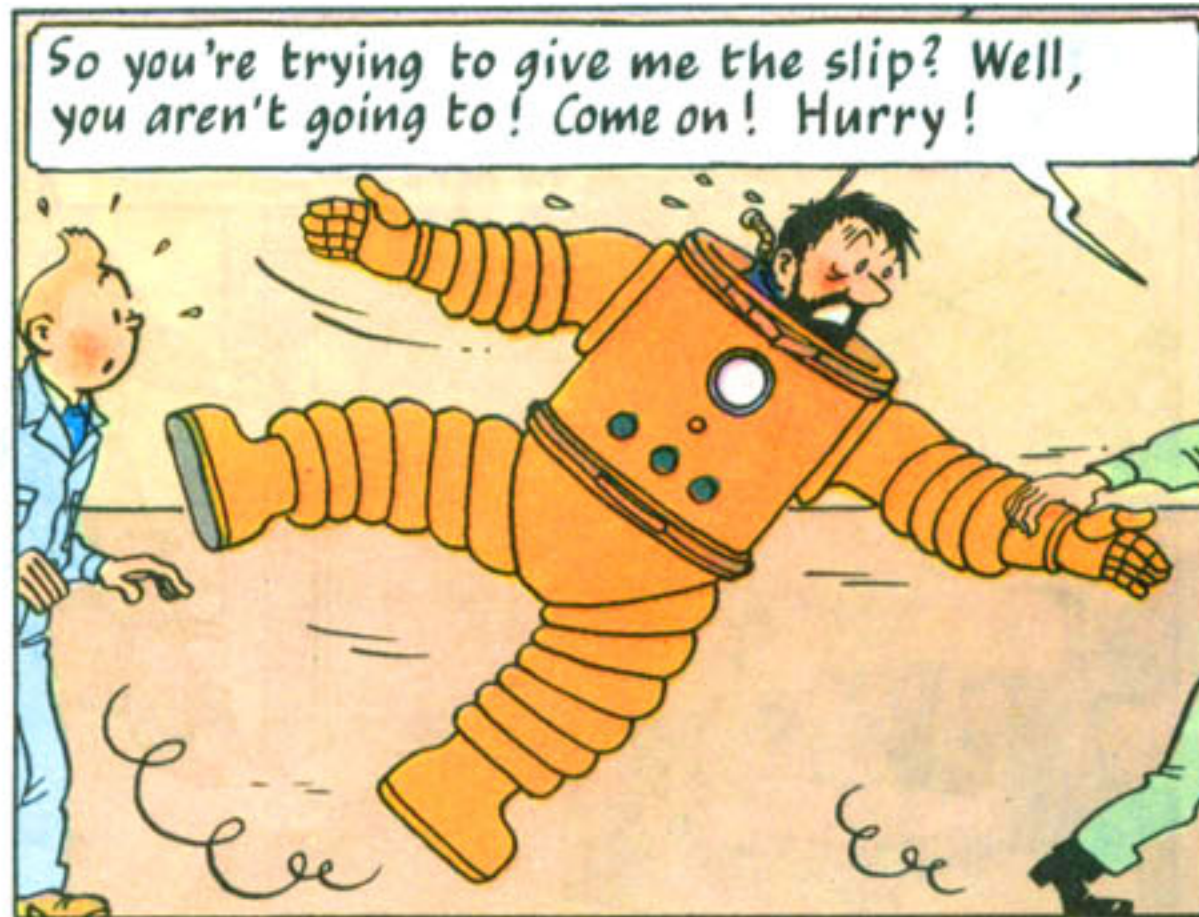
I didn't mean anything...

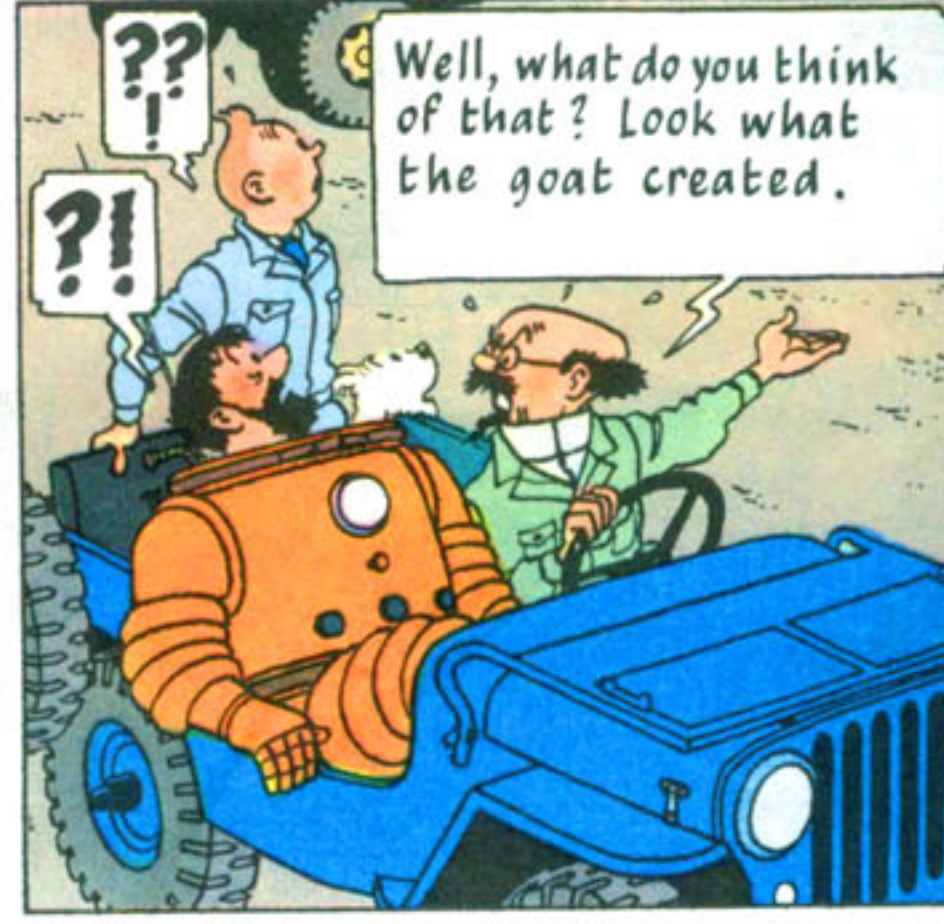
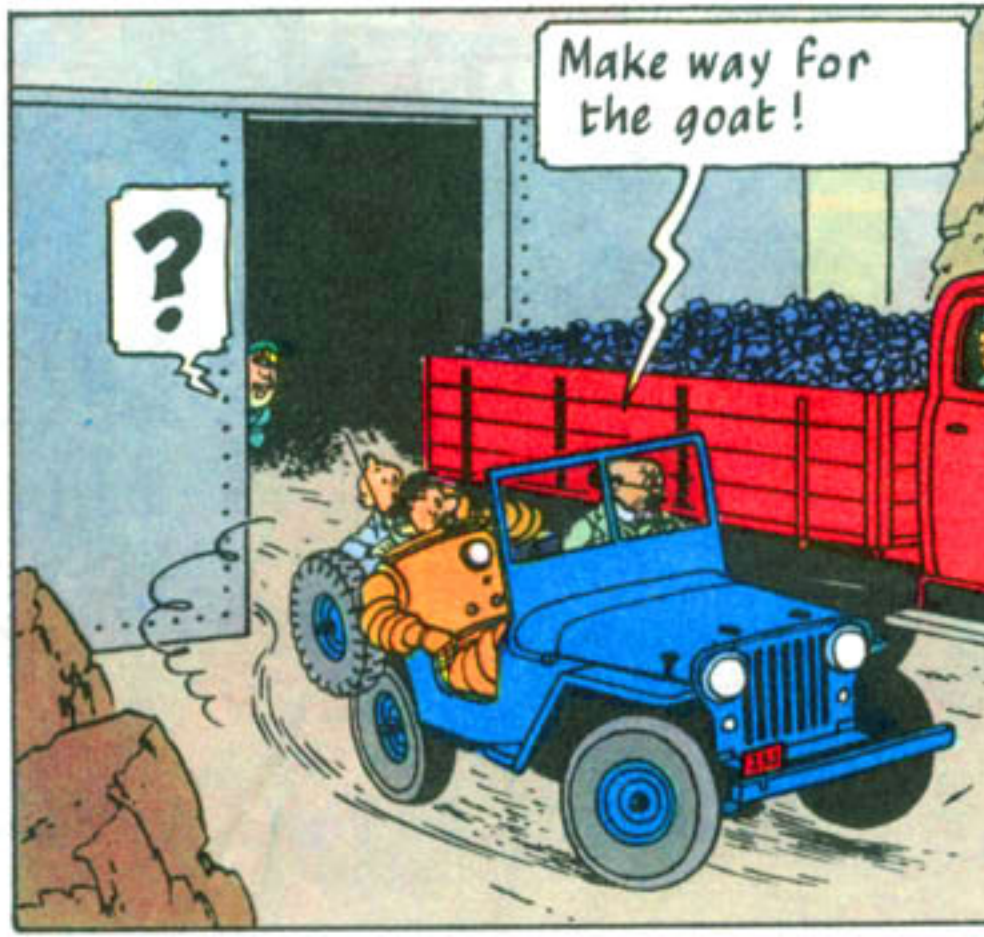
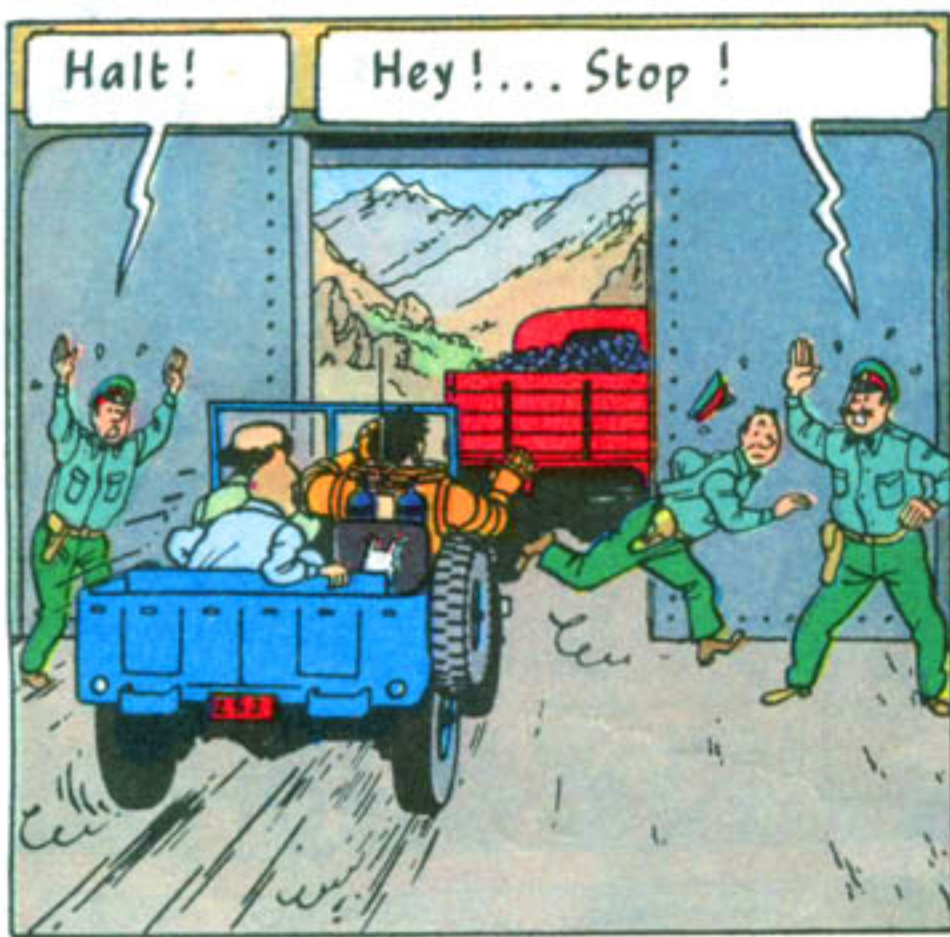
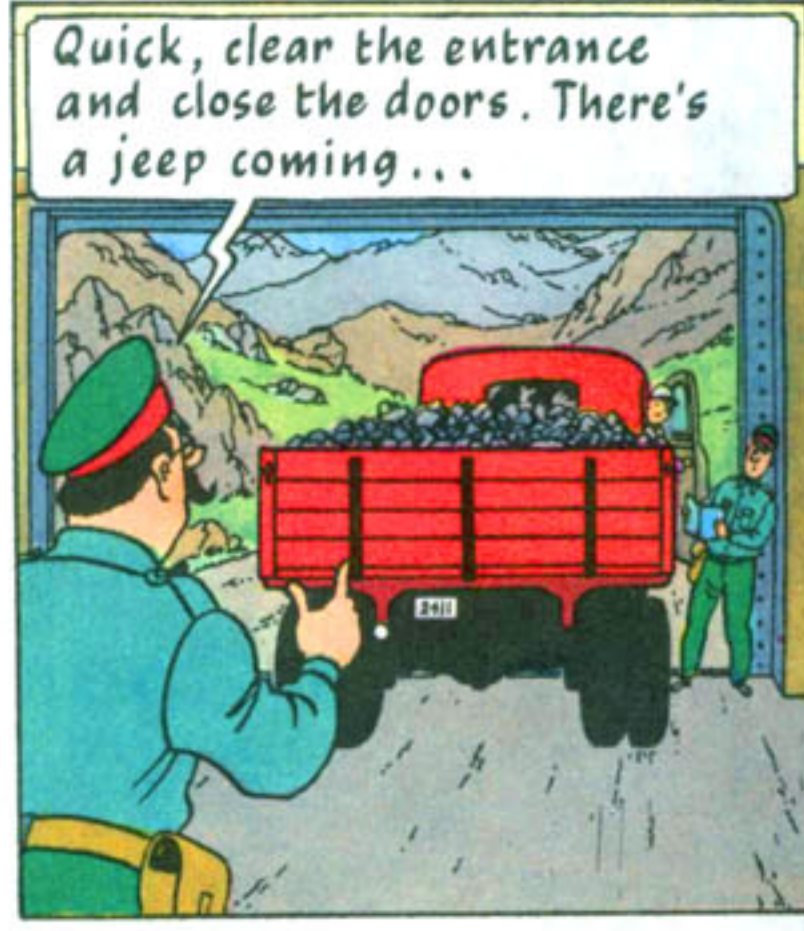


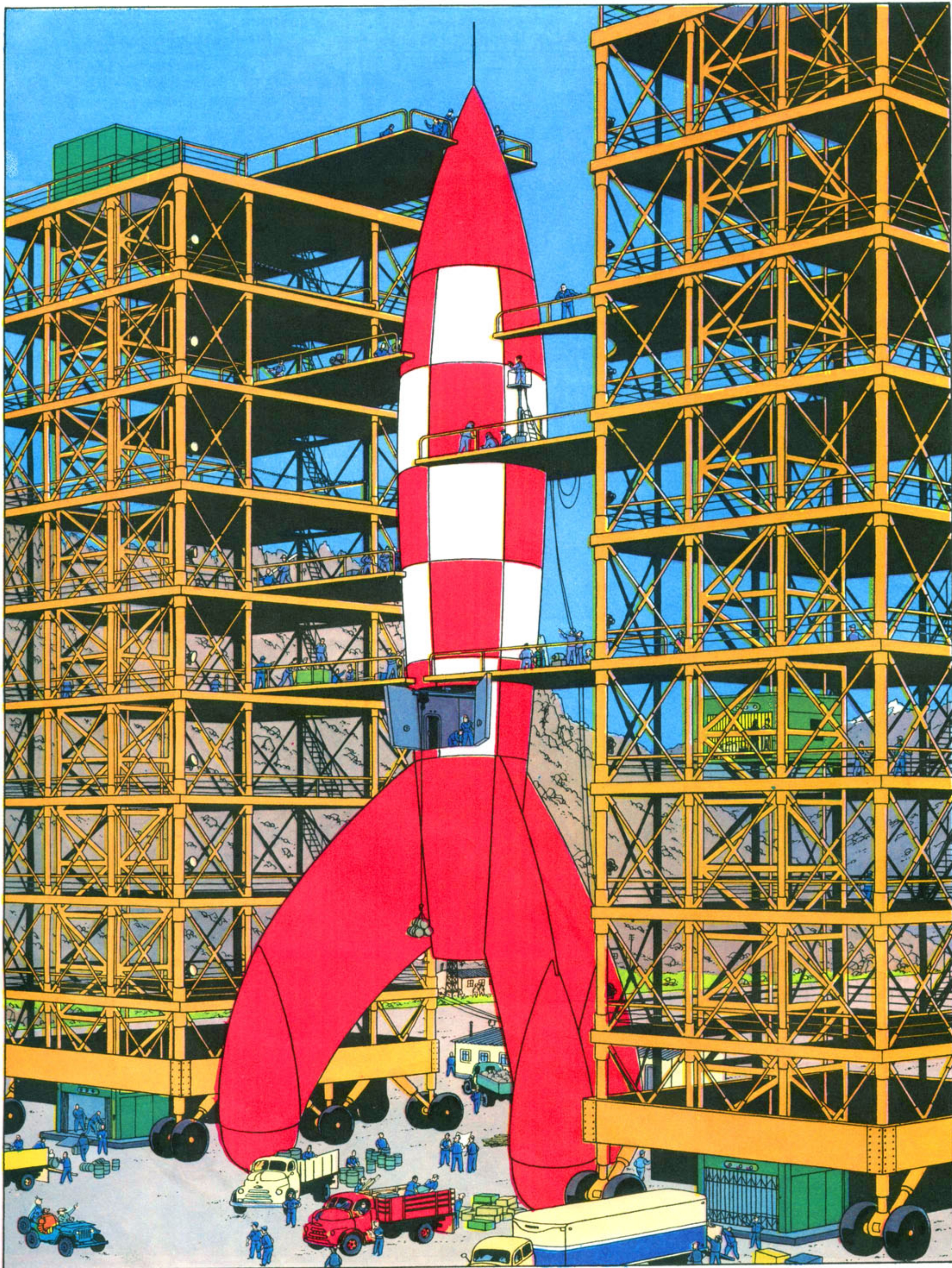
You see, I was feeling upset... just then... But it's all over now.

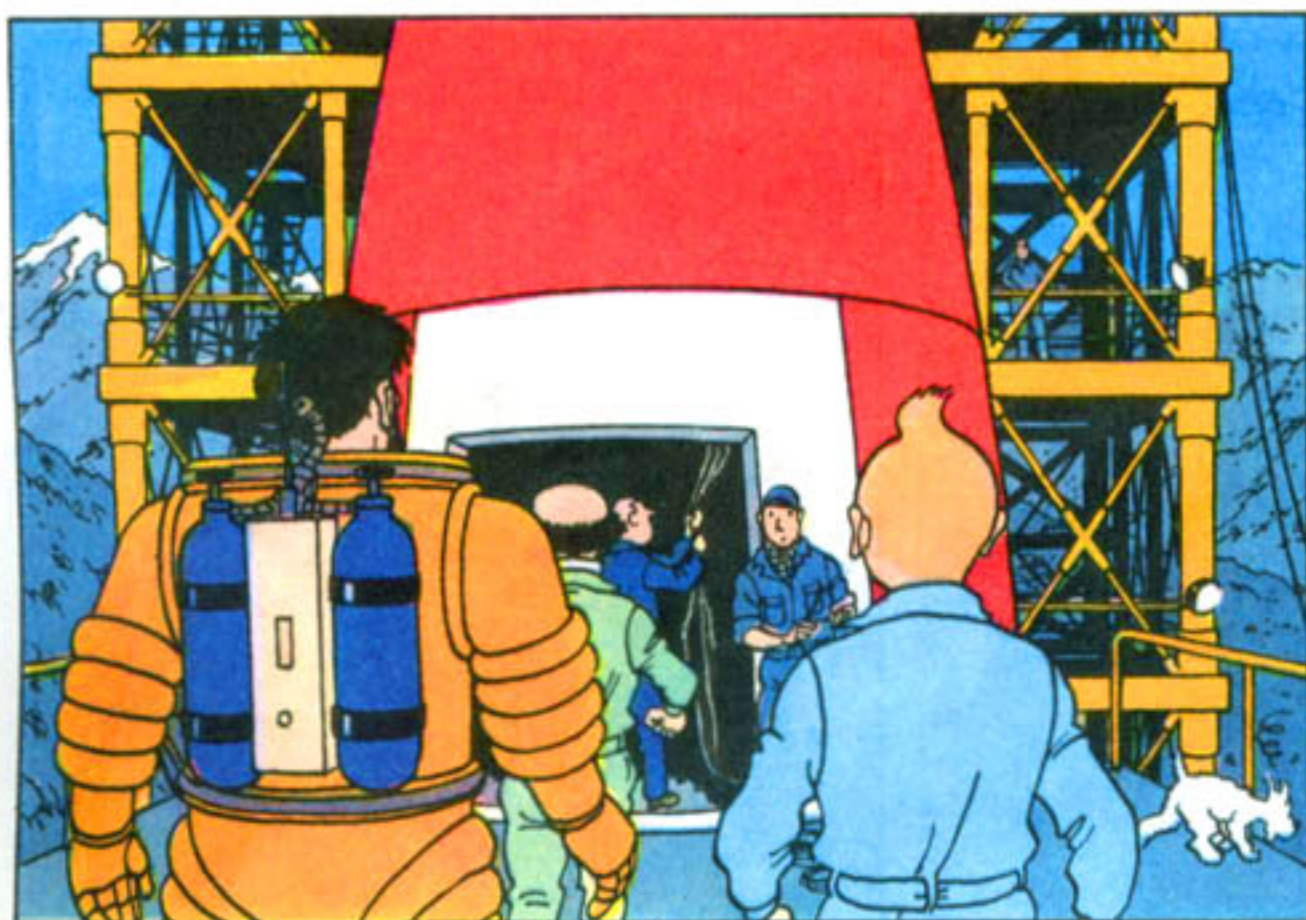
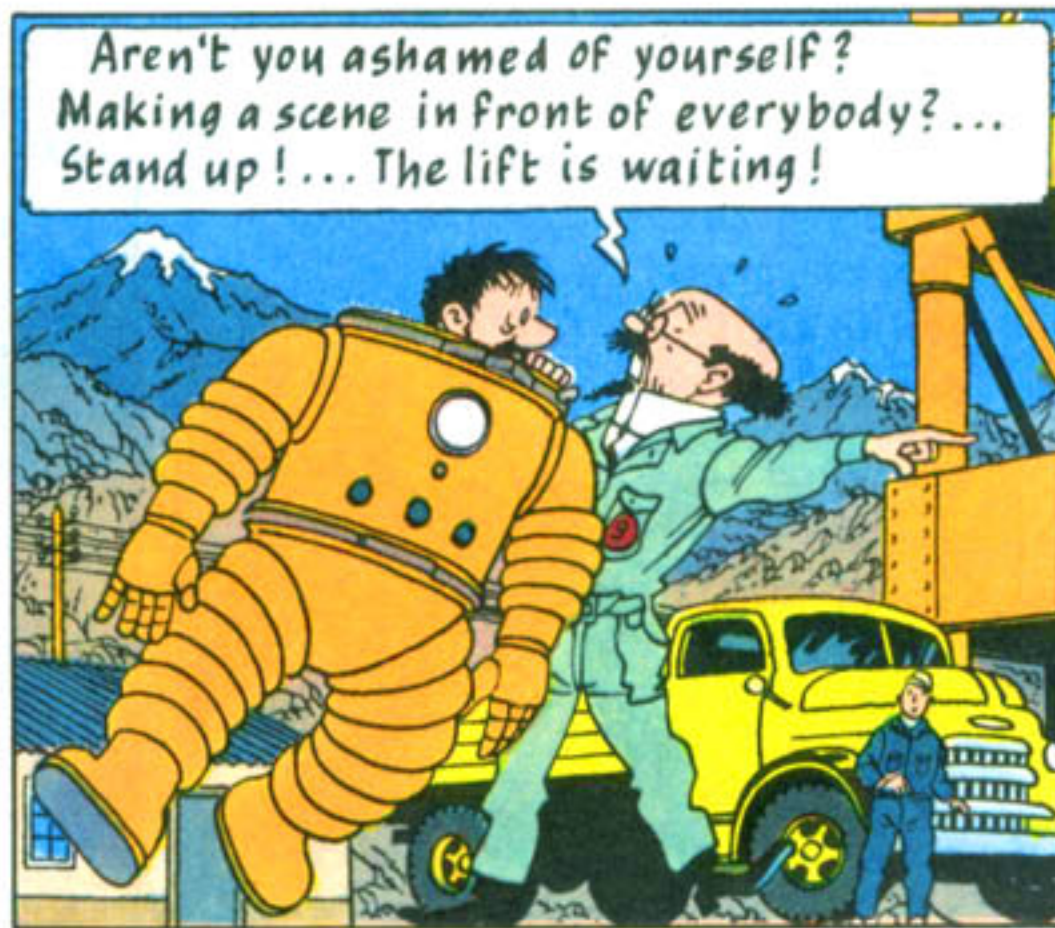
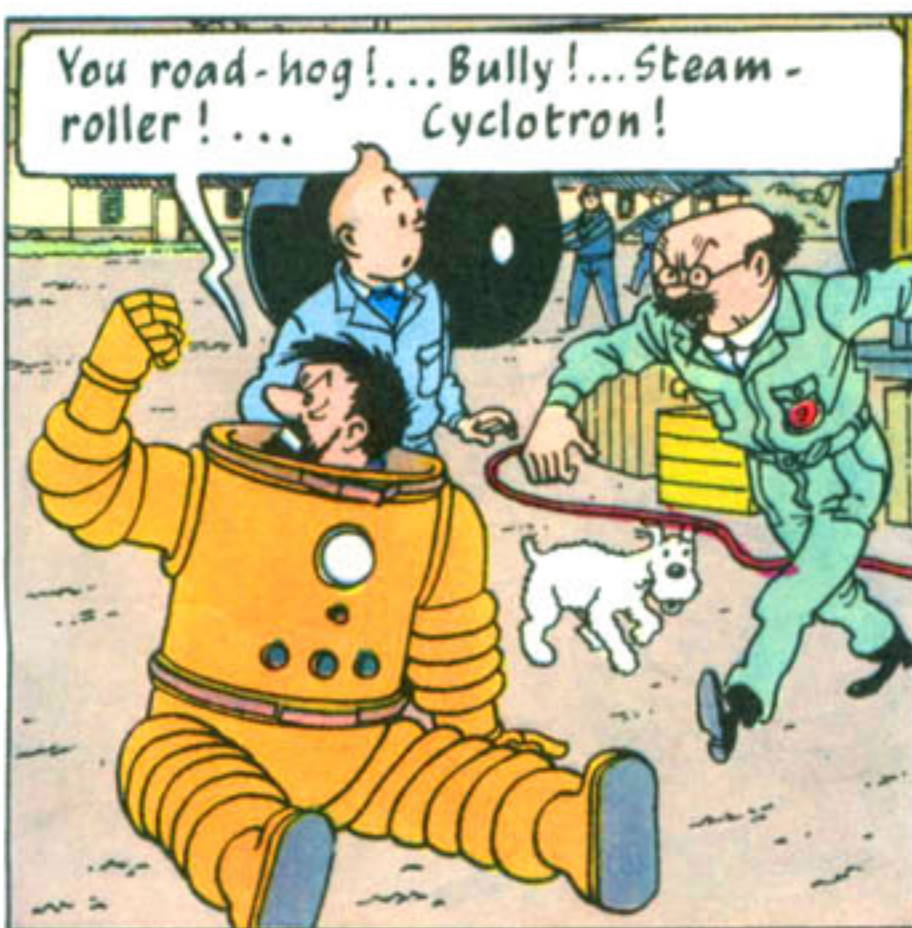
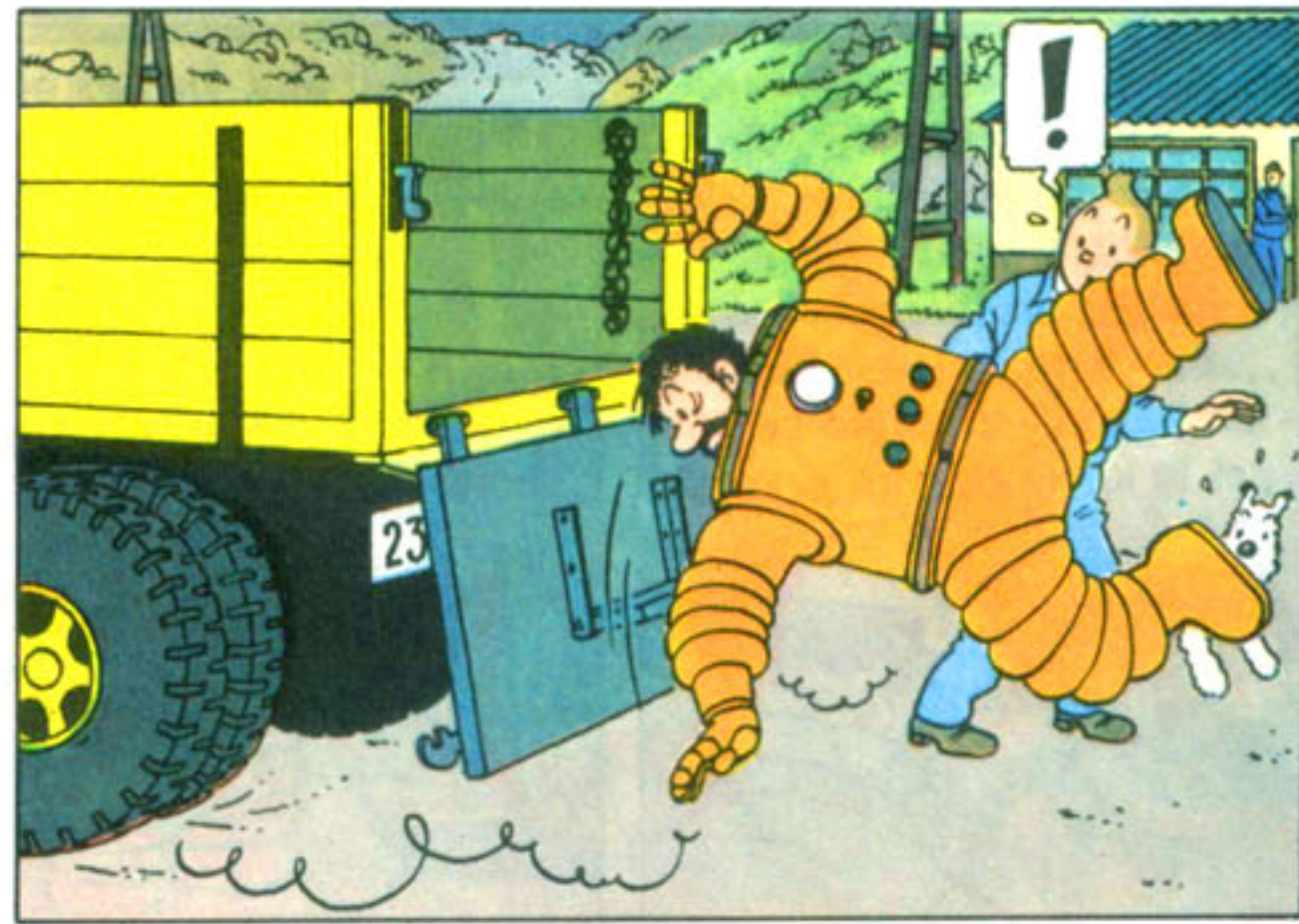
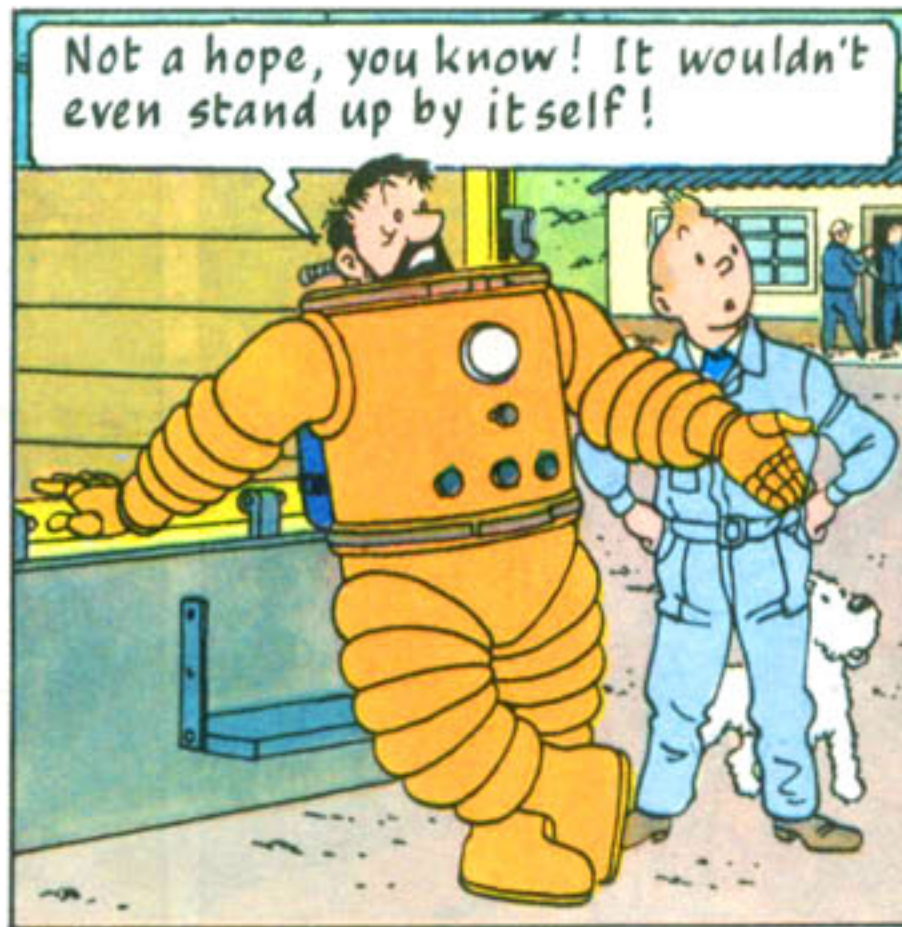
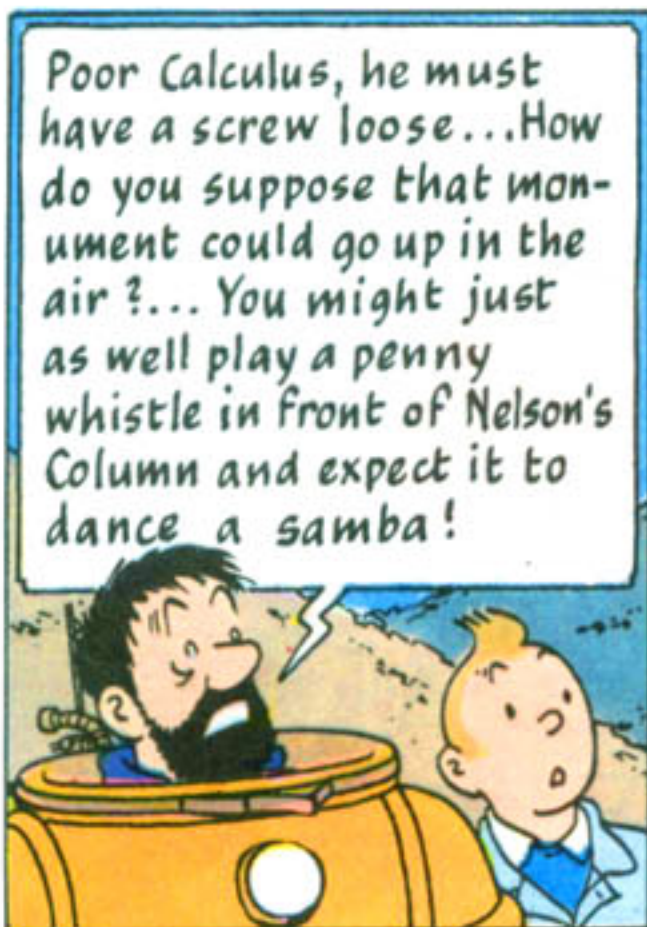
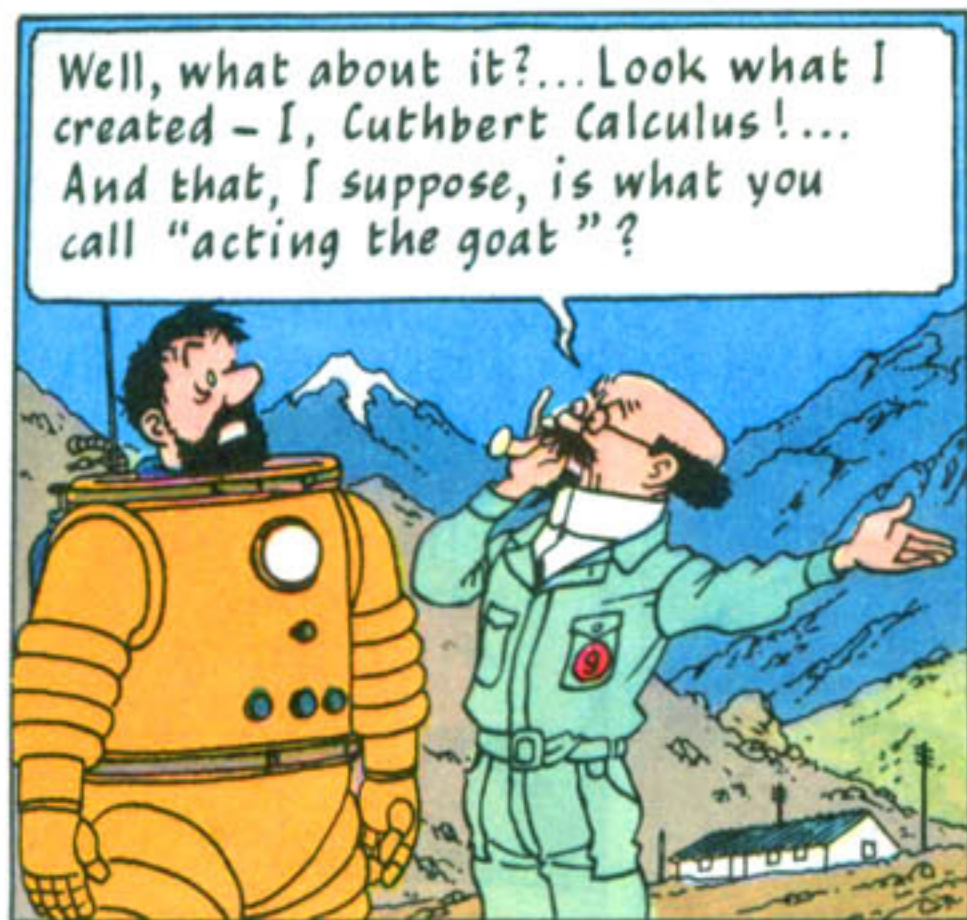


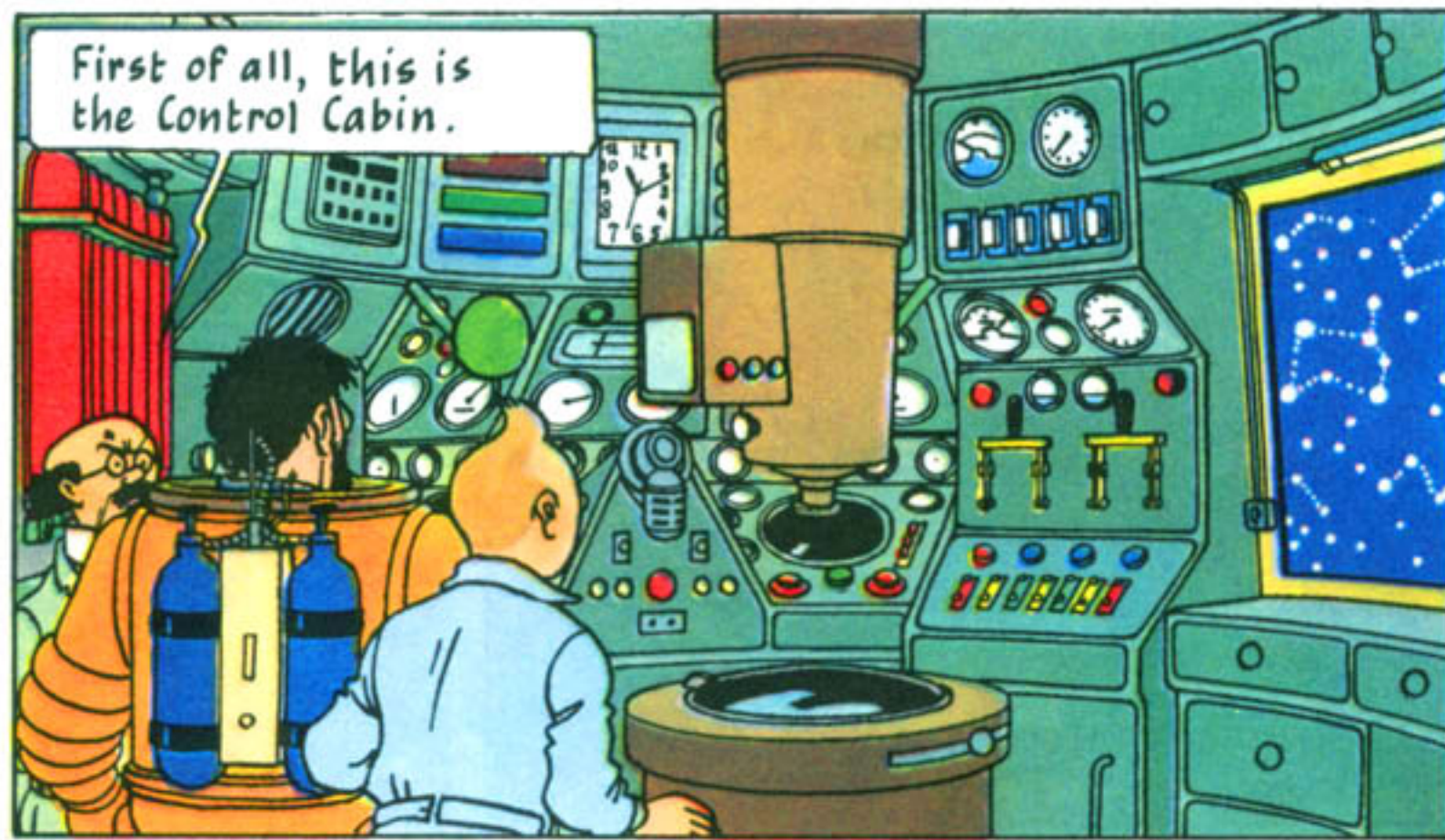
PIONNING









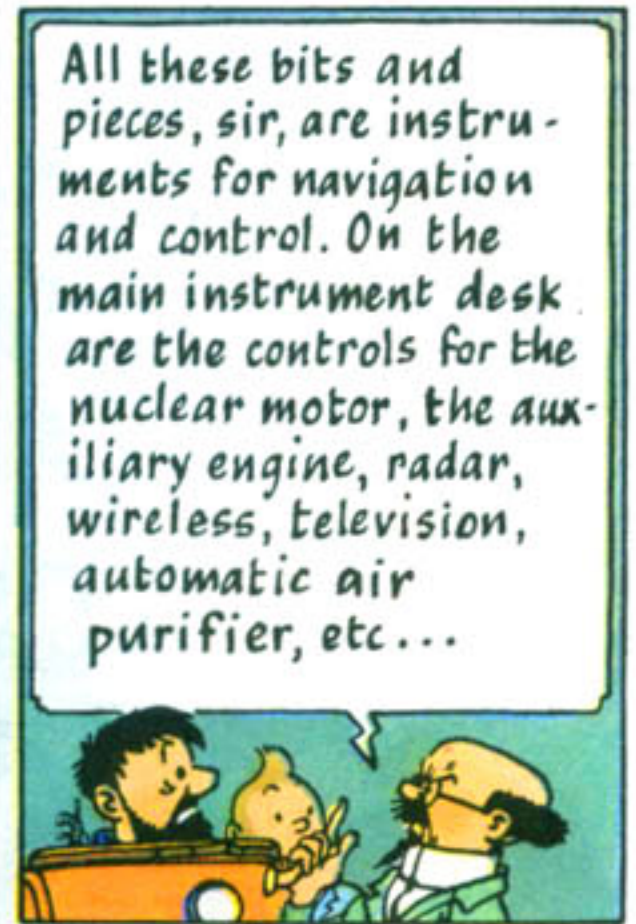


First of all, this is the Control Cabin.



Well, what do you think of it?... You can't call this acting the goat, eh?

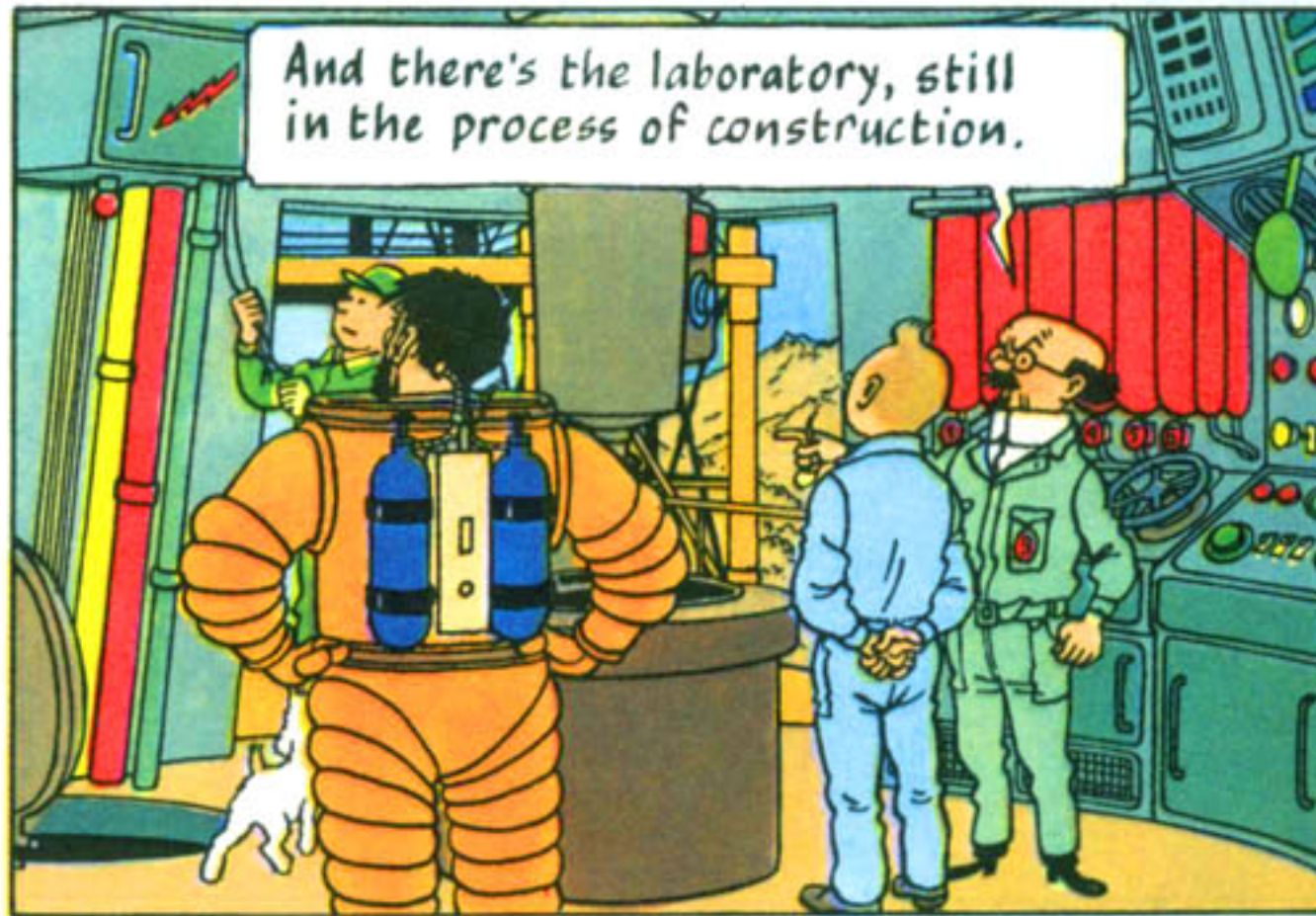
Fantastic!... Er... what are all these bits and pieces for?



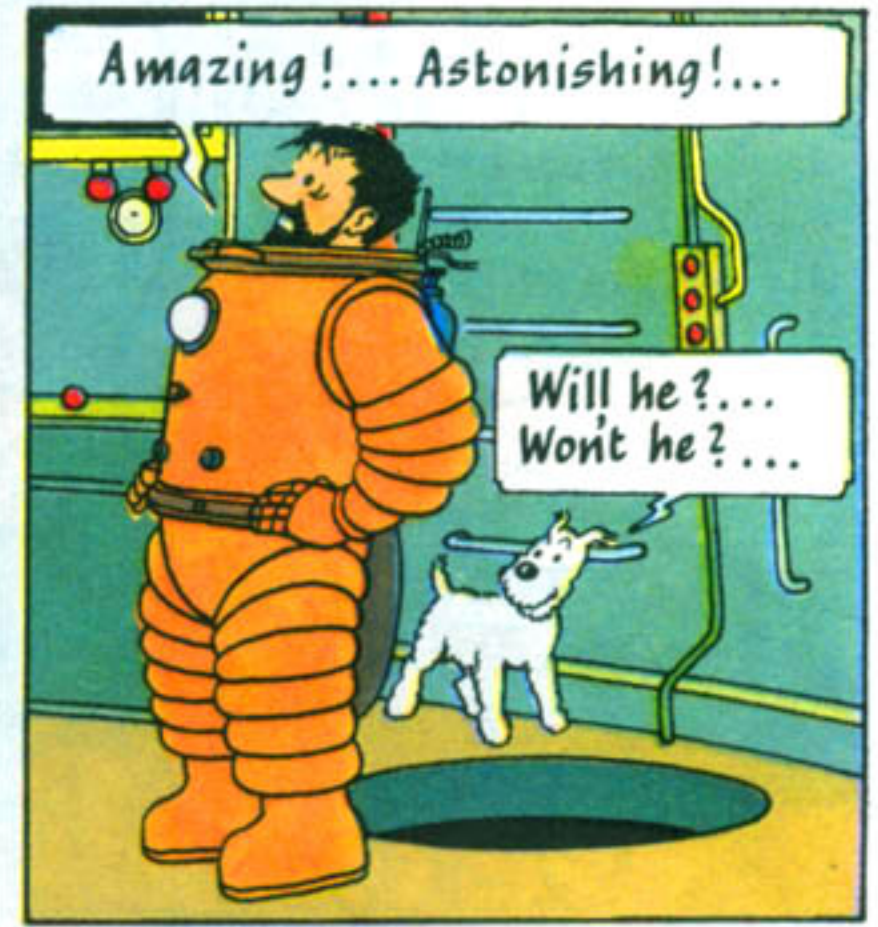
All these bits and pieces, sir, are instruments for navigation and control. On the main instrument desk are the controls for the nuclear motor, the auxiliary engine, radar, wireless, television, automatic air purifier, etc...



To the left of the desk are the oxygen cylinders... That's the periscope, in the middle of the cabin, with its projection screen... But believe me, you'll have plenty of time to get to know all this equipment.

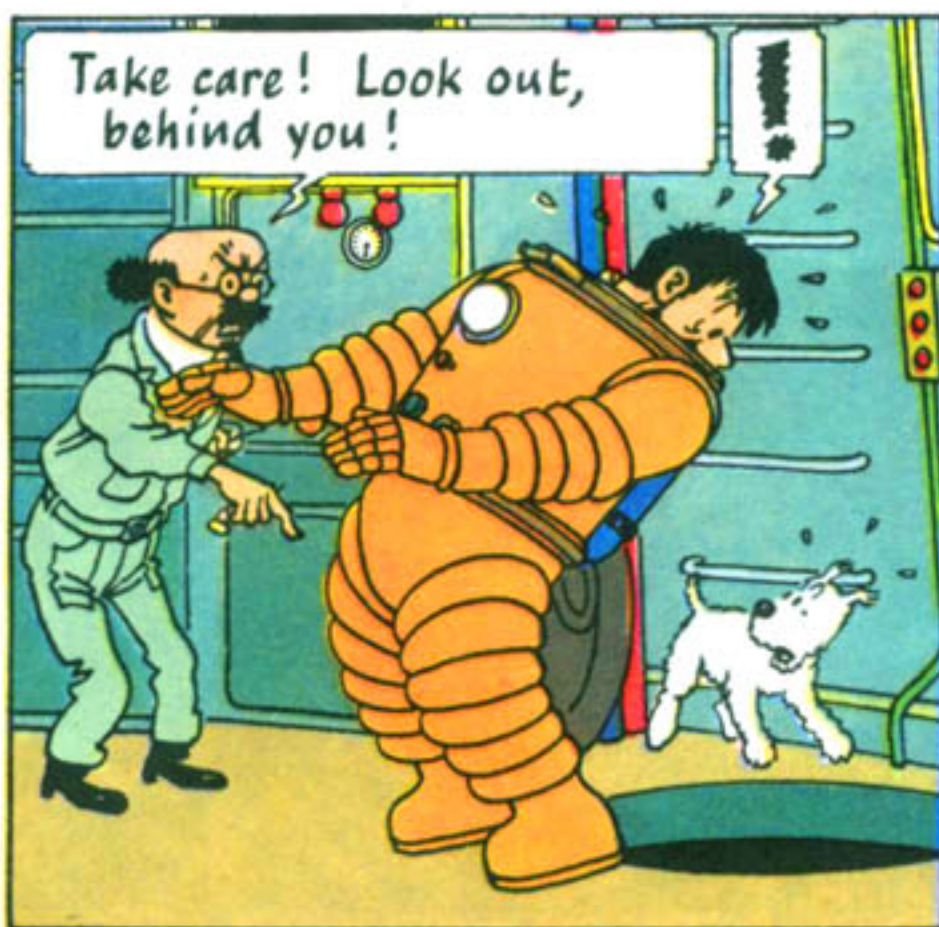


And there's the laboratory, still in the process of construction.

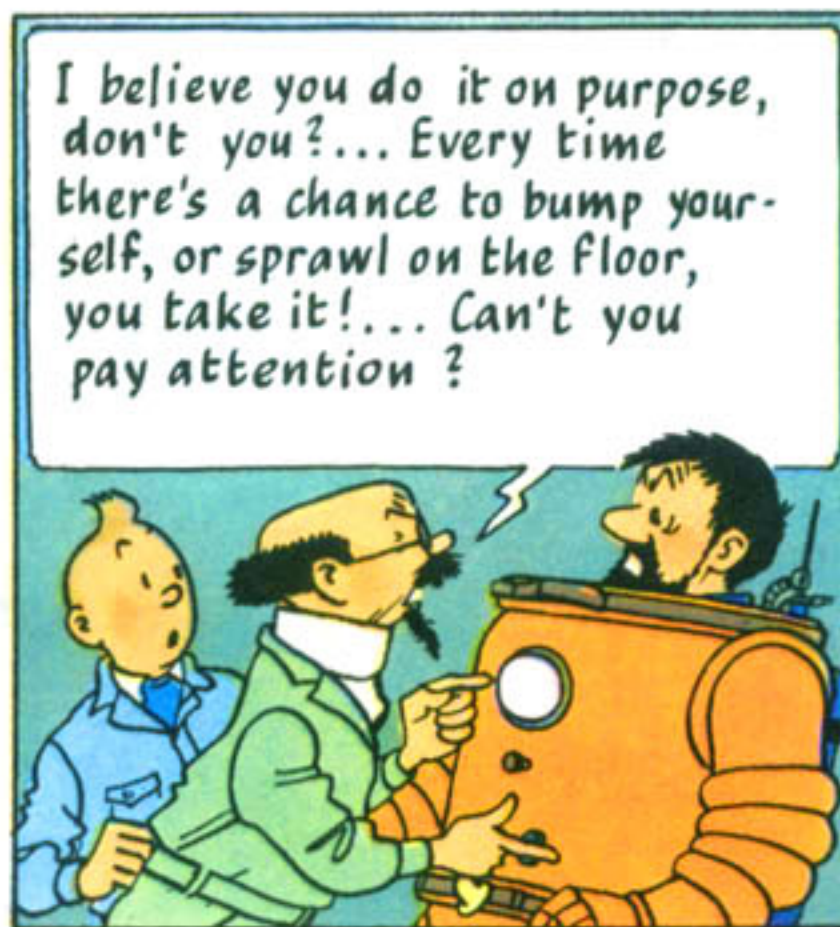


Amazing!... Astonishing!...

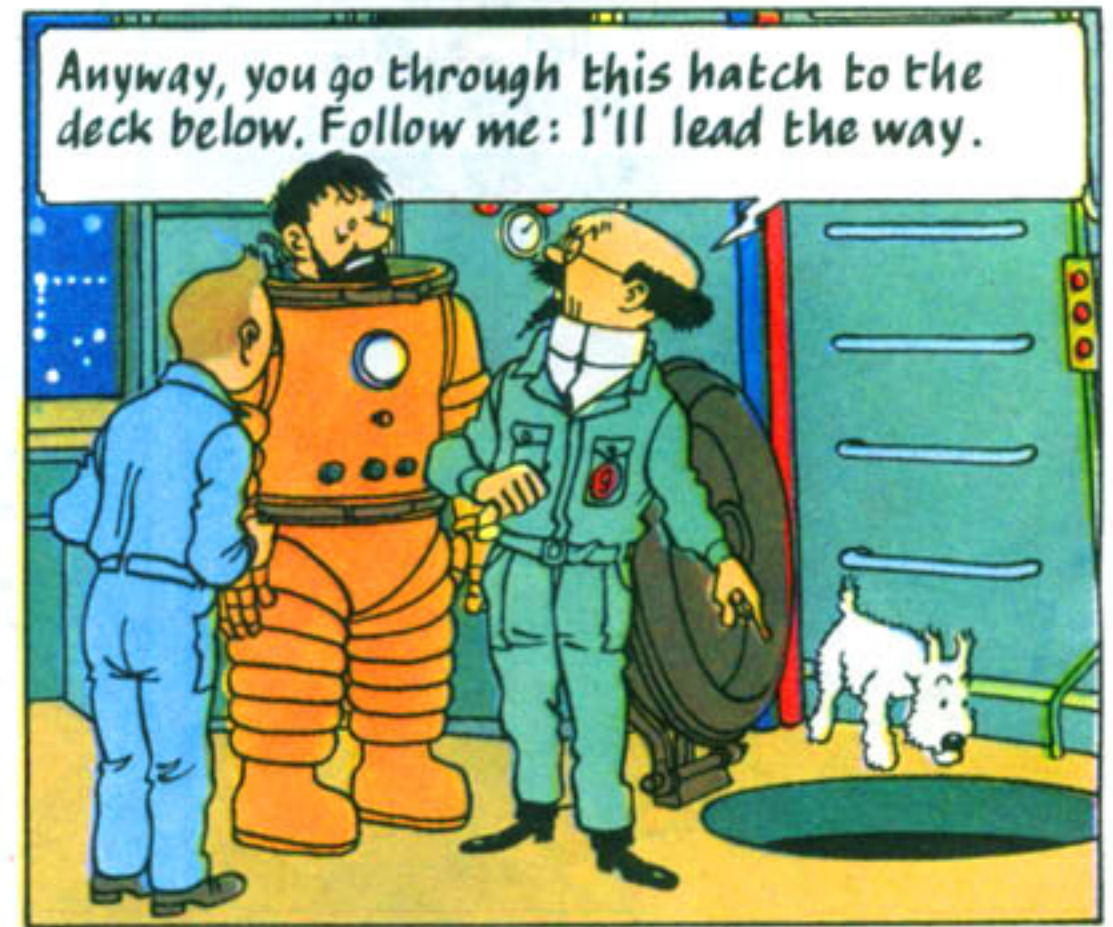
Will he?... Won't he?...



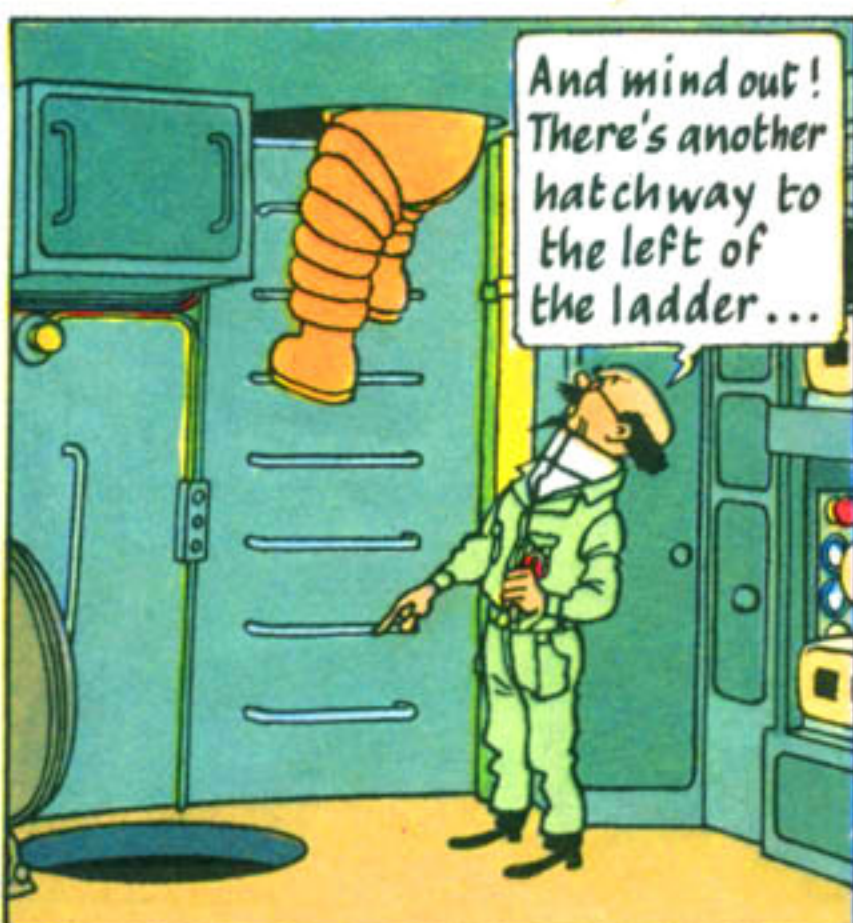
Take care! Look out, behind you!



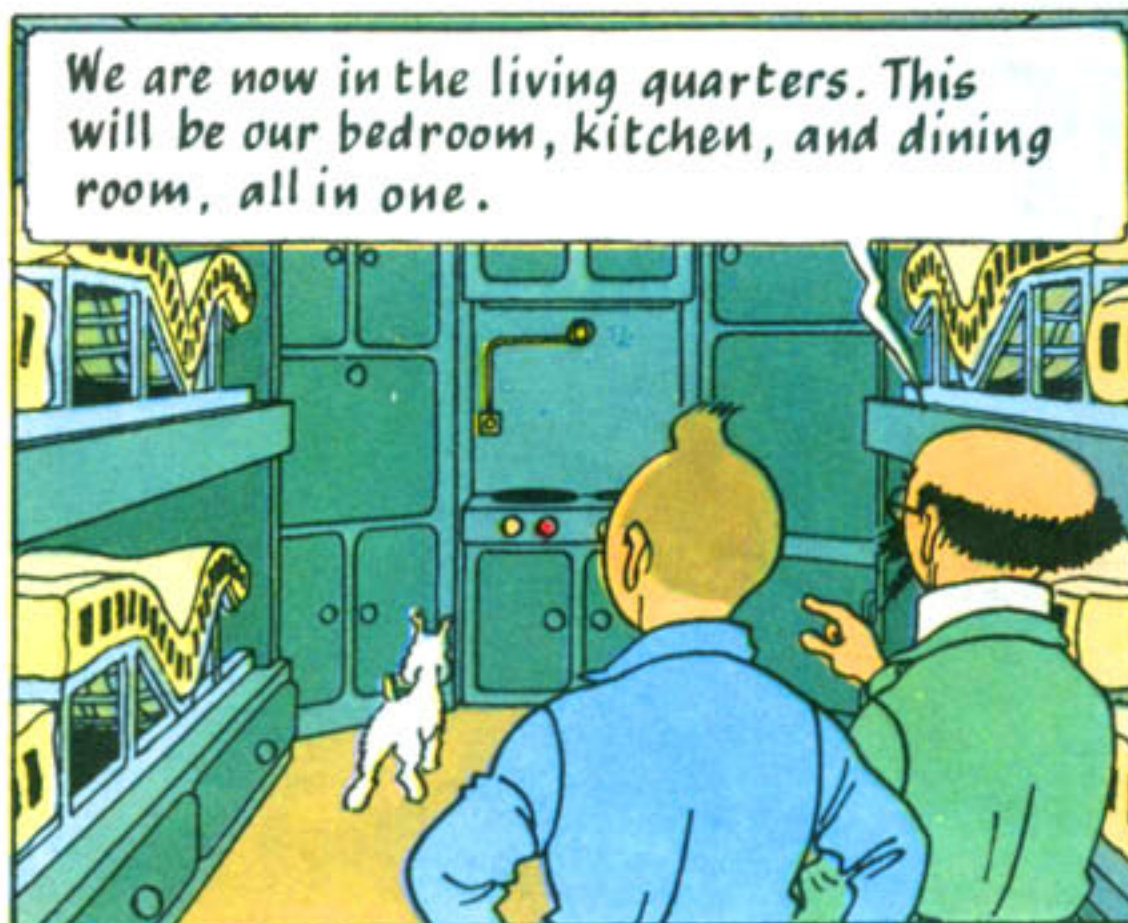
I believe you do it on purpose, don't you?... Every time there's a chance to bump yourself, or sprawl on the floor, you take it!... Can't you pay attention?



Anyway, you go through this hatch to the deck below. Follow me: I'll lead the way.



And mind out! There's another hatchway to the left of the ladder...

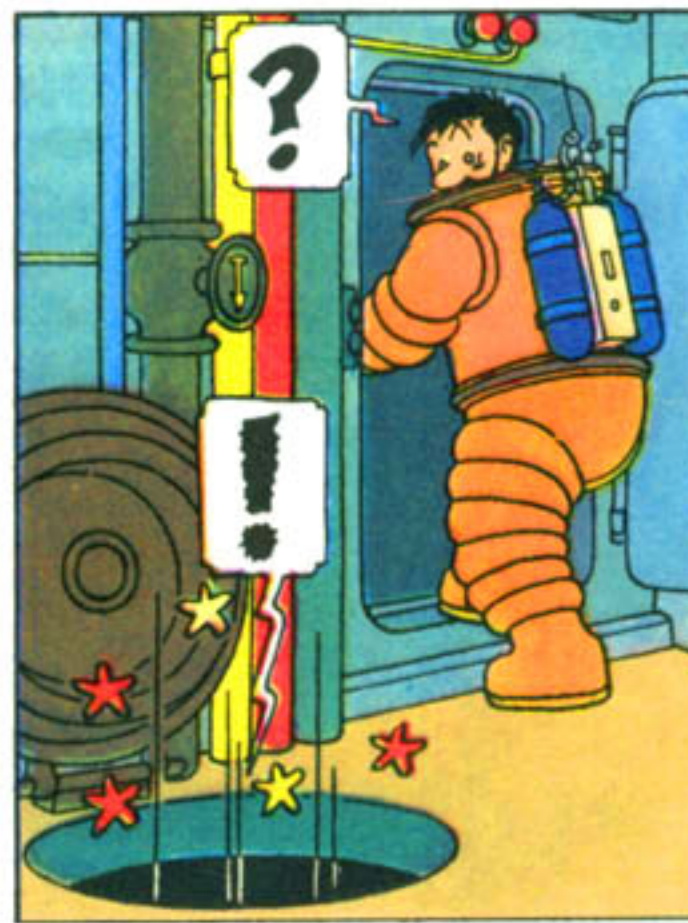
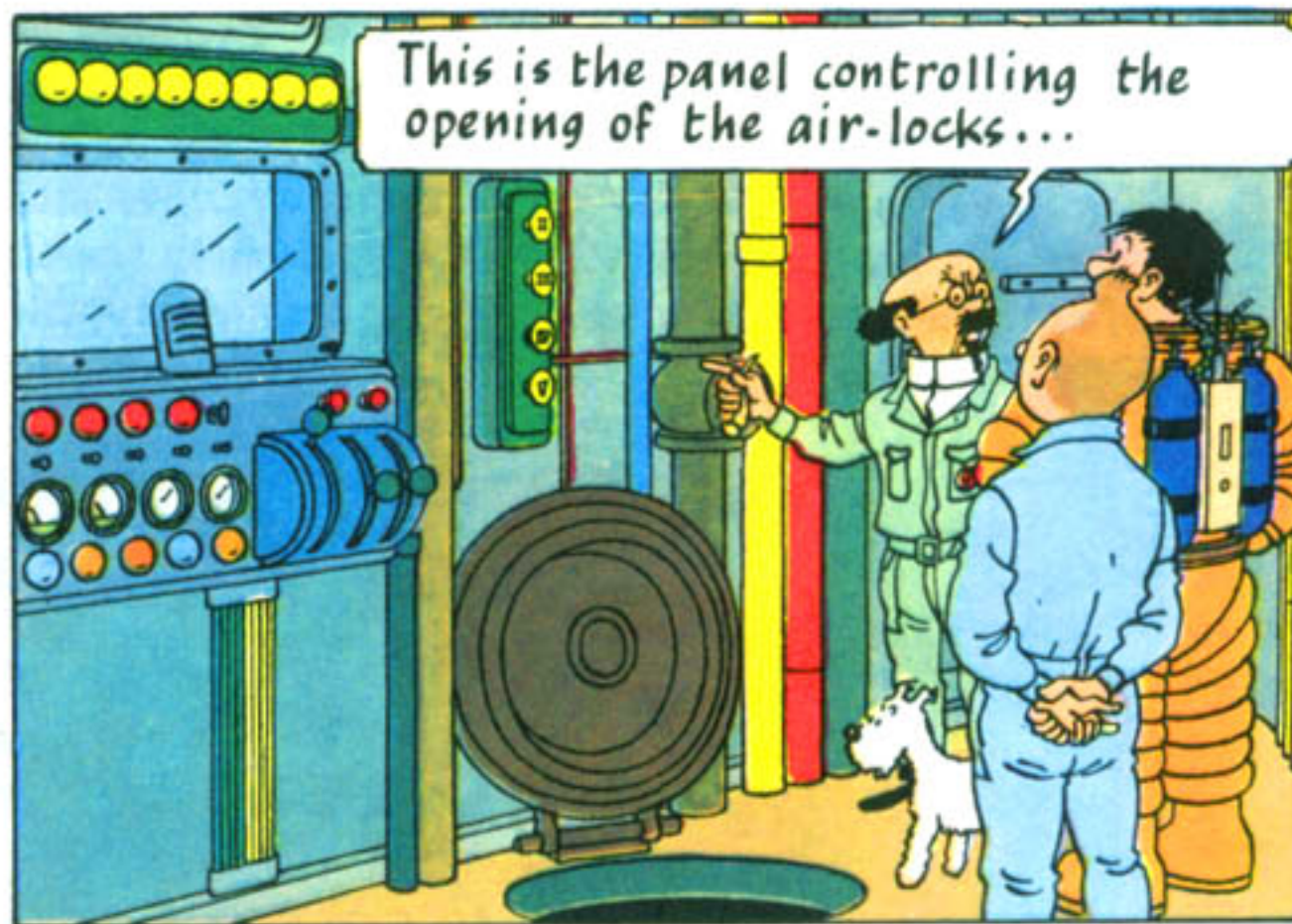
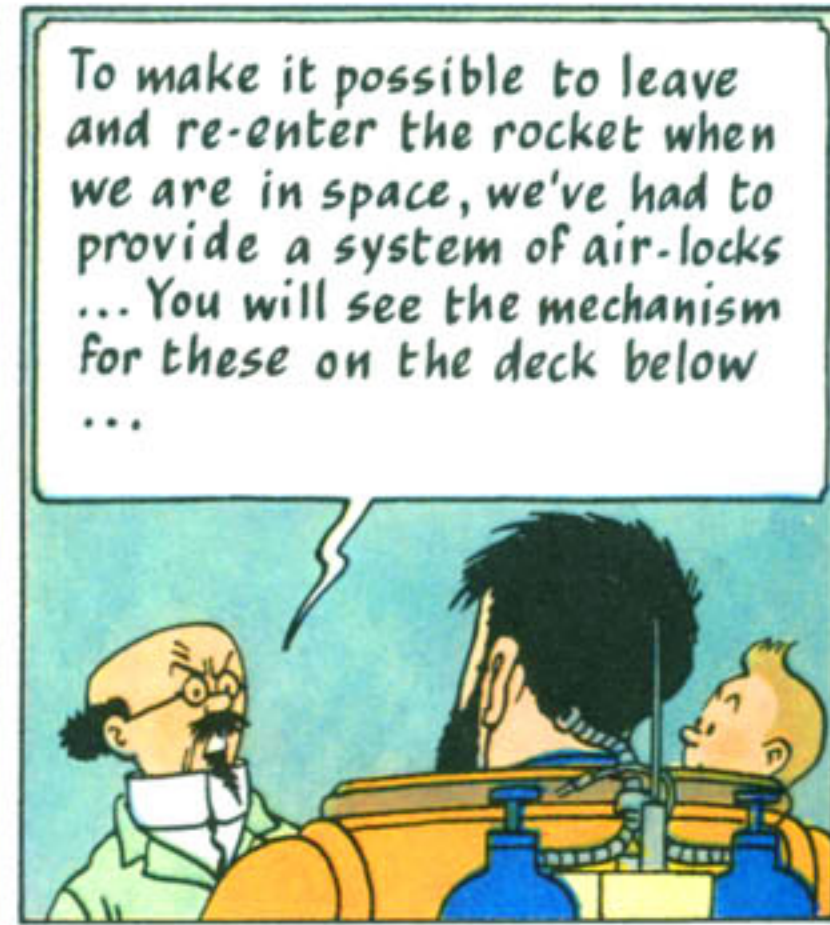
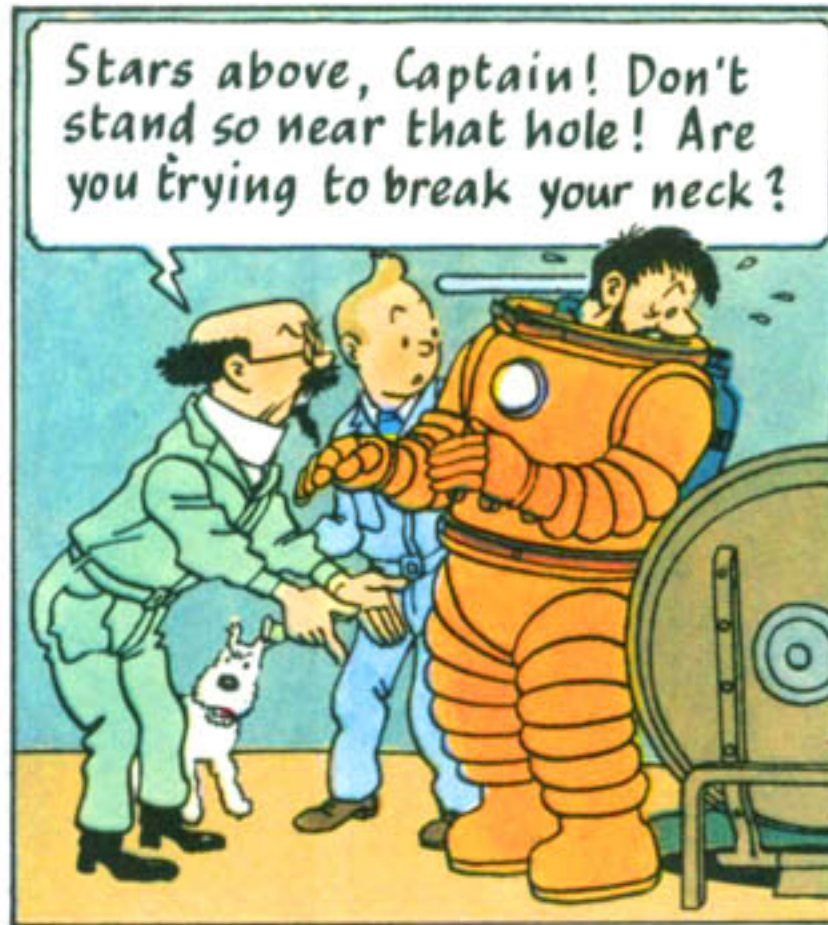
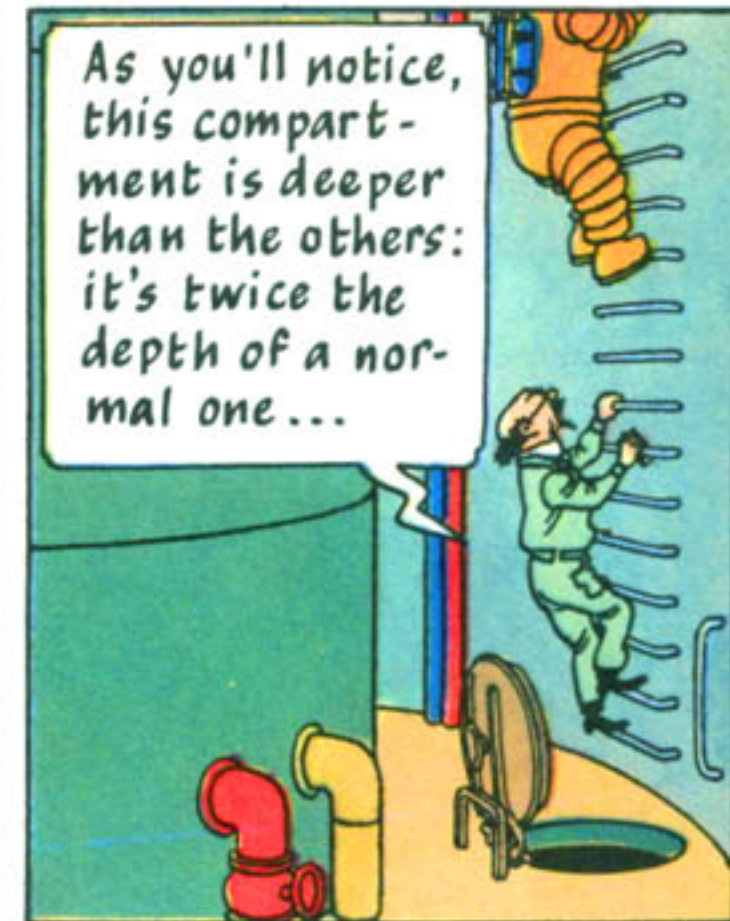
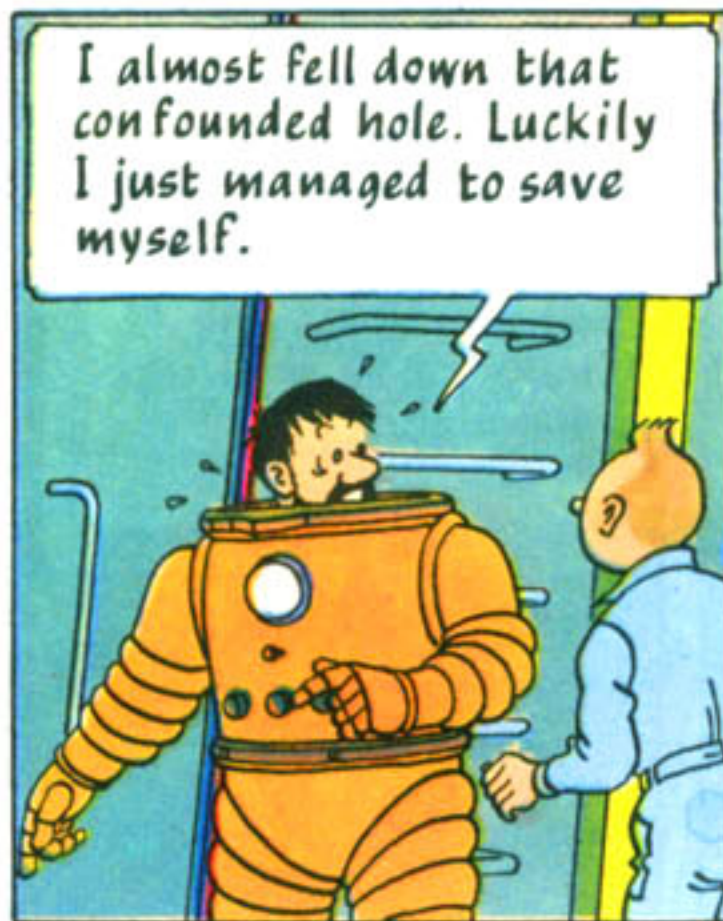


We are now in the living quarters. This will be our bedroom, kitchen, and dining room, all in one.



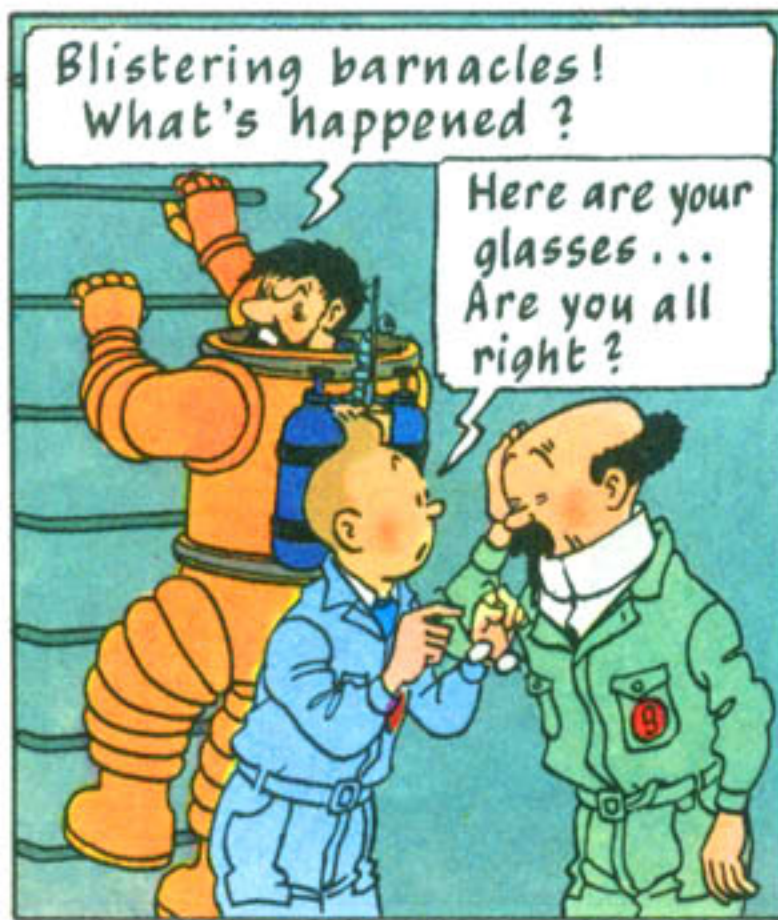
And there are the bunks we lie on when...

Blistering barnacles!





Good heavens!
Poor Professor Cal-
culus!... No bones
broken, I hope.



Blistering barnacles!
What's happened?

Here are your
glasses...
Are you all
right?



Before you start preach-
ing at others to be
careful, you'd do better
to watch your own feet,
sea-gherkin! You're
lucky to be still in
one piece!



Who... who are you? And
what's that fancy dress?



Fancy dress?... Look here,
don't begin acting the...
er... I mean, don't try
pulling my leg! We've
had enough of that!
...



Ah, I've found
you at last,
Professor.



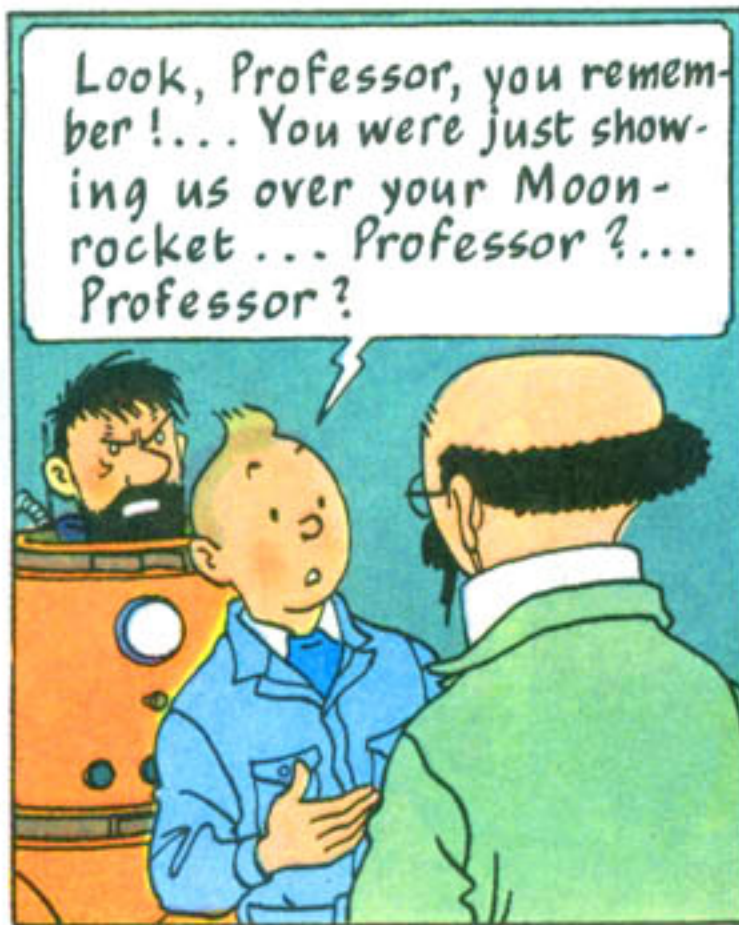
This is a fine thing! What a
way to behave... and you a
responsible man... It's pre-
posterous!... You nearly
caused a dozen accidents!
...What's biting you?



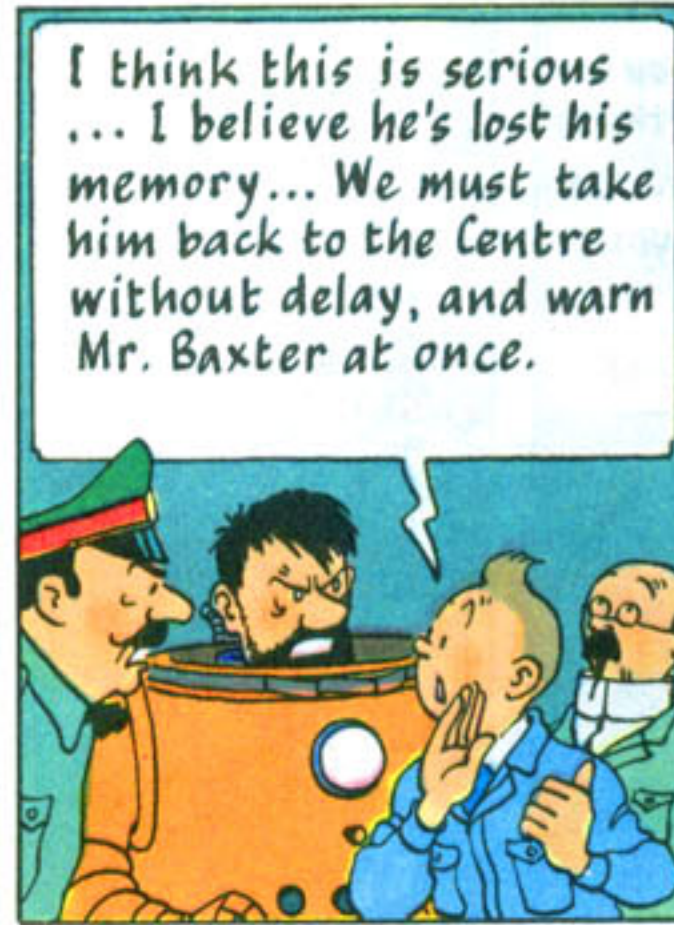
I... er... I don't understand
... What... what do you want?
... Where am I?



Where are you?... Billions
of blue blistering barnacles,
you know as well as we do
where you are, you
anacoluthon!



Look, Professor, you remem-
ber!... You were just show-
ing us over your Moon-
rocket... Professor?...
Professor?

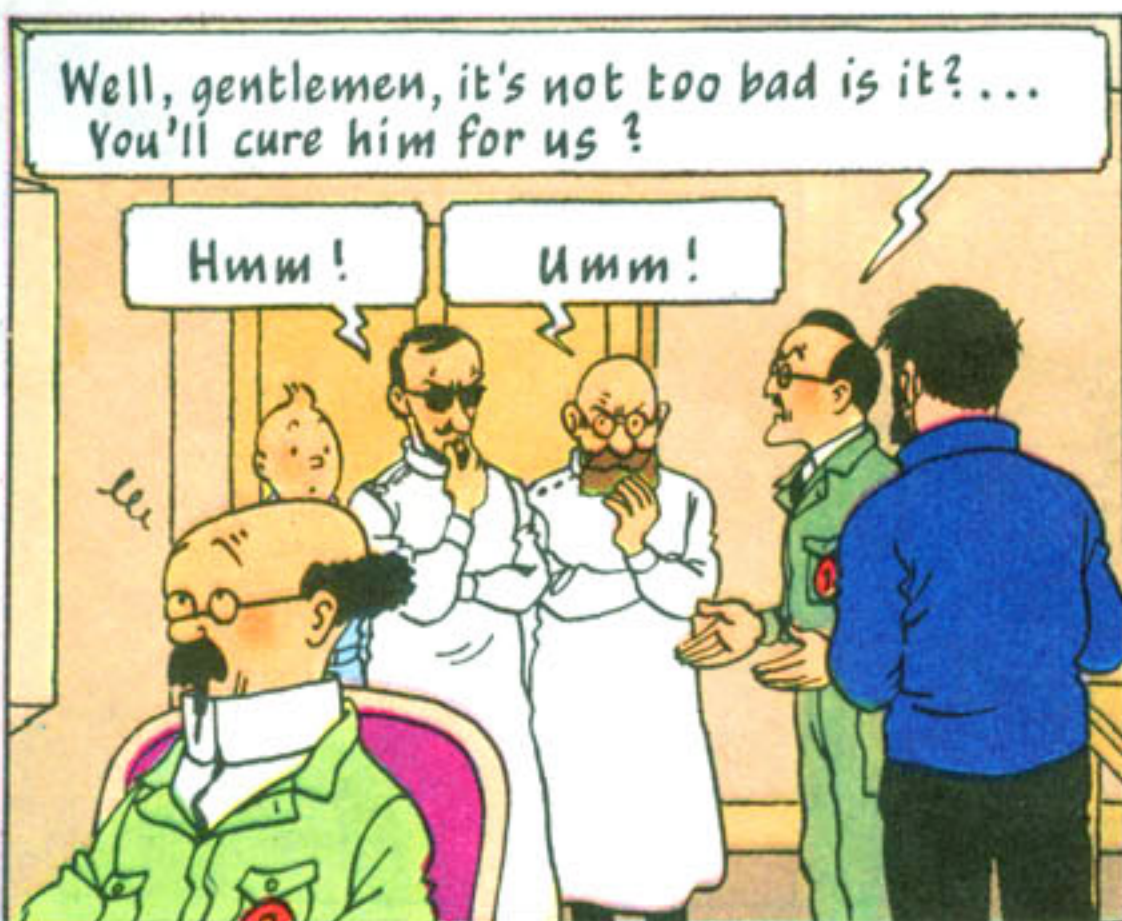


I think this is serious
... I believe he's lost his
memory... We must take
him back to the Centre
without delay, and warn
Mr. Baxter at once.



Calculus?... Amnesia?

I'm afraid so...
The doctors are
examining him
now.



Well, gentlemen, it's not too bad is it?...
You'll cure him for us?

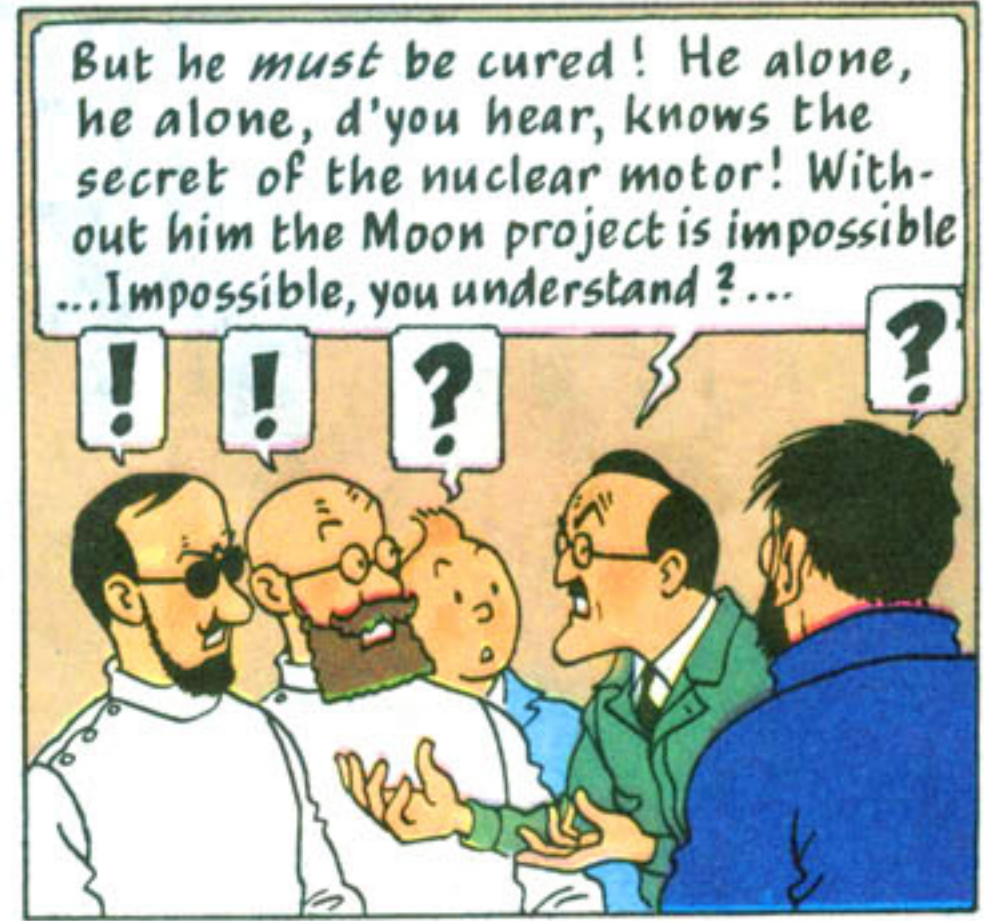
Hmm!

Umm!

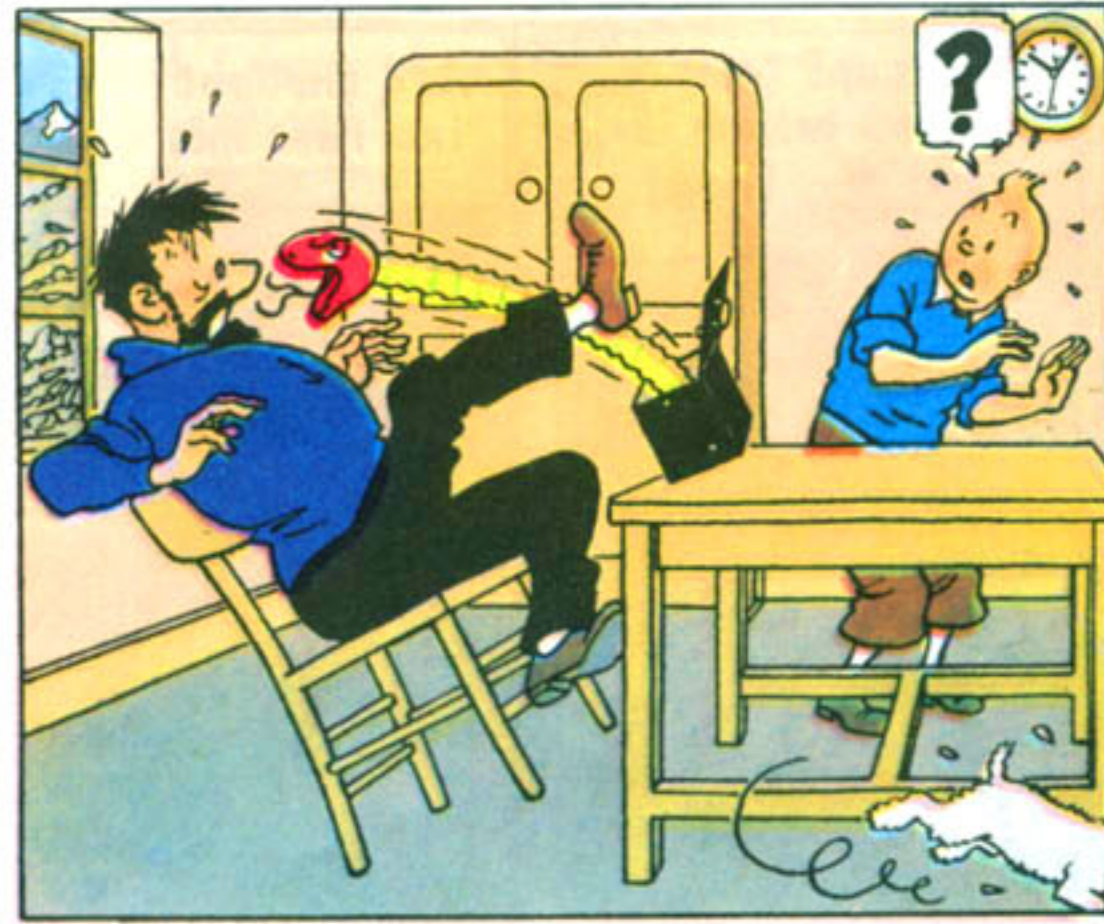
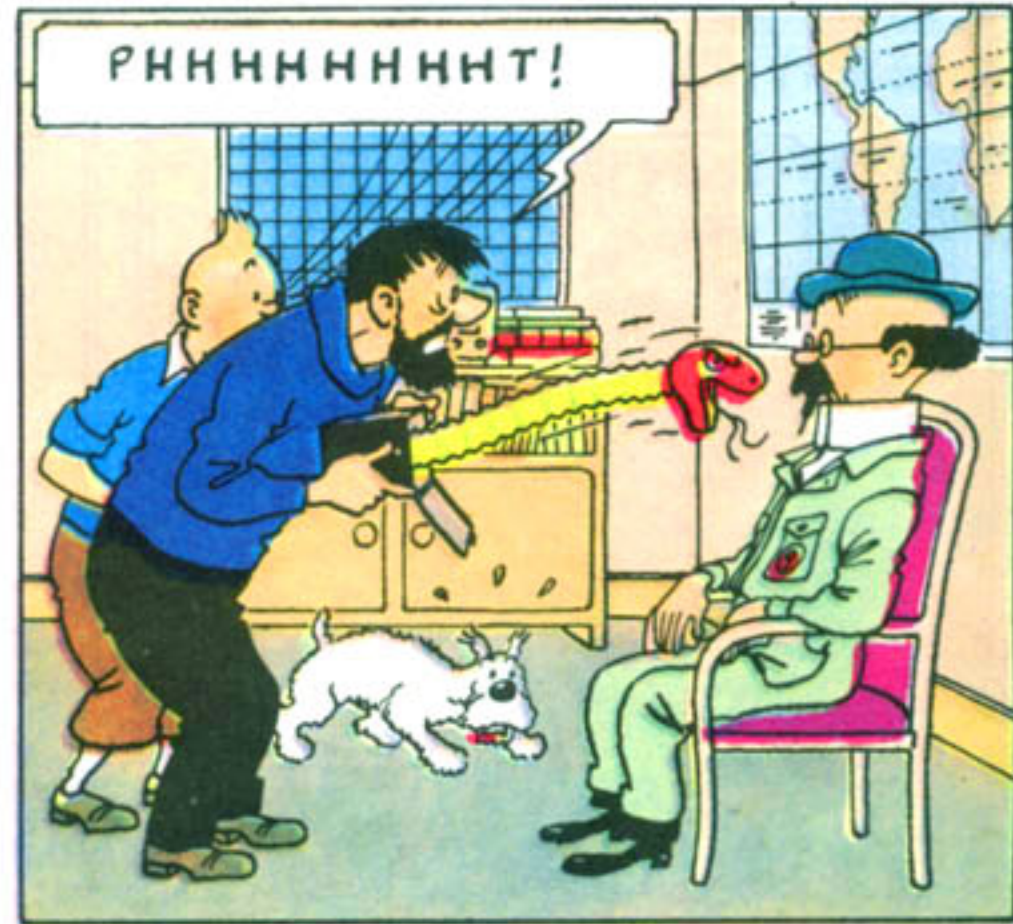
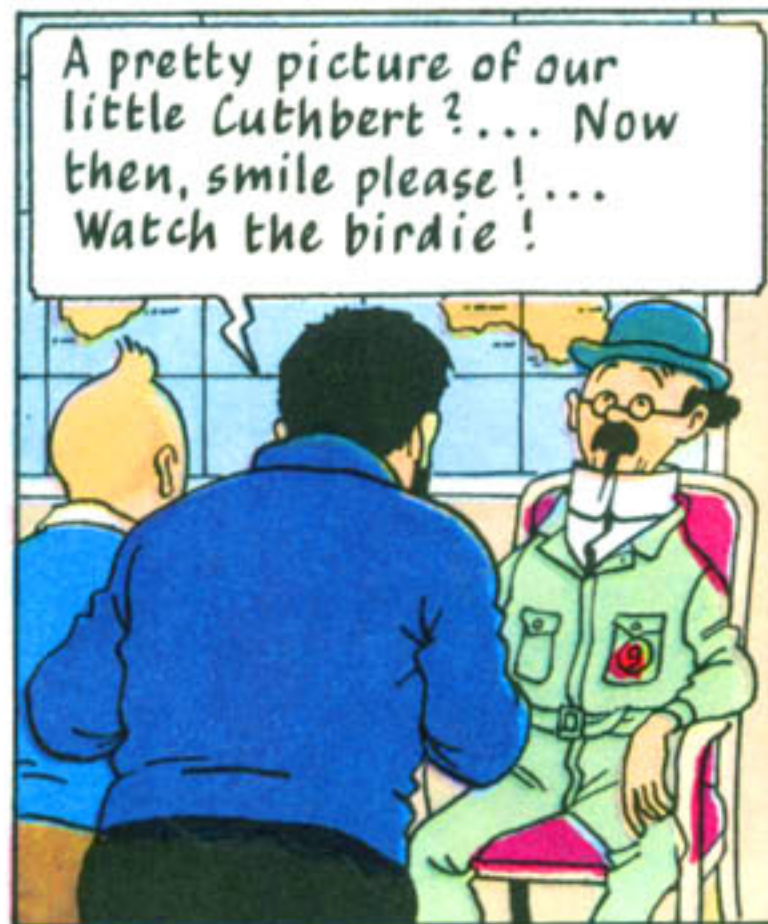
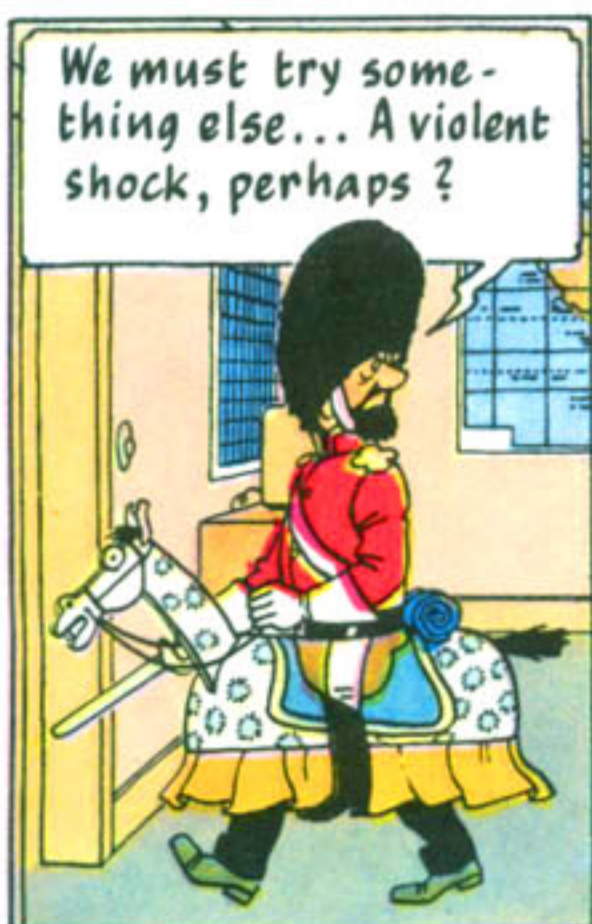
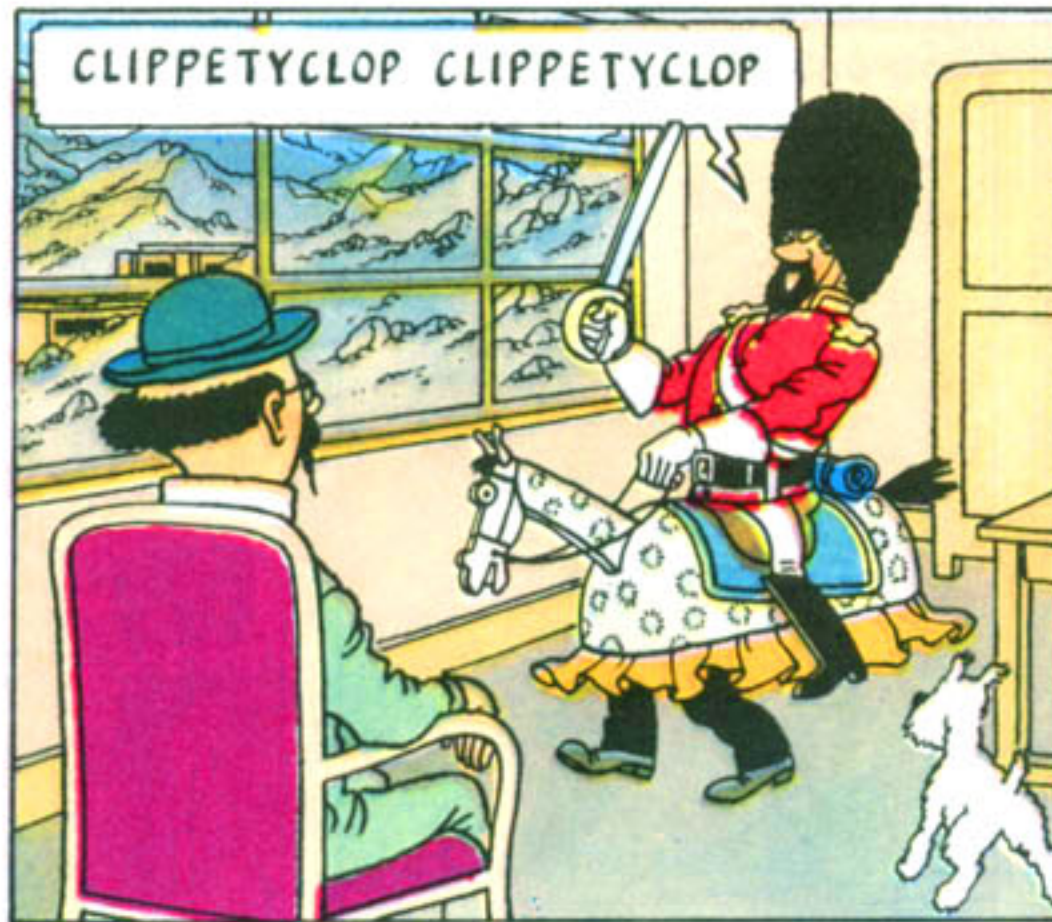
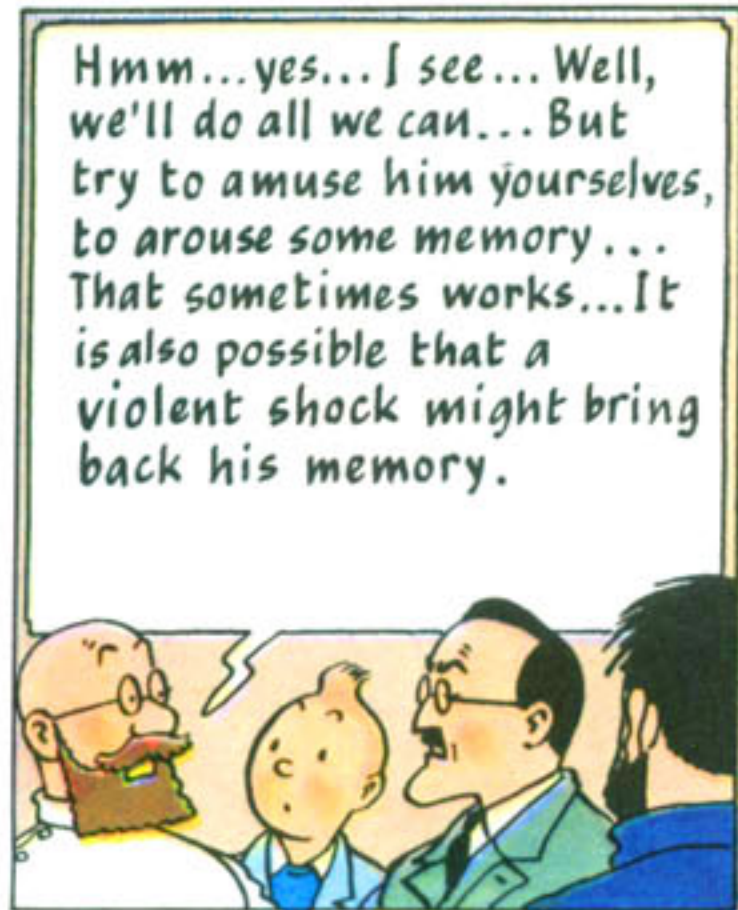


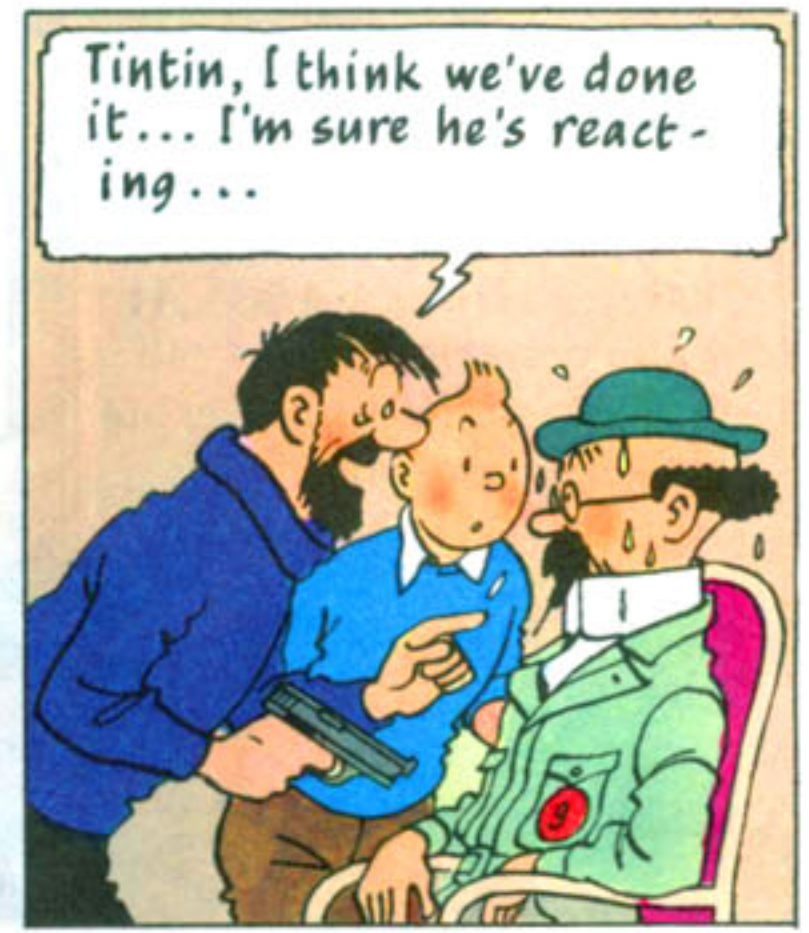
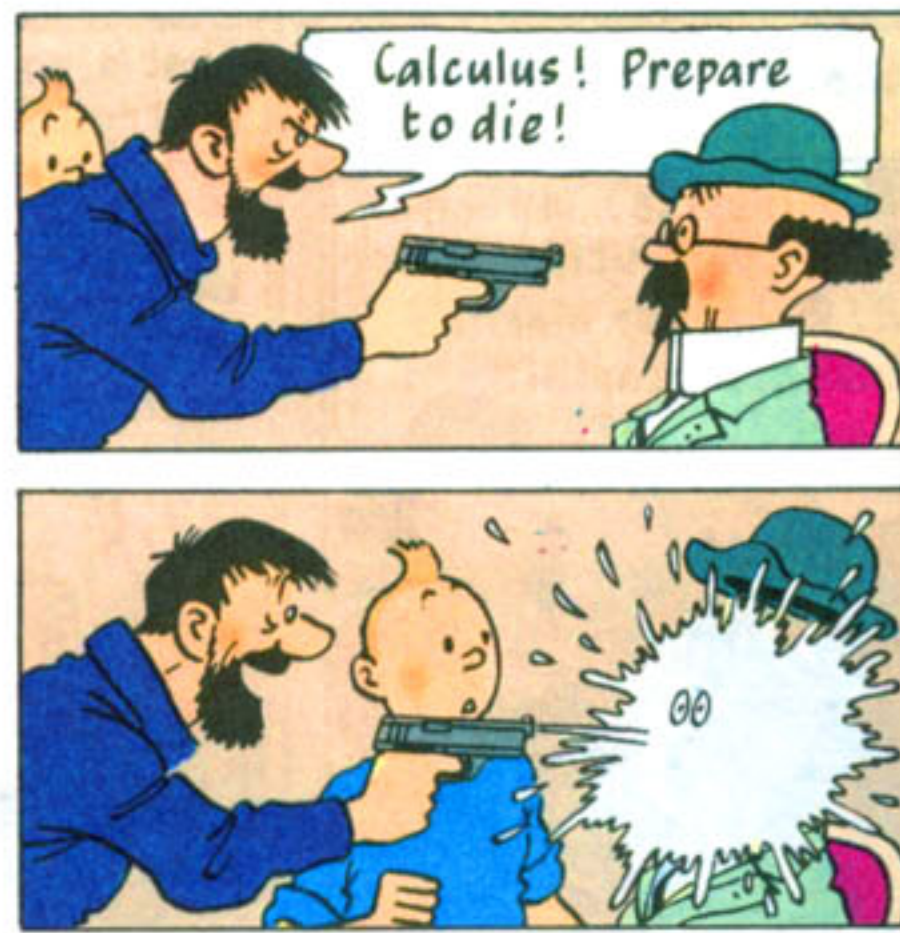
Hmm, it's hard to say... One
can't tell at once... We must
wait and see... There may be
some improvement... One
should never give up hope...

At all events, it's a
most interesting case.



But he must be cured! He alone,
he alone, d'you hear, knows the
secret of the nuclear motor! With-
out him the Moon project is impossible
...Impossible, you understand?...
! ! ?





The same evening...

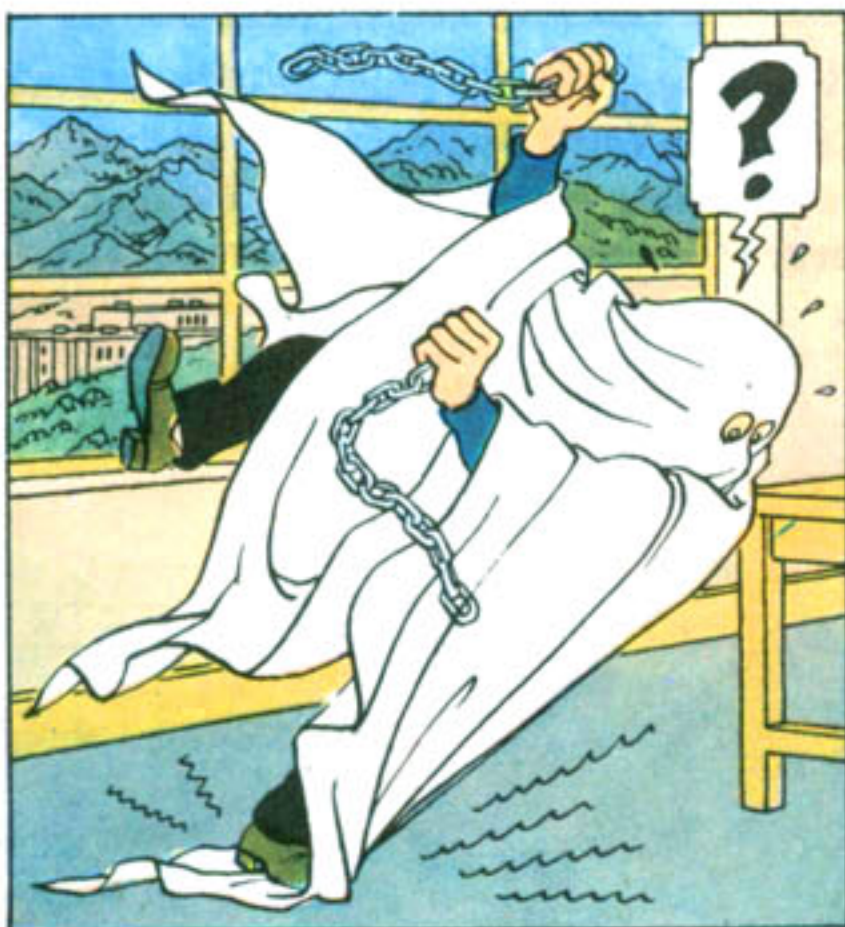
So he needs a shock, eh?... Well this time he'll get one, blistering barnacles!



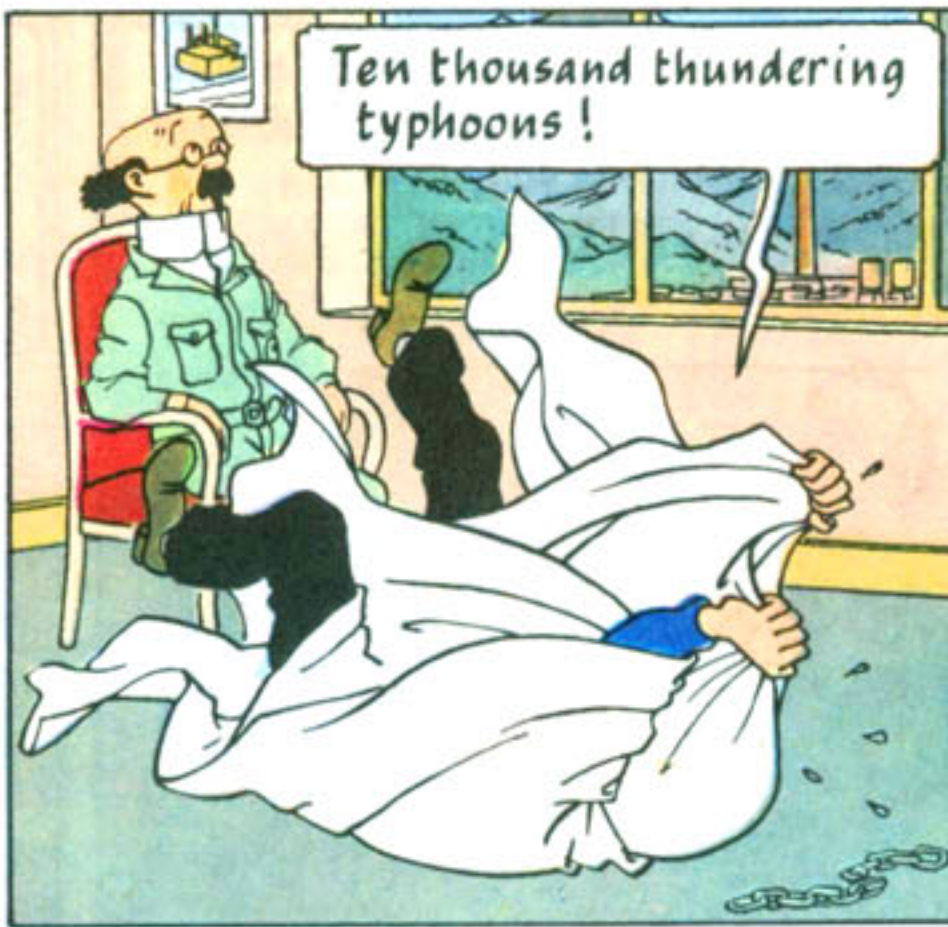
Whoooo!... Whoooo!... Beware, Cuthbert, I am a gho-o-ost!



Ho-ho-ho! Shake in your sho-o-oes! I have come for your soul!



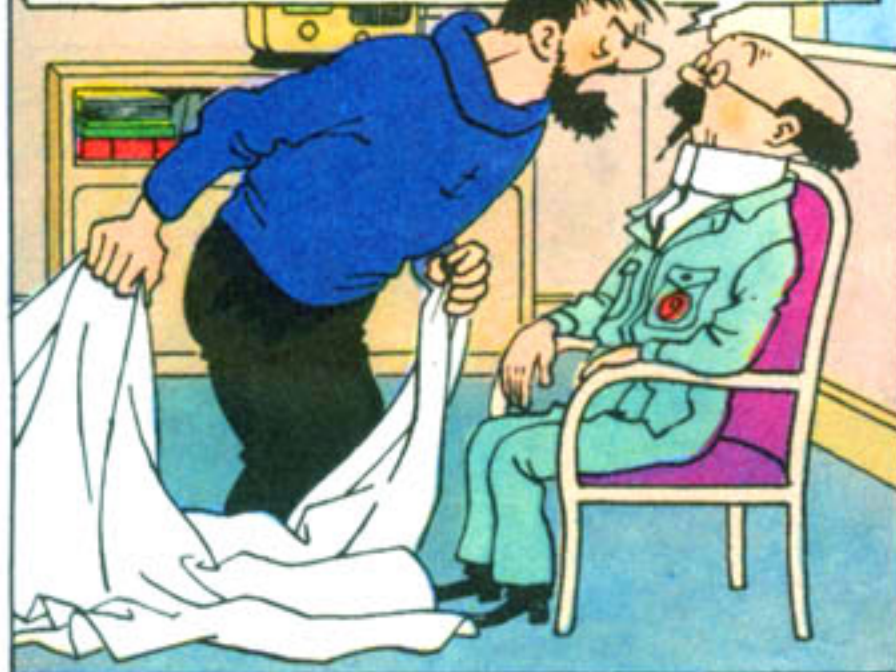
Ten thousand thundering typhoons!



Blistering barnacles!... What possessed me to dress myself up as a ghost?



And he just sits there looking at me, the jelly-fish! You couldn't be frightened, could you? You moth-eaten marmot!



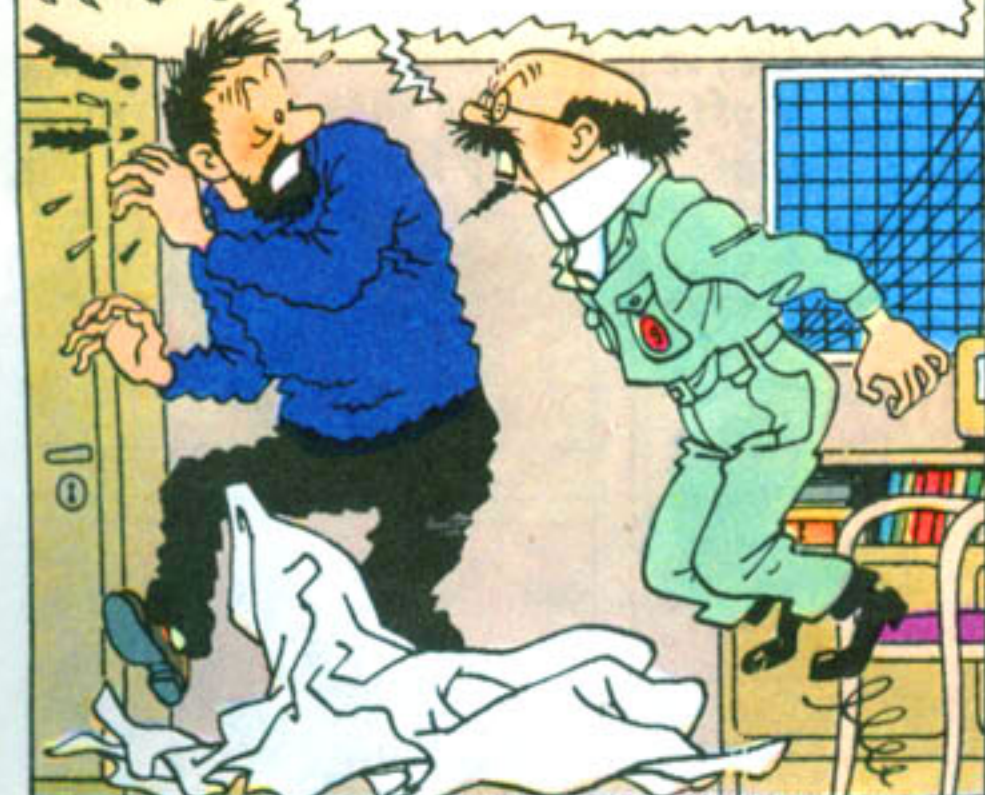
I suppose you think I'm enjoying myself, acting the goat!



You won't catch me trying to cure loss of memory again!



A GOAT?... ME!...



A goat!... A goat!... You dare call me a goat! ...This is too much! You're not getting away with that!

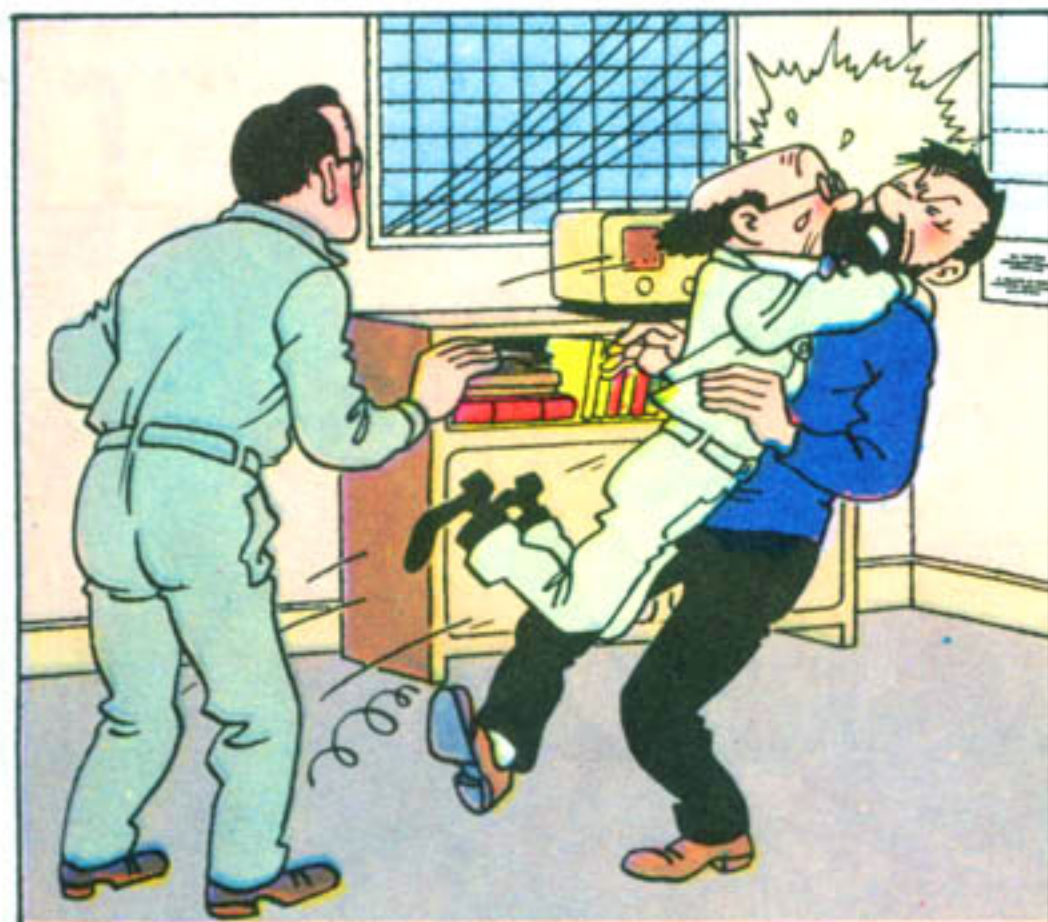


An apology! I demand an immediate apology!

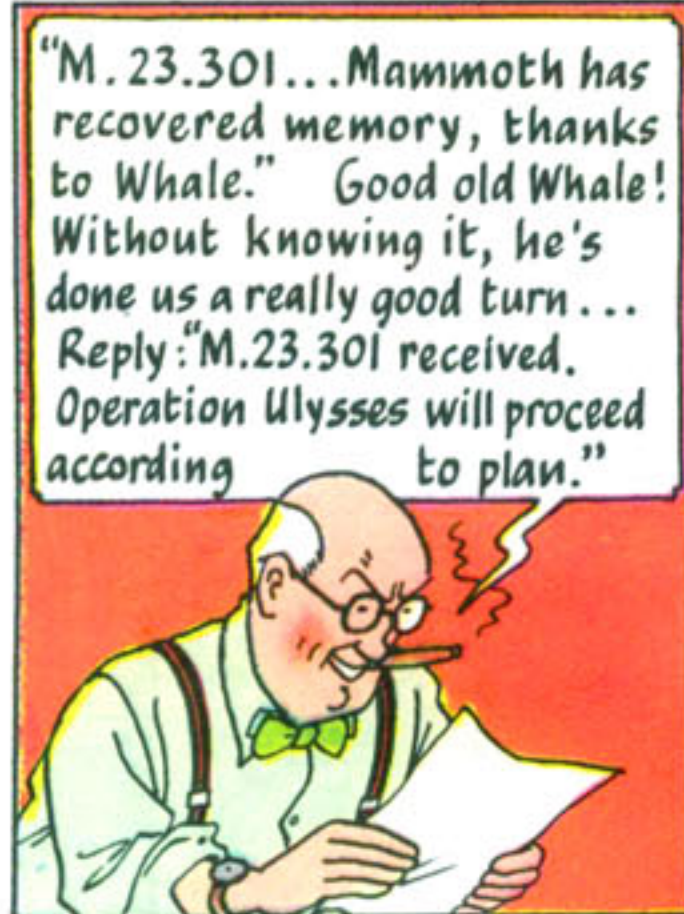


Help!... Help!... He's cured!

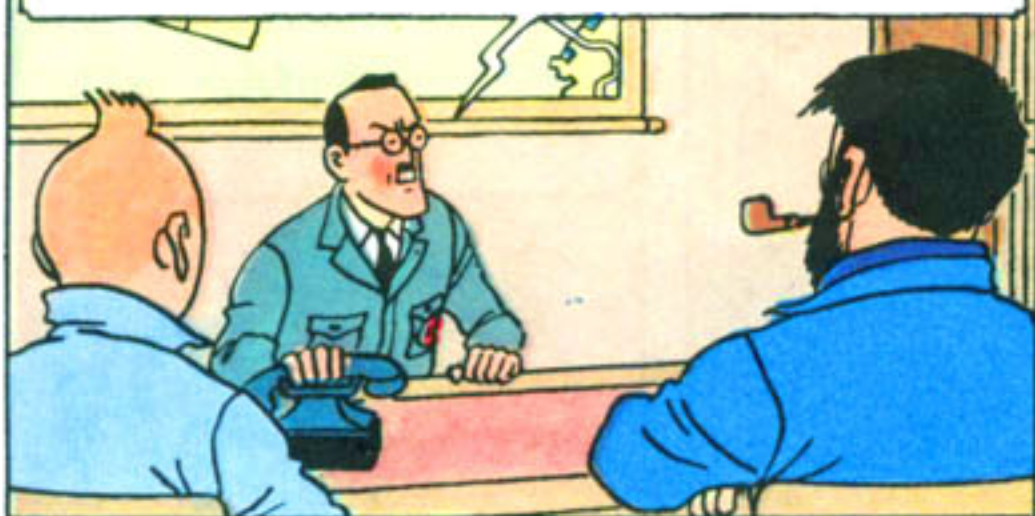
A few minutes later...



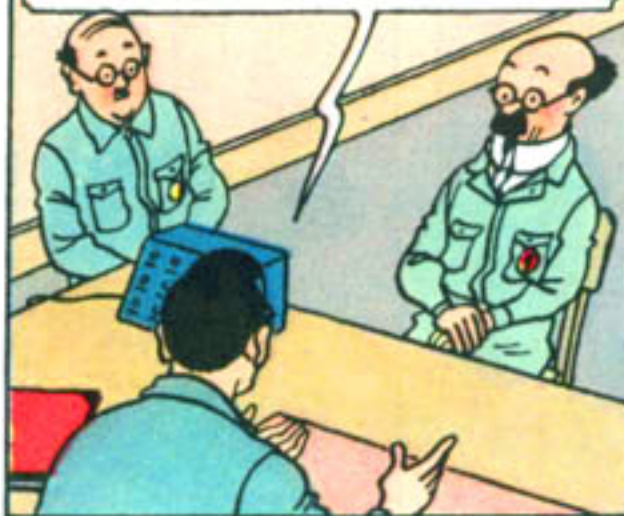
The same evening...



You heard that, gentlemen? The ZEPO have just arrested three people wandering inside the Security Area. Of course they said they wanted to climb Mount Zstophnole, and had lost their way... Whenever they arrest anybody it's the same story...



You see, despite all the precautions we take, a determined man can always find a way through the defences.



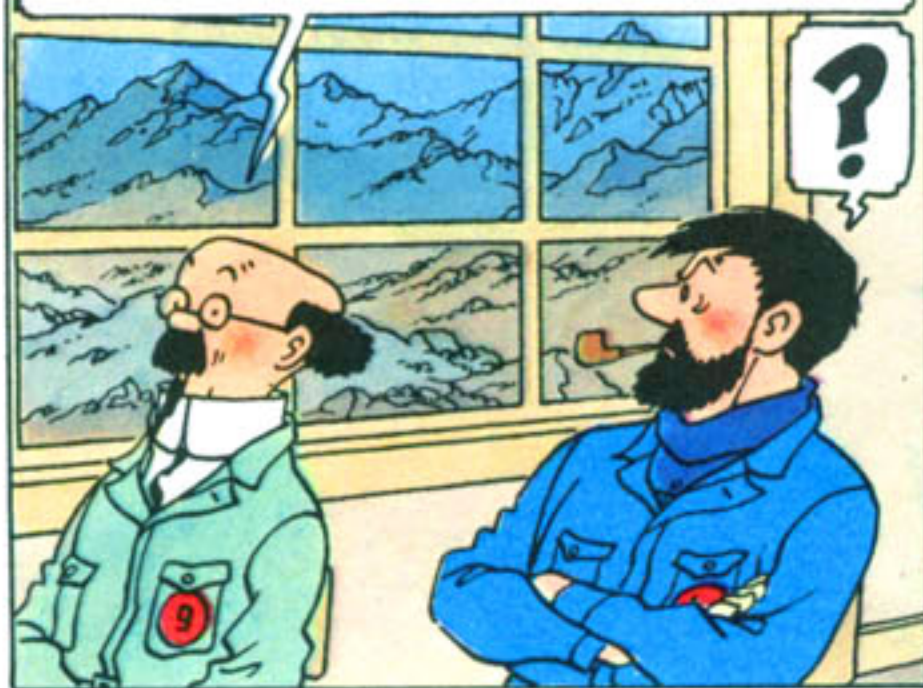
But where were we?... Oh yes... So on your side, Wolff, everything is in order, except for the delay with the optical instruments... What about you Captain? Air supply, temperature, safety equipment...



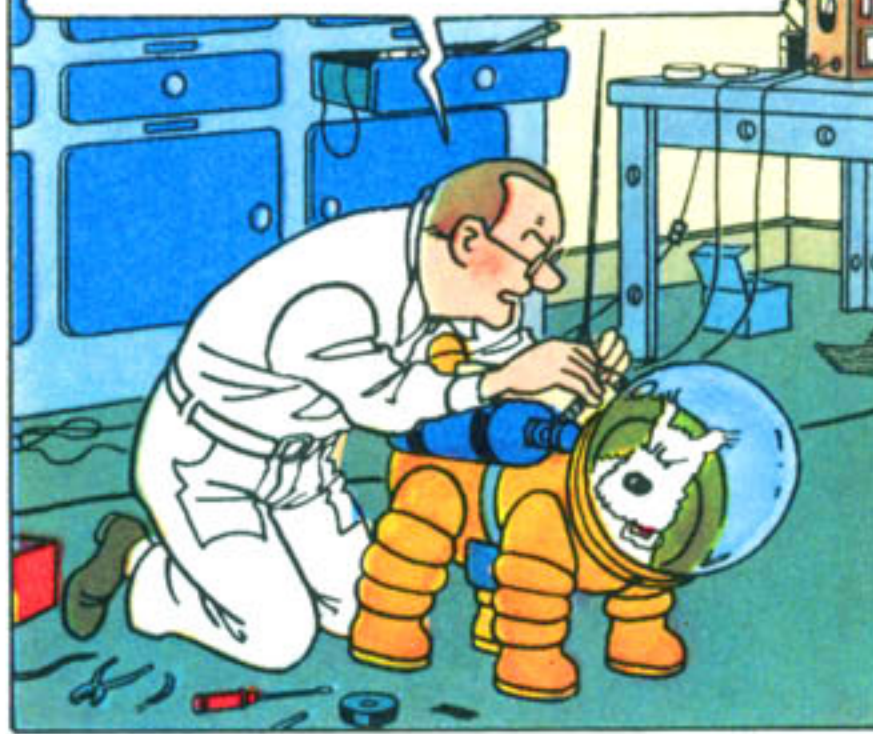
And you, Professor?



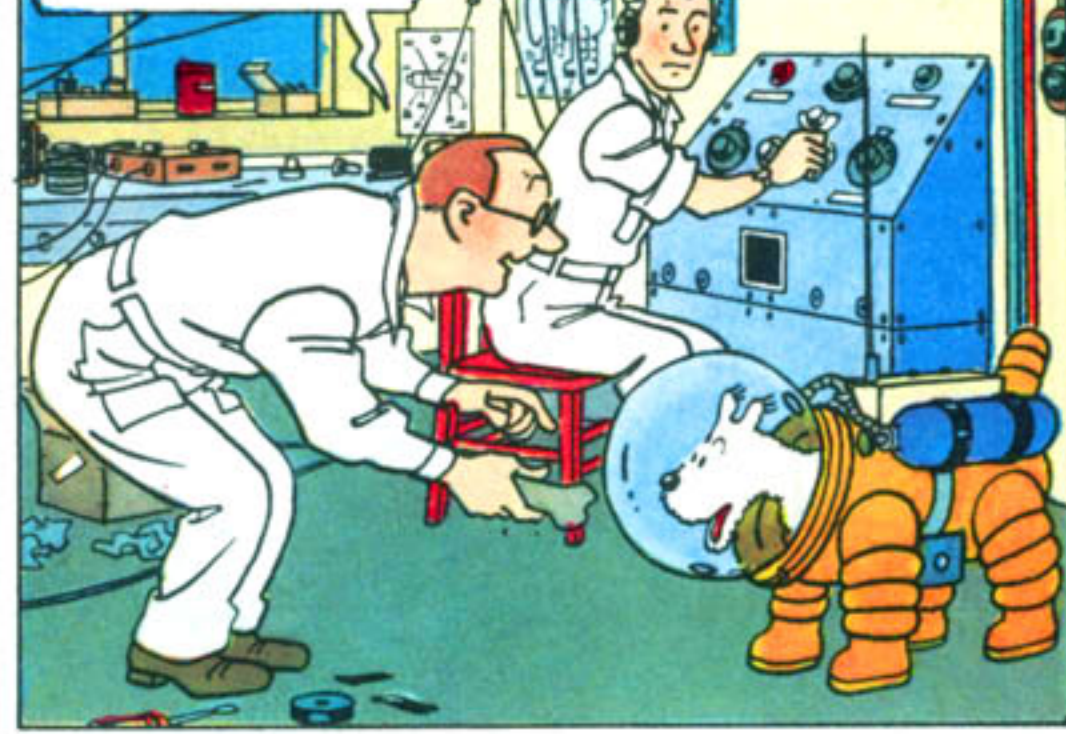
Everything is ready, Mr. Baxter, except for Snowy's space-suit. That is just being finished now.



There we are... Nothing more except to test the radio...



Who's this nice bone for, Snowy?

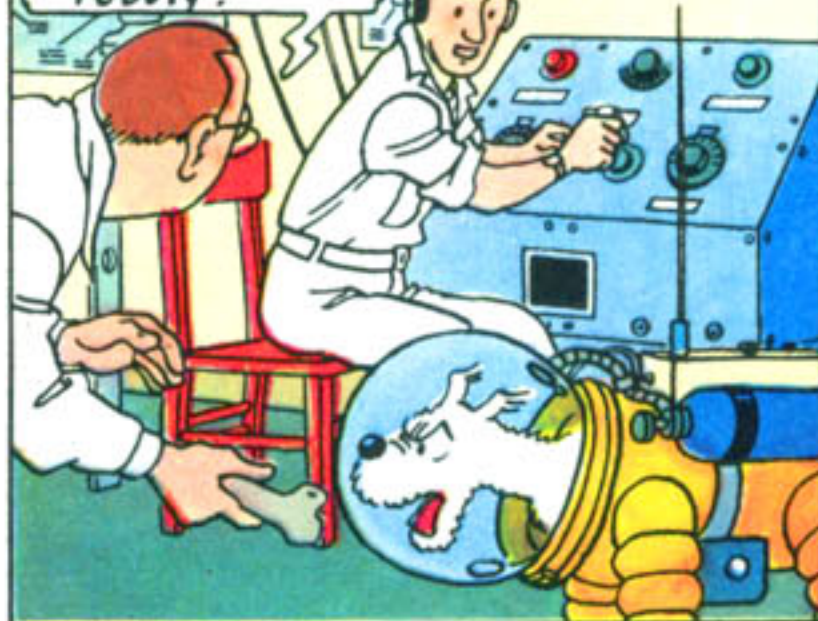


Golly, what a bone!

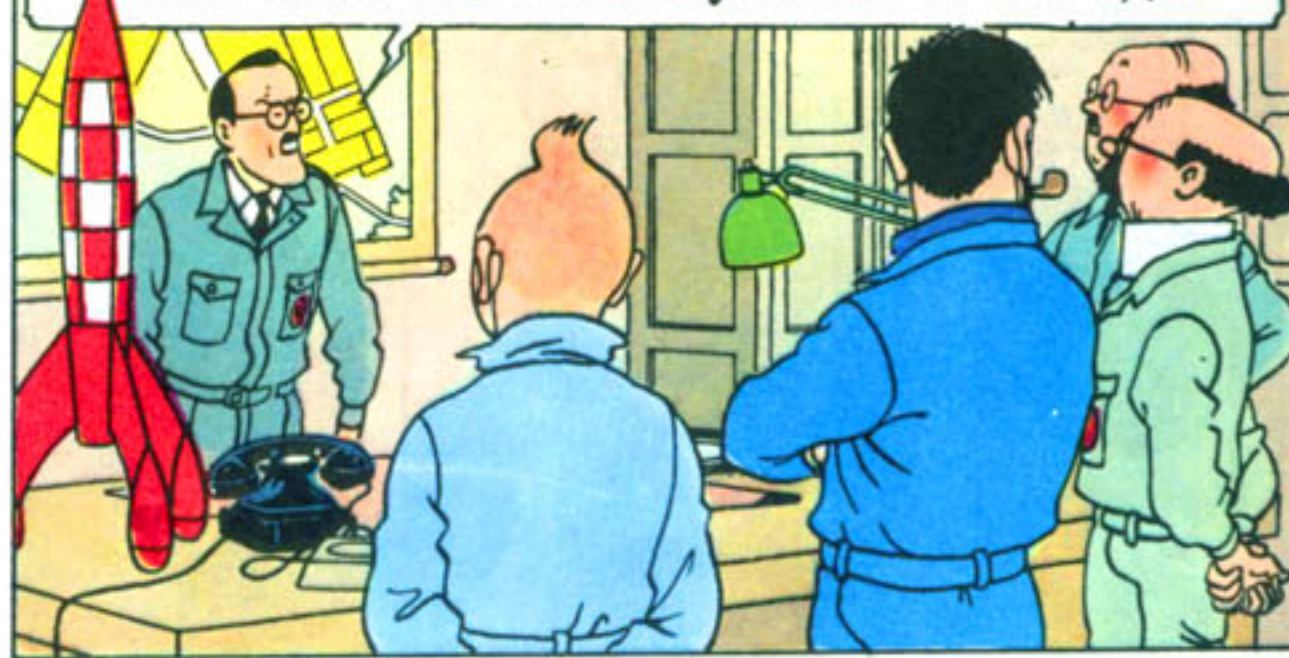


Wooah!... Wooah!

Fine!... It's working perfectly!



Now, gentlemen, it only remains for me to thank you, and congratulate you. For you have managed to surmount all the obstacles that seemed to stand in the way of making rockets of this type.



Are you coming, Captain?... We'll go and find Snowy in the laboratory...

Coming... Coming...



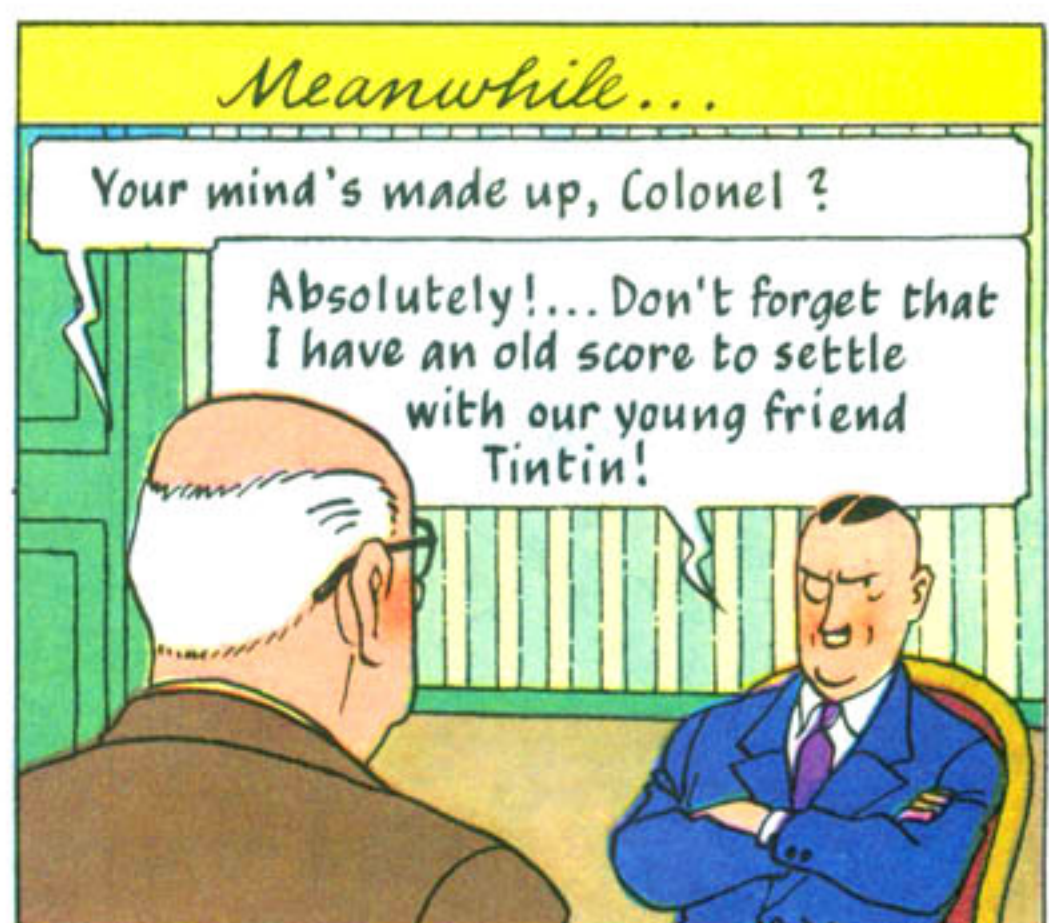
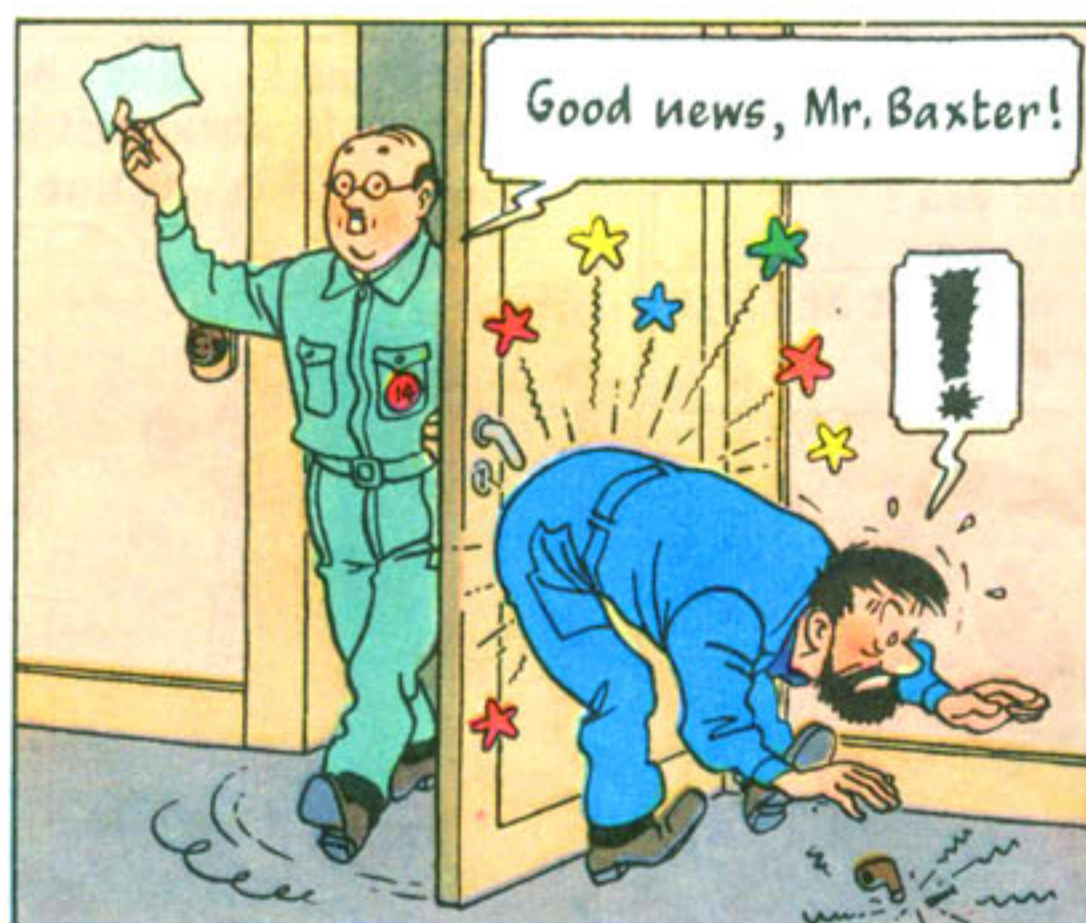
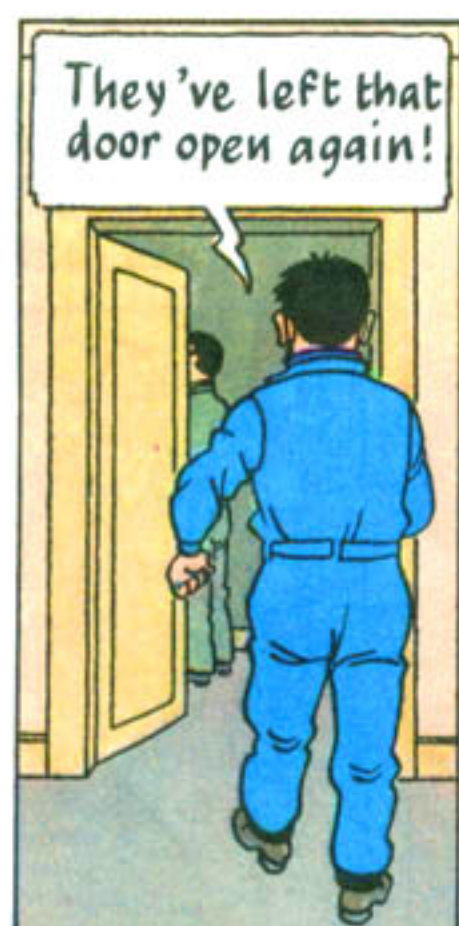
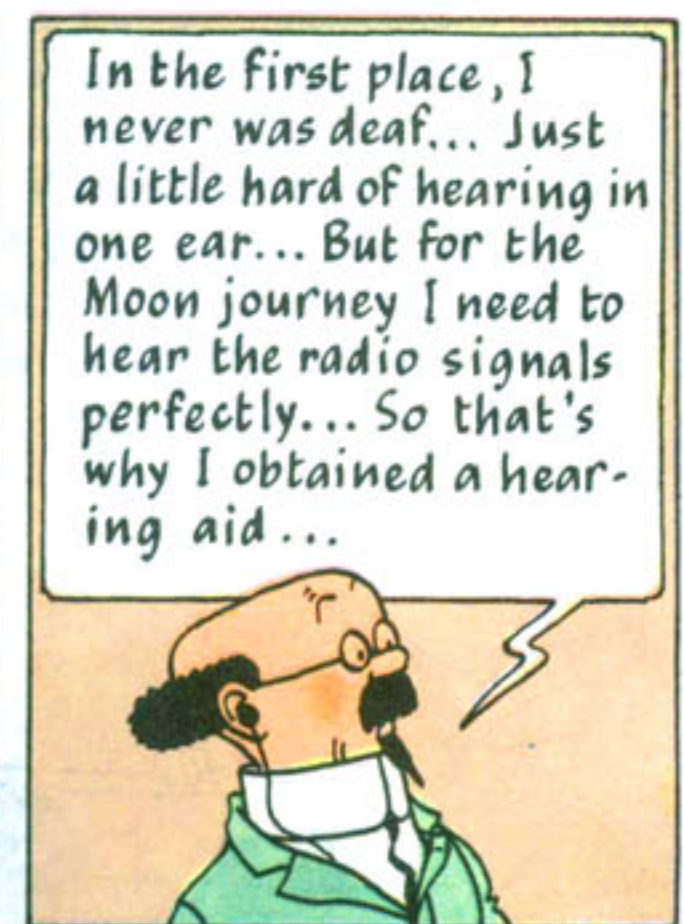
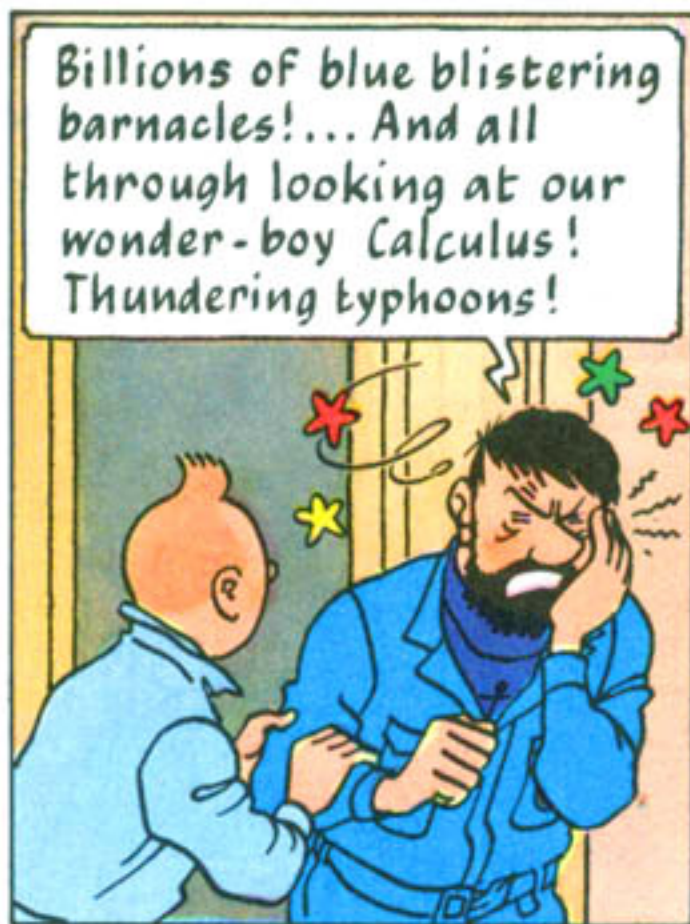
I say... Look at Calculus... Doesn't anything strike you?

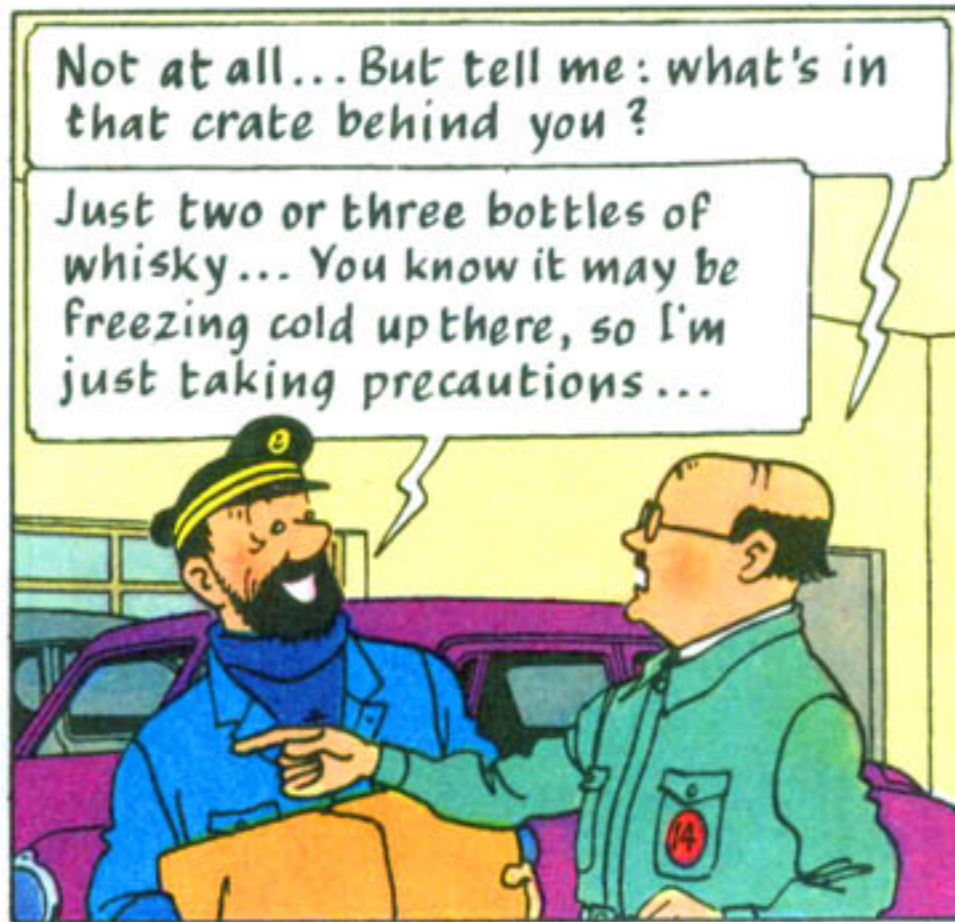
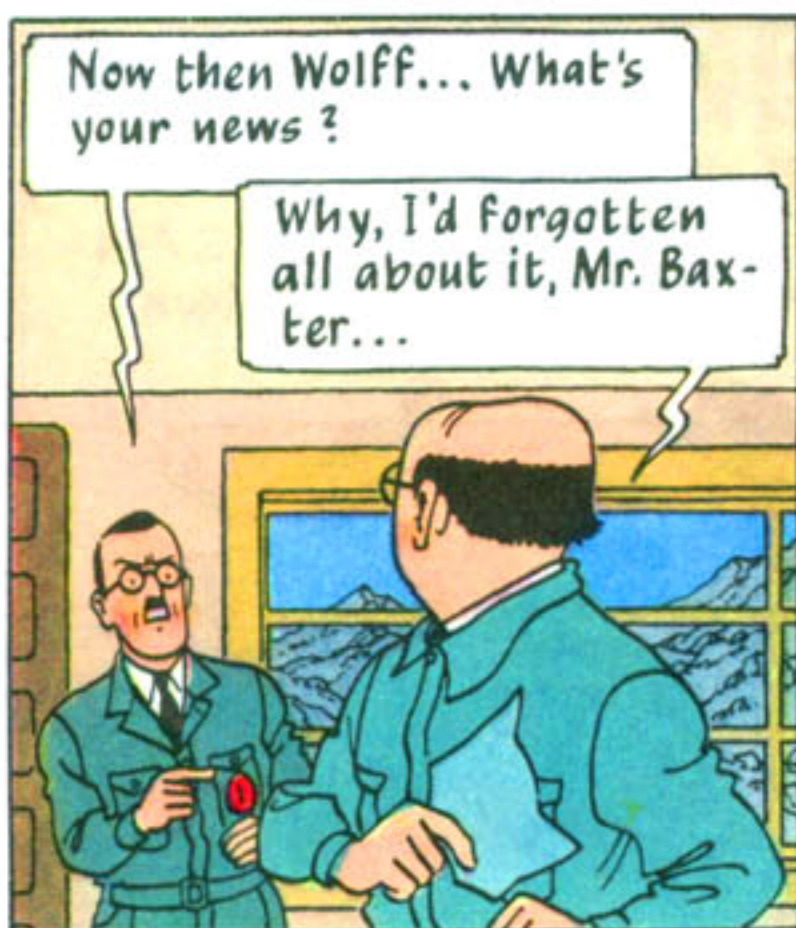
No... Not at first glance.



It does me!... But then I don't walk about with my shut!

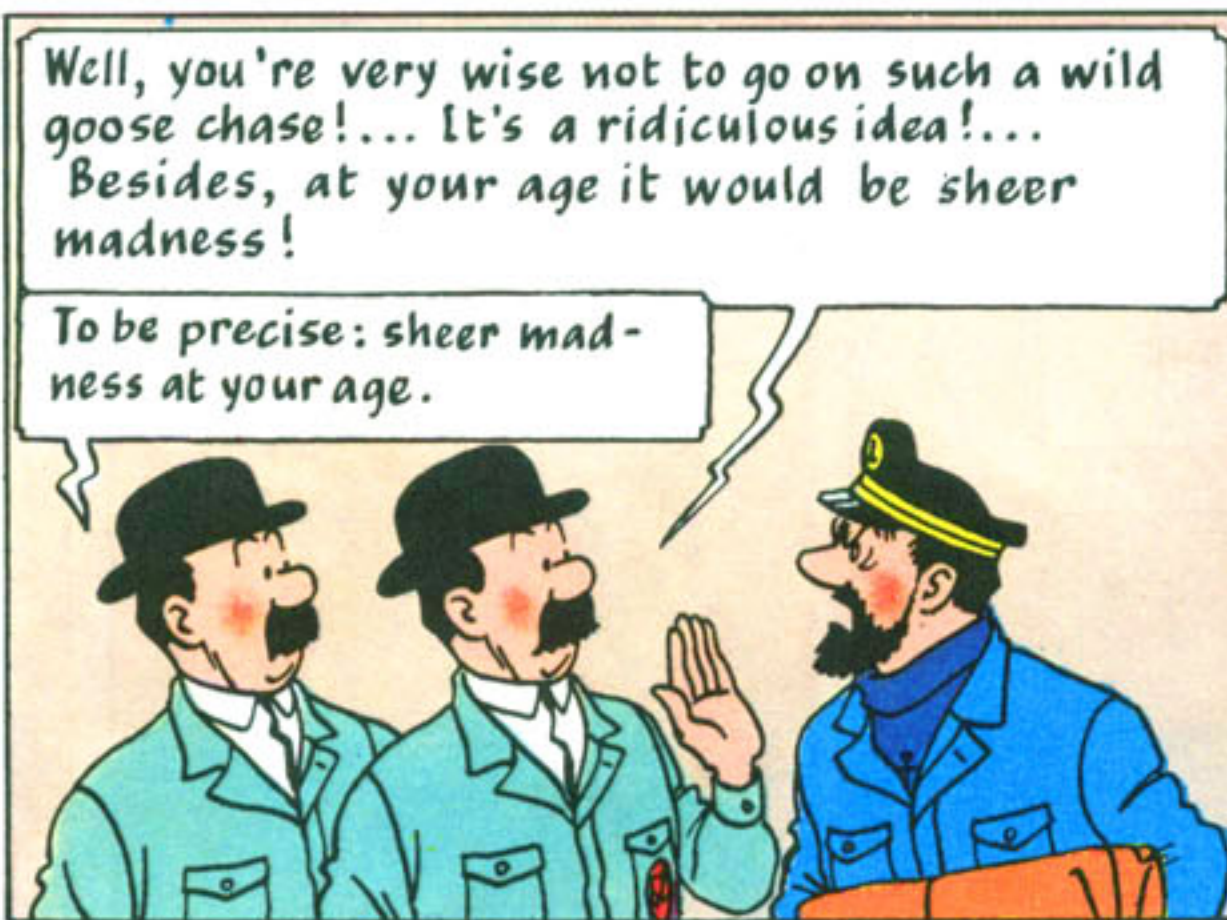








Why?... What do you mean?



Well, you're very wise not to go on such a wild goose chase!... It's a ridiculous idea!... Besides, at your age it would be sheer madness!

To be precise: sheer madness at your age.



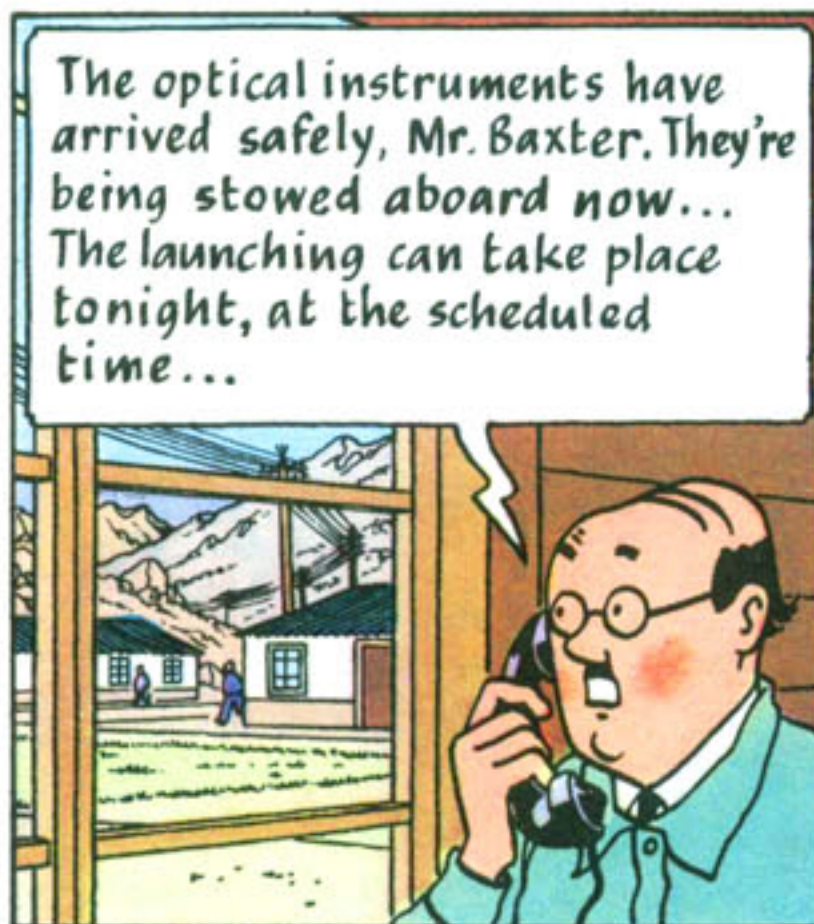
What? At my age?!... I suppose you take me for a rusty old tub, ready for the scrap-heap?... You'll see how old I am, you Bashibazouks!... I'm going, d'you hear?... And I'll send you a postcard from the Moon!



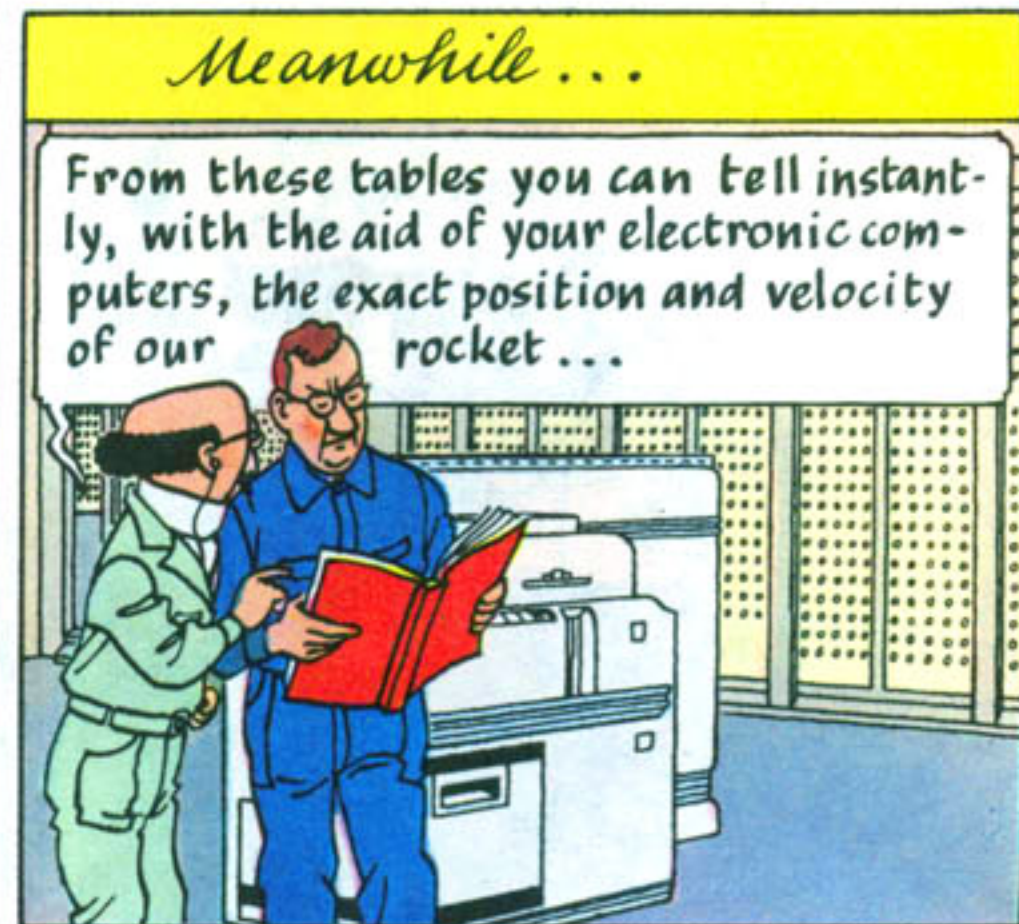
The following Monday...



Hello?... Yes... Oh, it's you Wolff... What is it?...

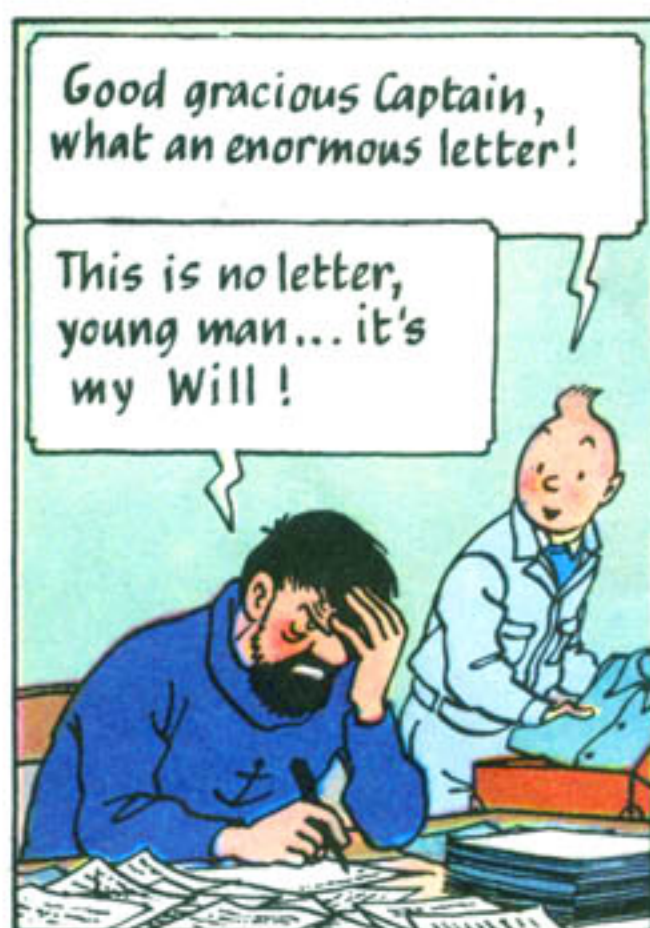


The optical instruments have arrived safely, Mr. Baxter. They're being stowed aboard now... The launching can take place tonight, at the scheduled time...



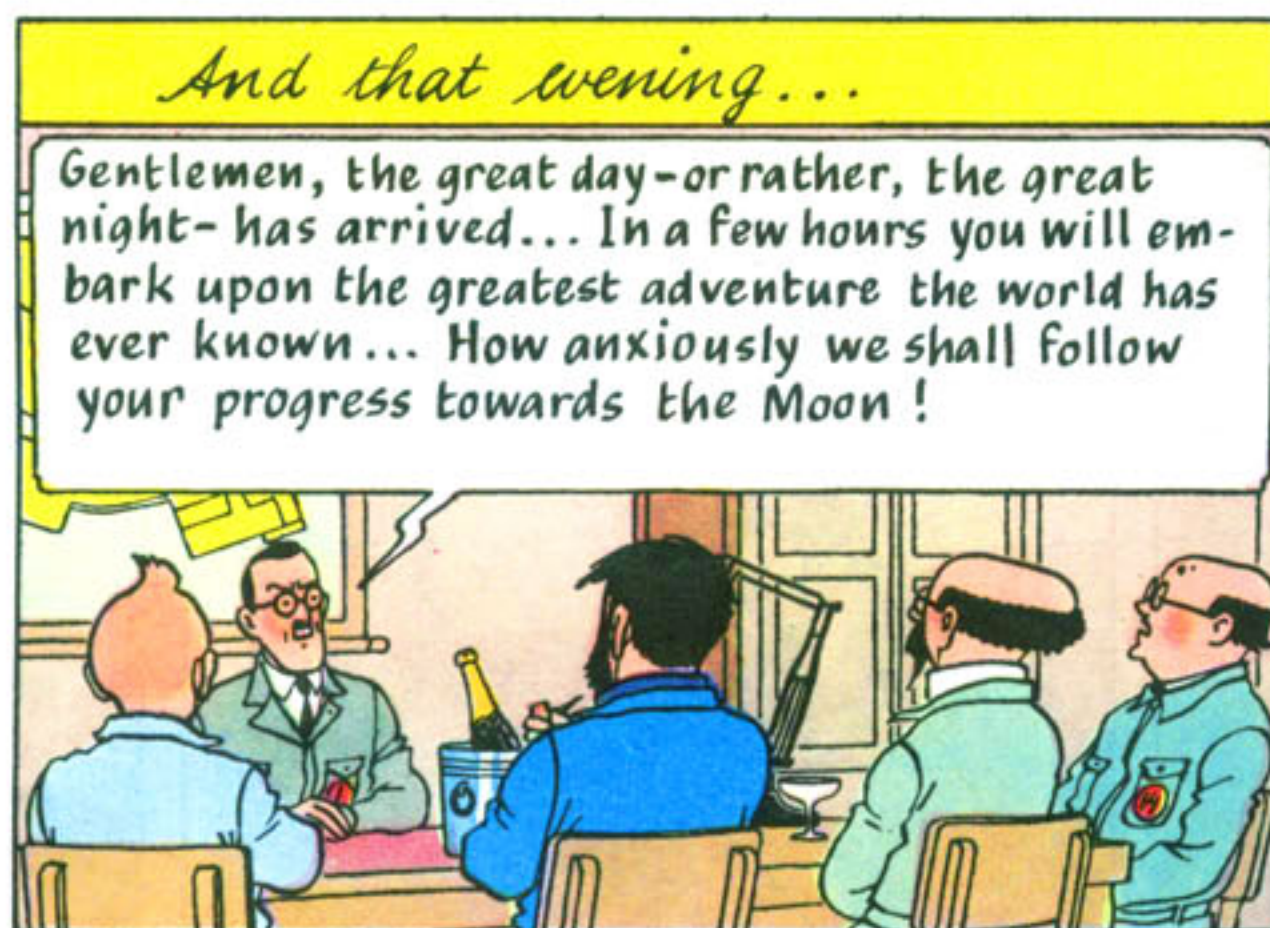
Meanwhile...

From these tables you can tell instantly, with the aid of your electronic computers, the exact position and velocity of our rocket...



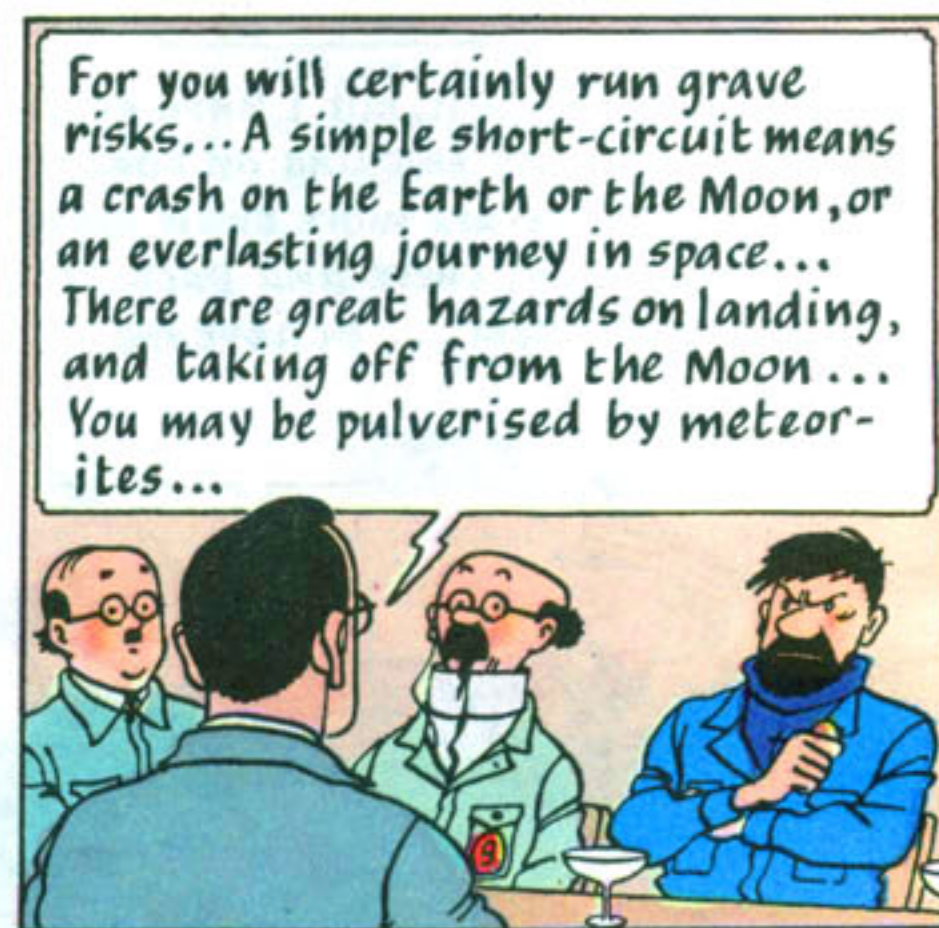
Good gracious Captain, what an enormous letter!

This is no letter, young man... it's my Will!

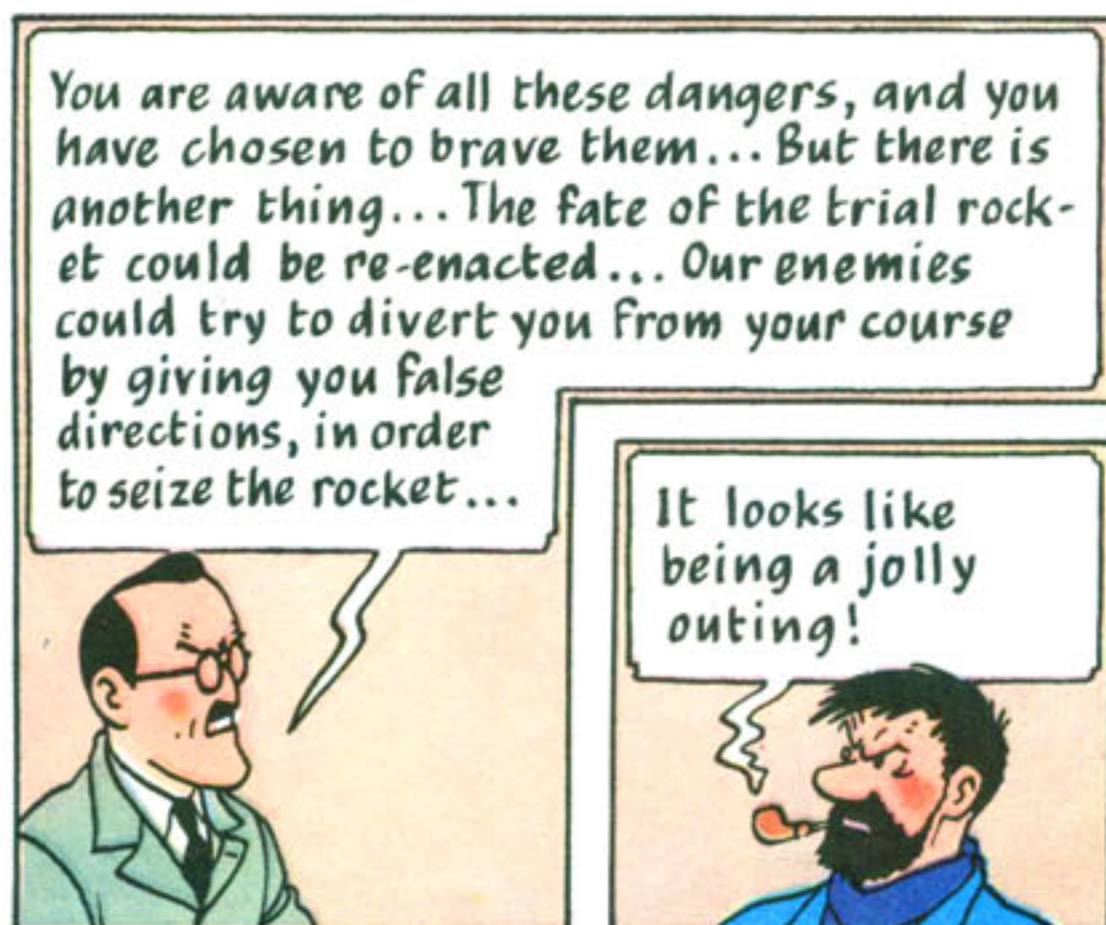


And that evening...

Gentlemen, the great day-or rather, the great night- has arrived... In a few hours you will embark upon the greatest adventure the world has ever known... How anxiously we shall follow your progress towards the Moon!



For you will certainly run grave risks... A simple short-circuit means a crash on the Earth or the Moon, or an everlasting journey in space... There are great hazards on landing, and taking off from the Moon... You may be pulverised by meteorites...



You are aware of all these dangers, and you have chosen to brave them... But there is another thing... The fate of the trial rocket could be re-enacted... Our enemies could try to divert you from your course by giving you false directions, in order to seize the rocket...

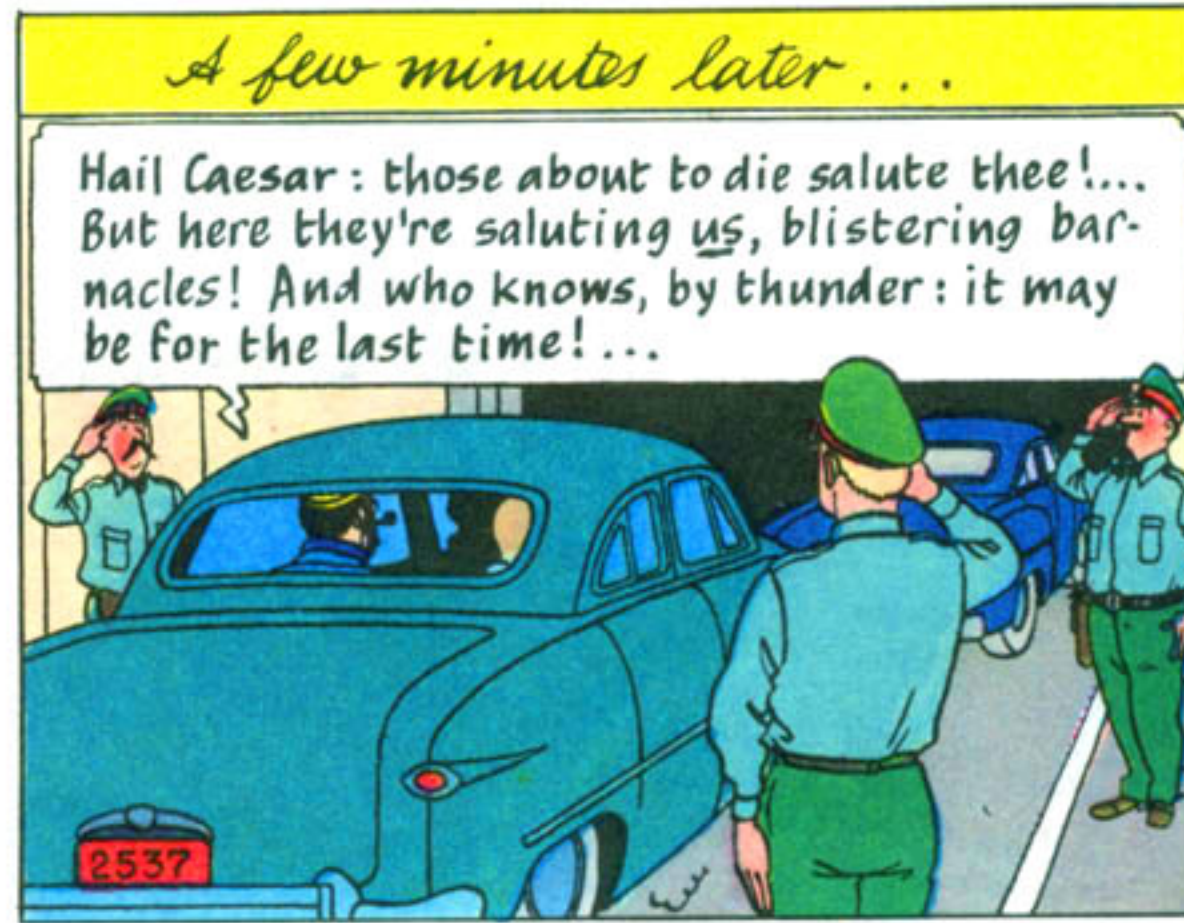
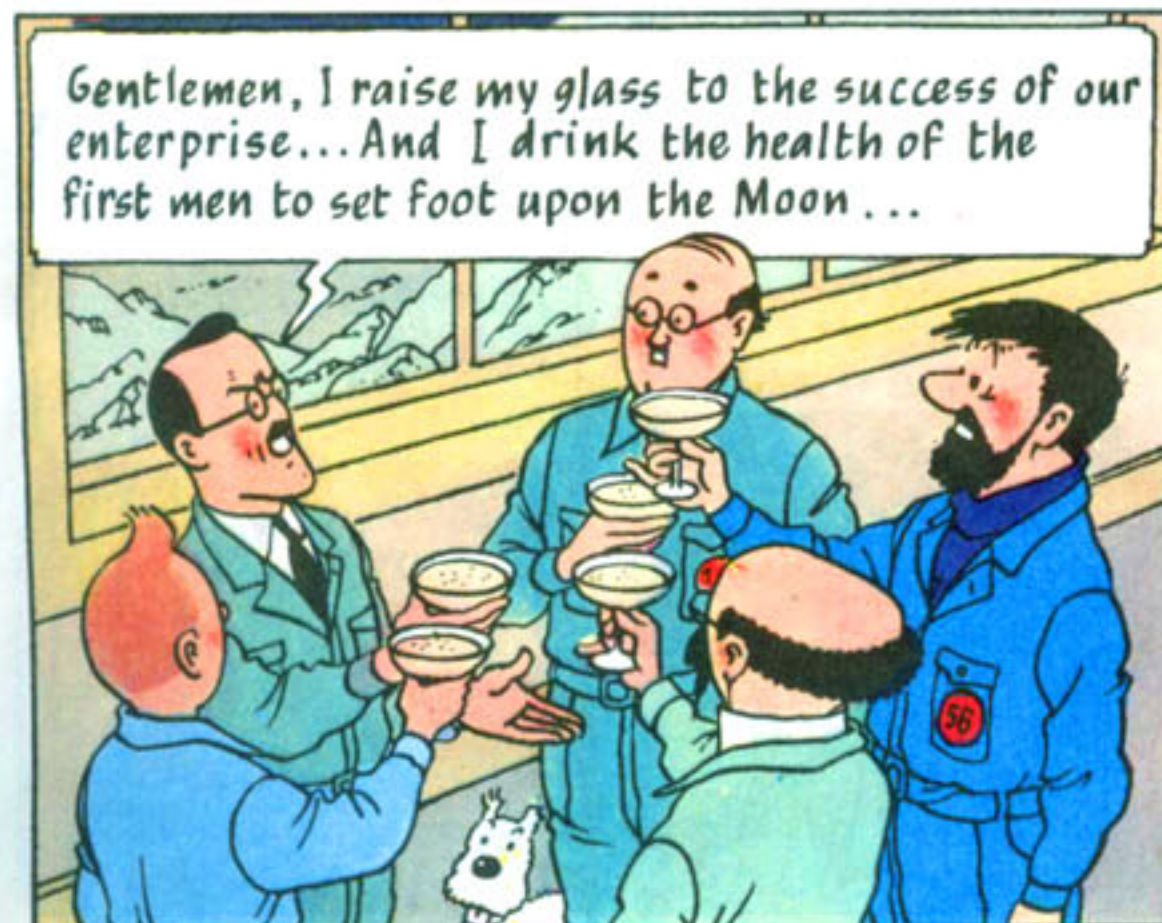
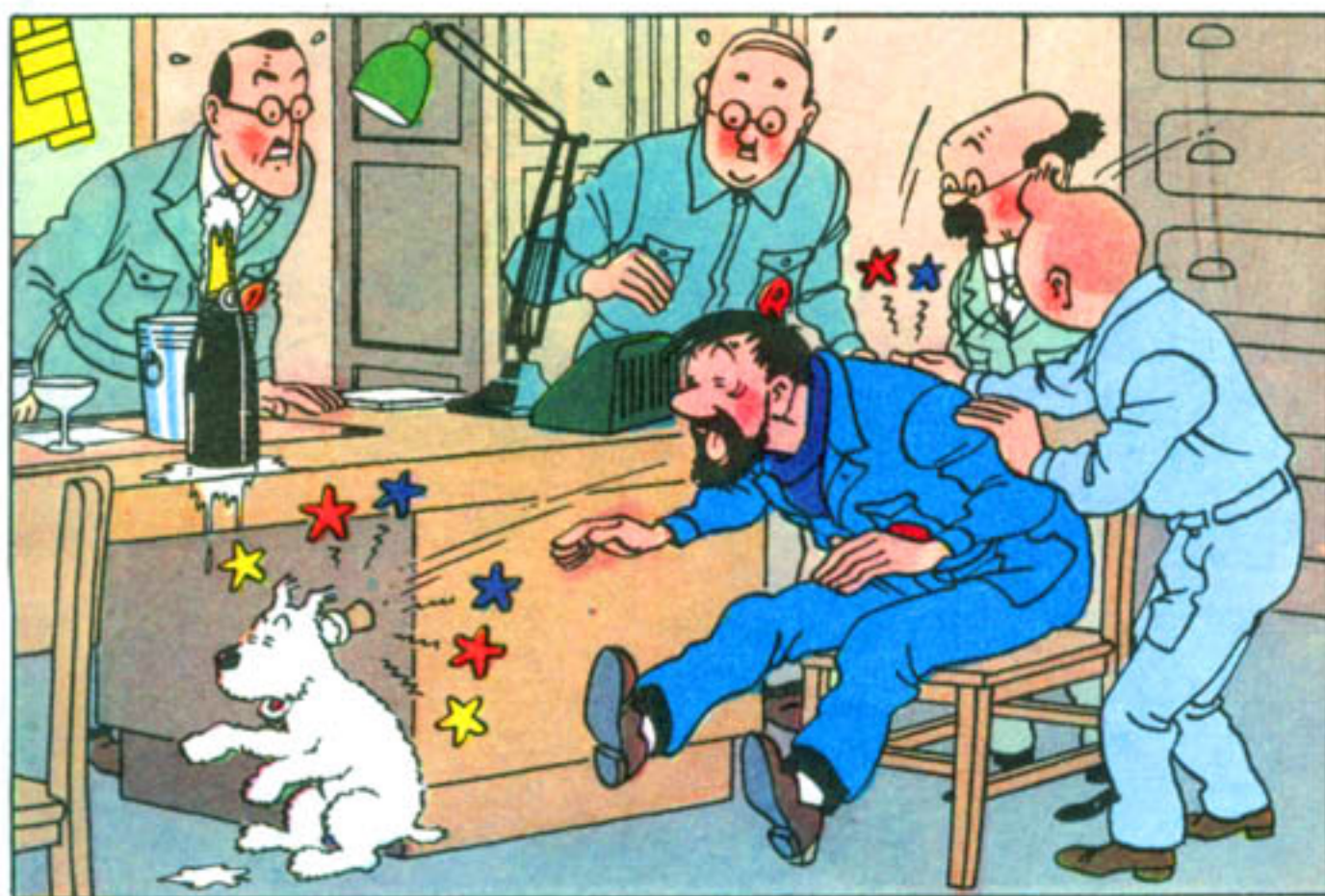
It looks like being a jolly outing!

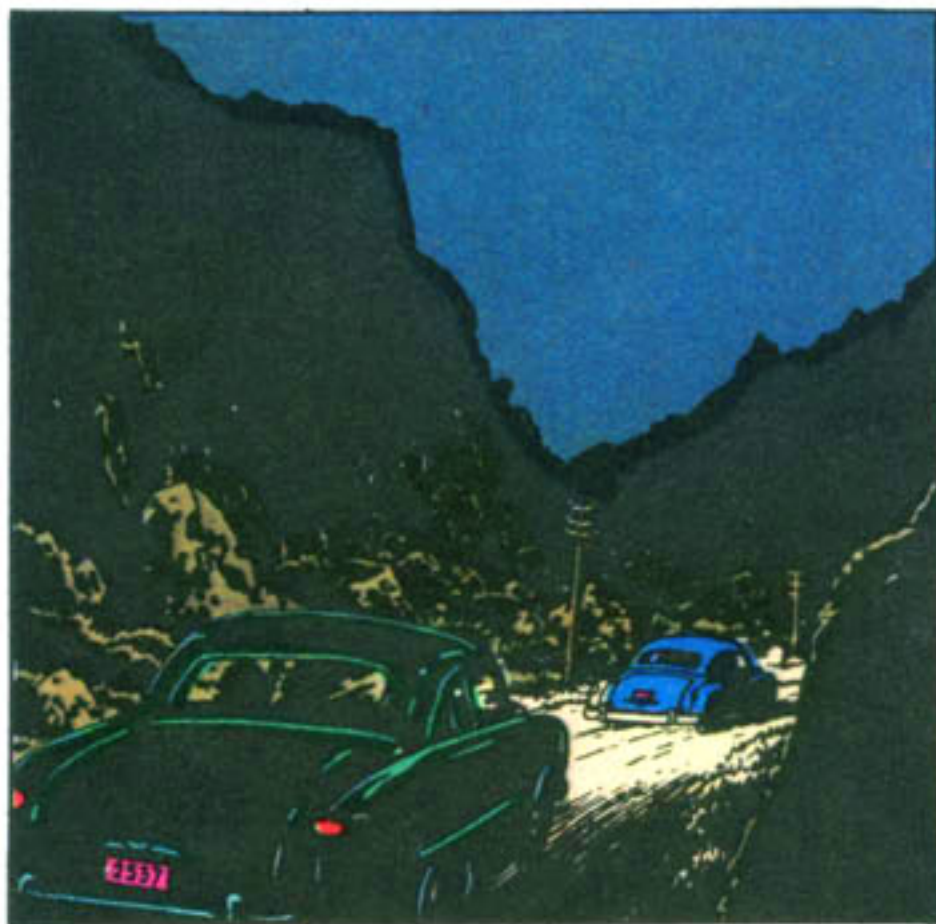


Never fear Mr. Baxter... We would all prefer to blow ourselves up, rather than let that happen!



Good-evening, Minister... This is Miller speaking... I've just received the following signal: "Mission completed. Operation Ulysses going ahead". All is well!





I must say you don't look very happy, Captain.

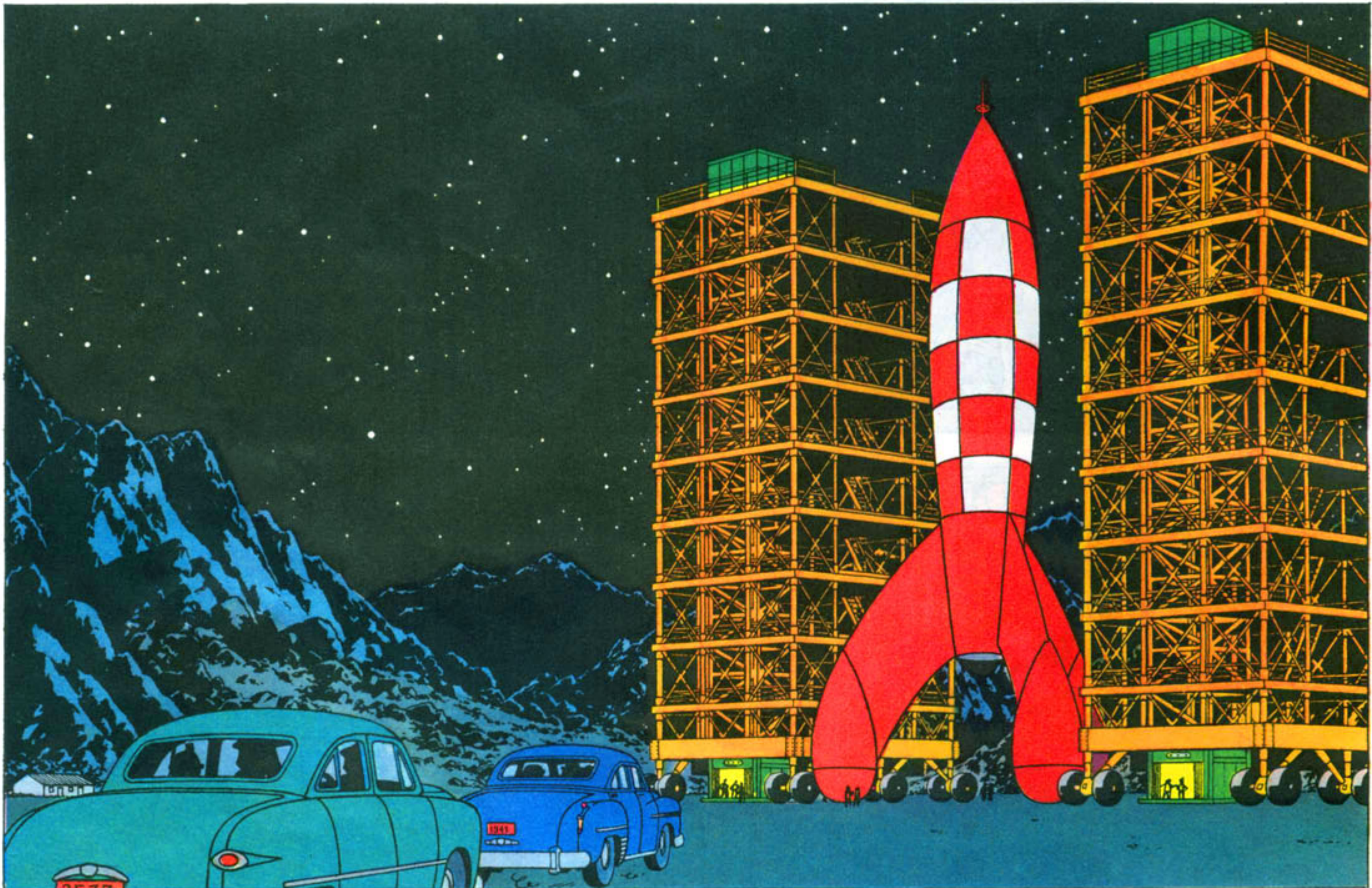
Why on earth should I look happy? Because we're off to the Moon?



To the Moon!... Don't make me laugh!... If that honky-tonk Calculus-machine doesn't blow up at the start, we'll find ourselves roaming around between the Great Bear and Jupiter, and never come back! You can hoot with laughter about that if you like!

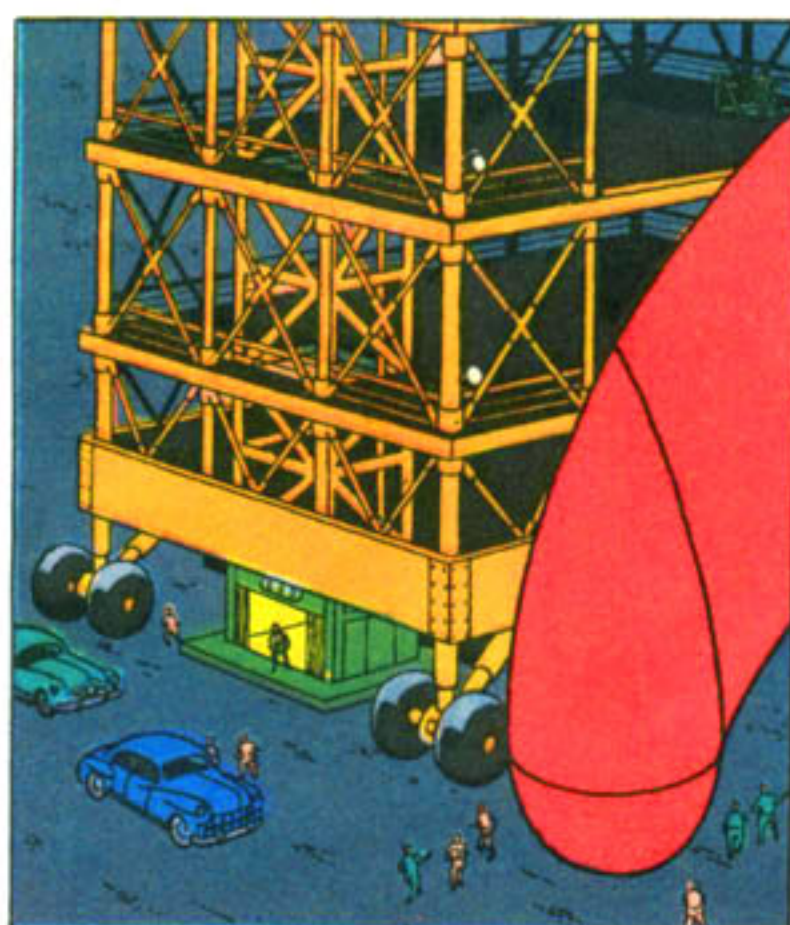


No, I meant... Oh look, Captain! We're there!



Look! The gantries are flood-lit; the rocket is ready for launching! It's like magic!

Yes, very pretty... for the spectators! ...



So there's the machine to which we're entrusting our lives!... It's sheer lunacy!... Just think: through me Calculus recovered his memory, and completed this crazy scheme! I'll never for- give myself!



Meanwhile...

If there's no change of plan, it's just half an hour till their departure...

Gentlemen, the time has come for us to part. As soon as you are inside the rocket, I shall go to one of the shelters to watch the launching. Afterwards, I shall return to the Centre, and resume contact with you by radio.



Goodbye, Captain. I am delighted that a sailor should be one of the first men to set foot on the Moon!

It would have been all the same to me if a piccolo-player had gone!



Goodbye, my young friend. My good wishes go with you! I'm sorry not to be among you...



Look, Mr. Baxter, if you really mean it, I'd be happy to give up my place...

Thank you, Captain, that is most kind. But I would not ask you to make such a sacrifice!



Goodbye, Wolff, and good luck. You know my regard for you... I look to you to stand by the Professor.

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I shall not fail you.



As for you, my dear Professor—your skill is our best guarantee of success!

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I can only say this: we will get to the Moon or perish!



Come along. The lift is waiting for us.



Goodness, Captain! You're going to do some reading...

Yes, I want to improve myself...



Would you like some help?

No, thanks. I can manage.

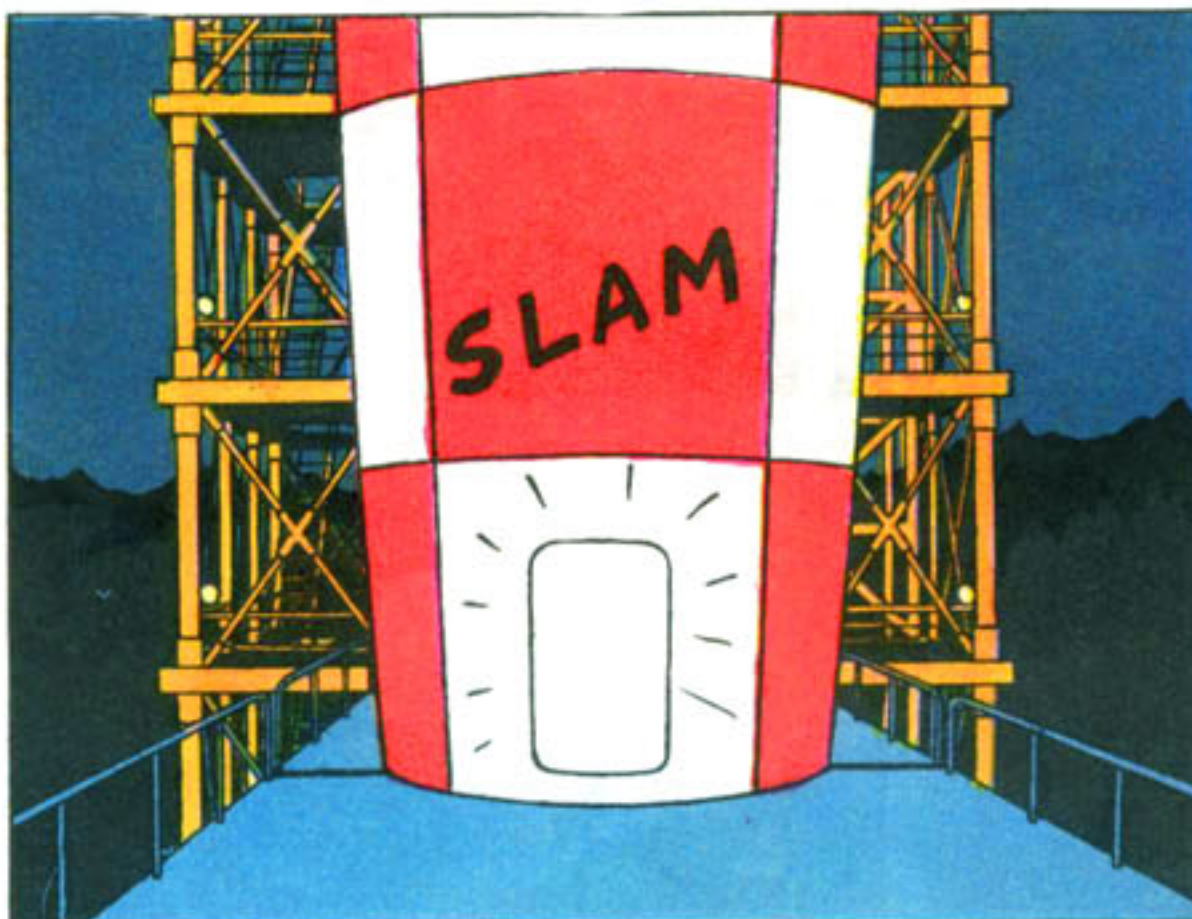


In you go, gentlemen!

Between ourselves, Snowy my boy, I'm in a blue funk!



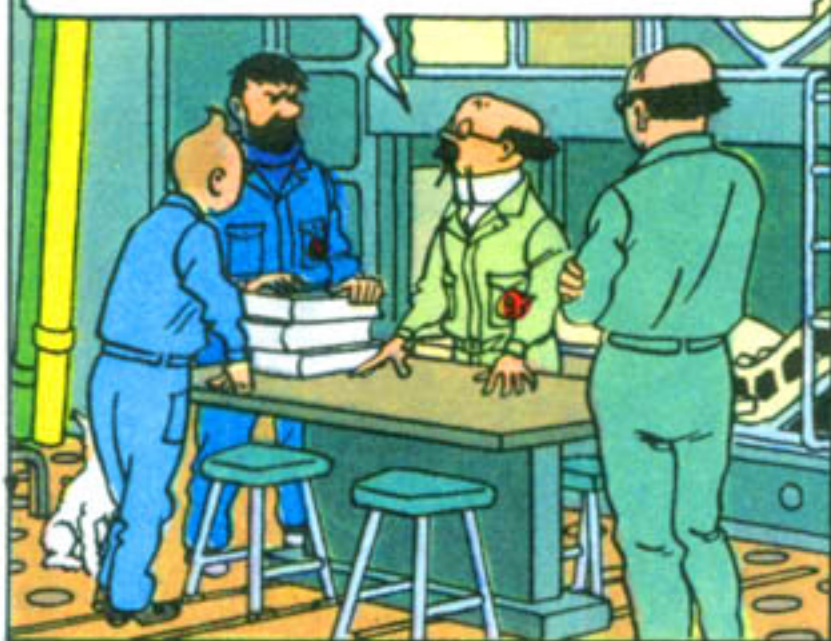
Farewell, Earth!



The die is cast!... There they are, inside what could well become their tomb!



Now, I think we'd better run over it again. We all lie down on our bunks. I would remind you...



... that this is the best position during the initial acceleration. Although everything has been done to make this acceleration gradual, it is possible-even probable-that we shall black out. I assure you there's no need to be unduly worried. Naturally one can never tell, but...



During this first phase of the ascent- I don't know how long it will last-the rocket will be automatically controlled. Afterwards, when we have regained consciousness, we will go up to the control deck and take over for ourselves.



Now, every man to his post for equipment checks.

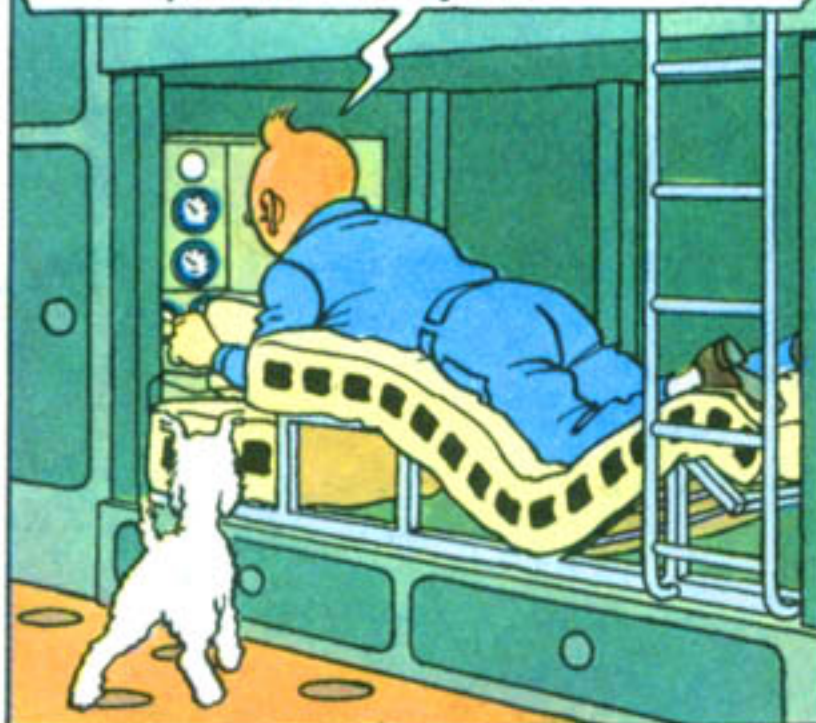


Tintin, you establish radio contact with Earth.

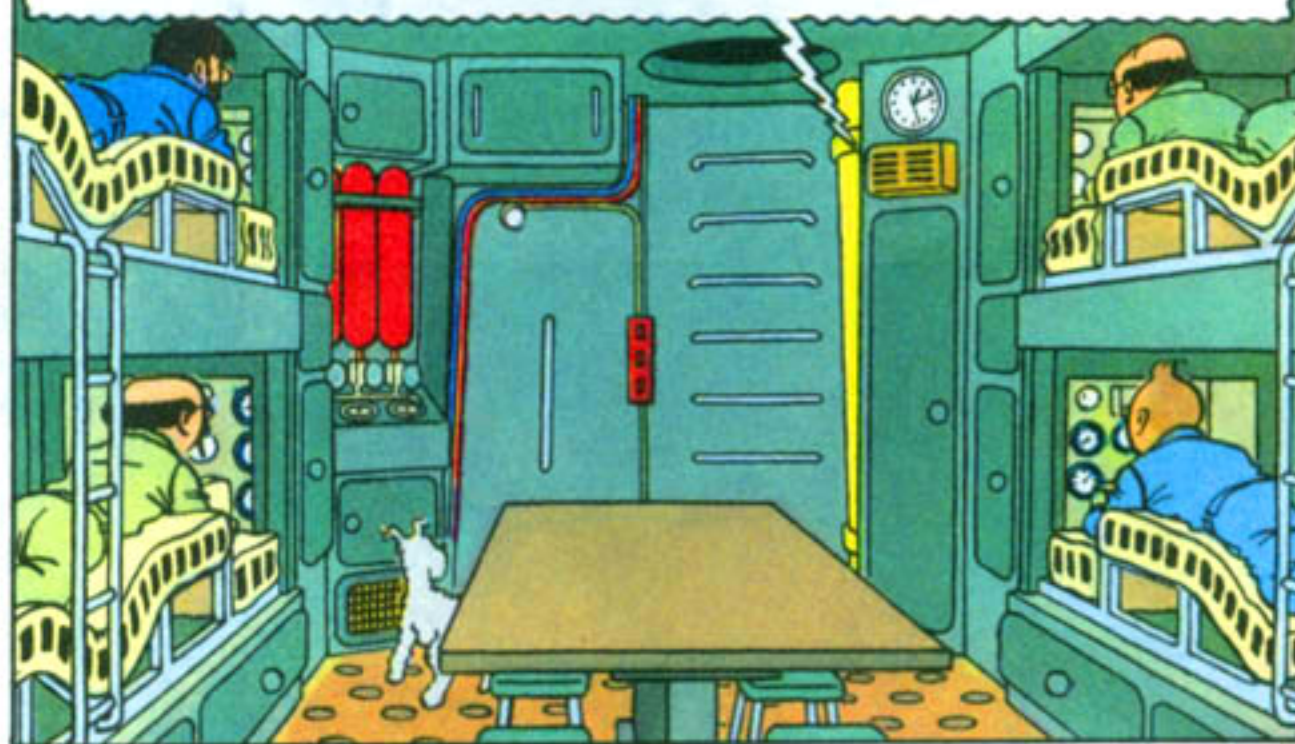


Right.

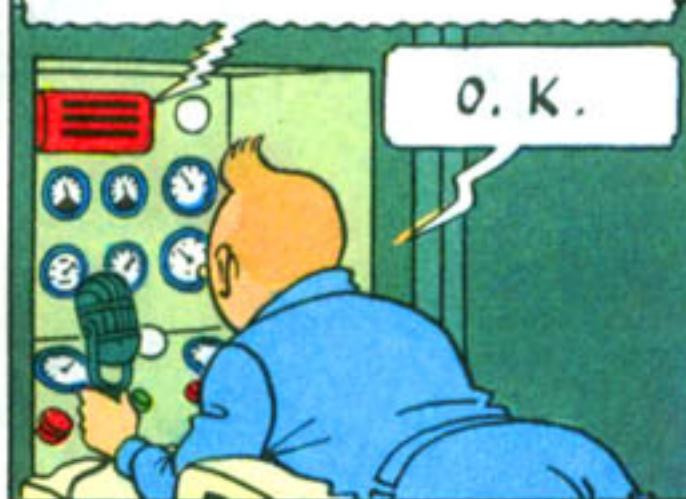
Moon-Rocket calling Earth... Moon-Rocket calling Earth... Are you receiving me?



Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Receiving you loud and clear... We are removing the gantries...



Earth to Moon-Rocket... Gantries removed... We are clearing the launching site...



O. K.

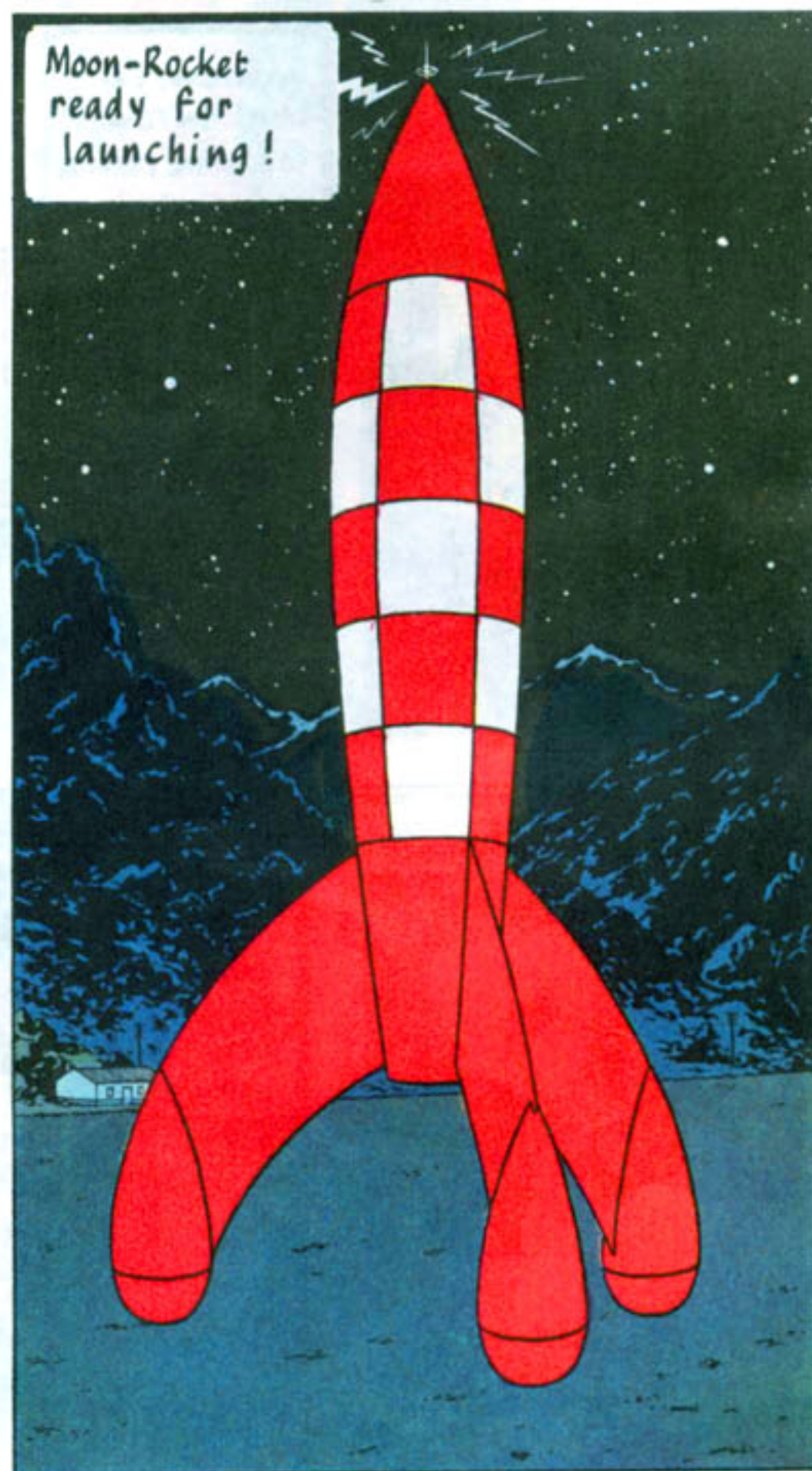
Attention please: clear the launching site!... I repeat: clear the launching site!



Earth to Moon-Rocket... The site is clear... Twenty-eight minutes to go... Are you ready?...

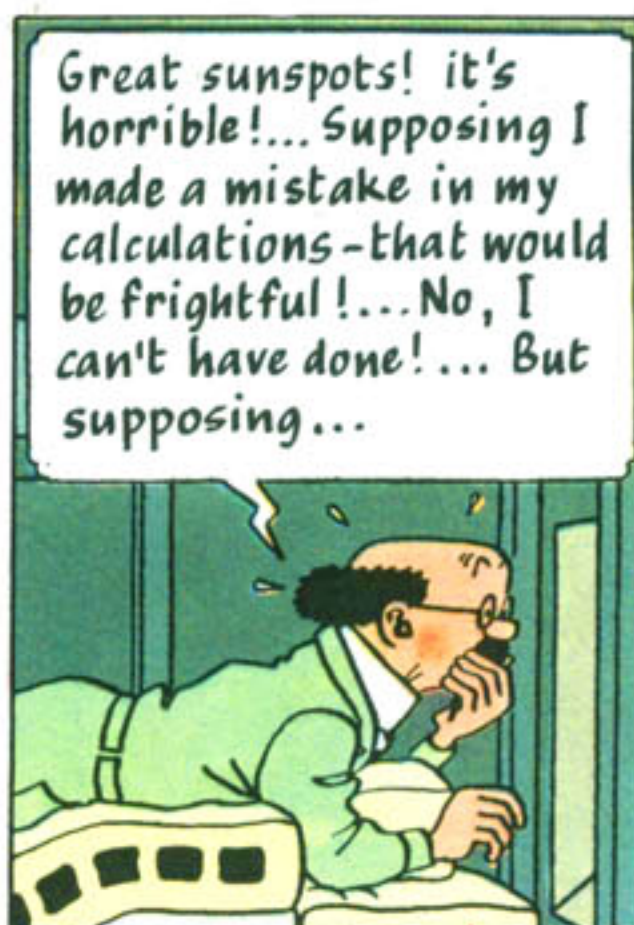


Moon-Rocket ready for launching!

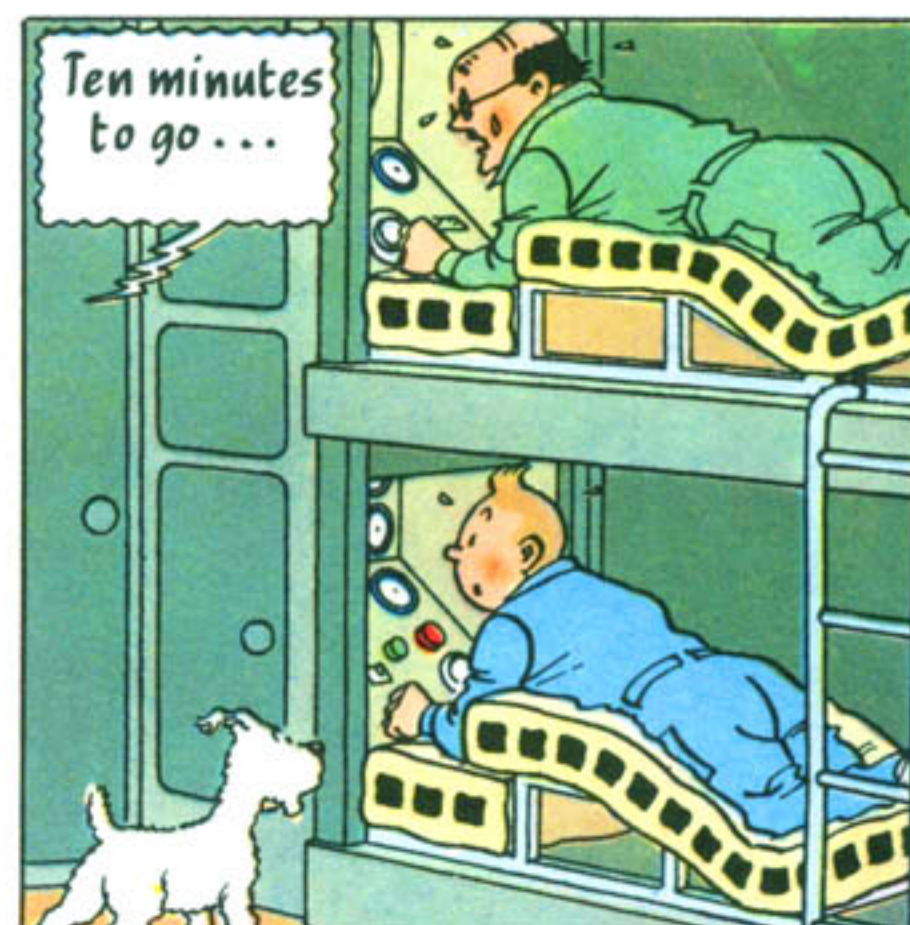




Earth to Moon-Rocket... You have twelve minutes to go...



Great sunspots! it's horrible!... Supposing I made a mistake in my calculations - that would be frightful!... No, I can't have done!... But supposing...



Ten minutes to go...



Five minutes to go...

Well Tintin old man, you've lived through plenty of adventures... But I wonder if this isn't going to be your last!



Four minutes to go...

Snowy!... Snowy!... Come and lie down, quickly!

Lie down?... Why?... I'm not tired.



Three minutes to go...

What am I doing in this outfit?... And to think I gave that sea-gherkin Calculus his memory back!



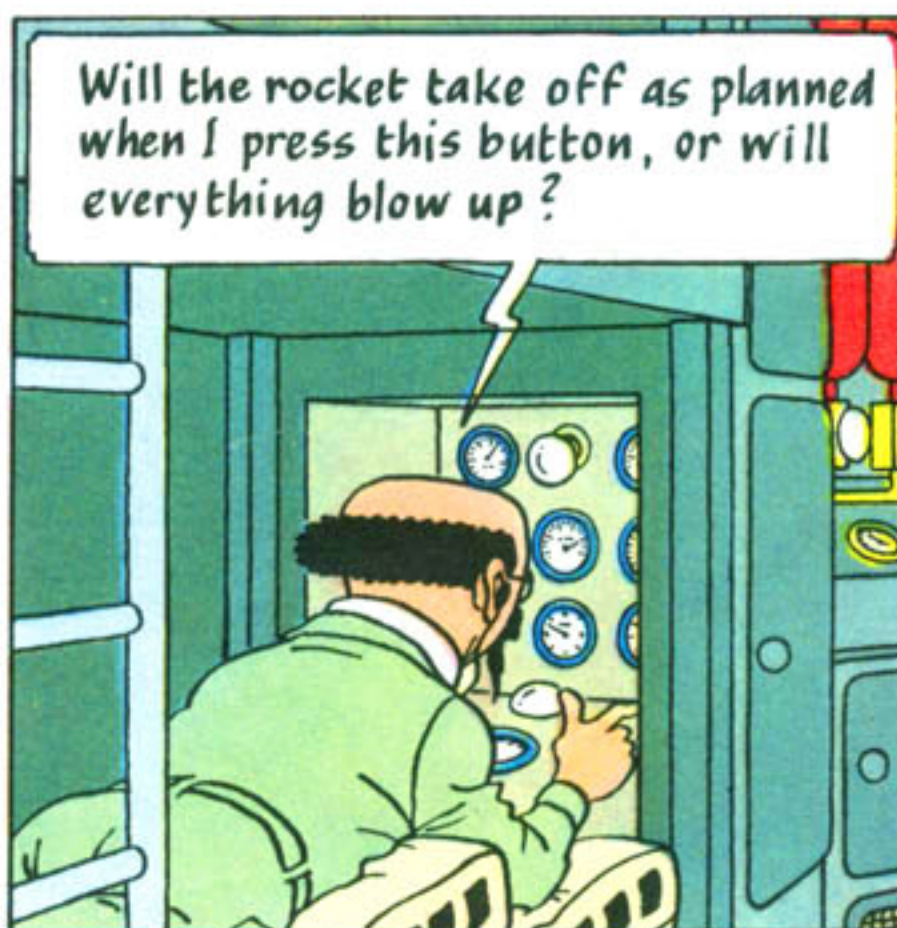
Two minutes to go...

What have I done? What have I done?... How could I have let myself get entangled in this dreadful business?

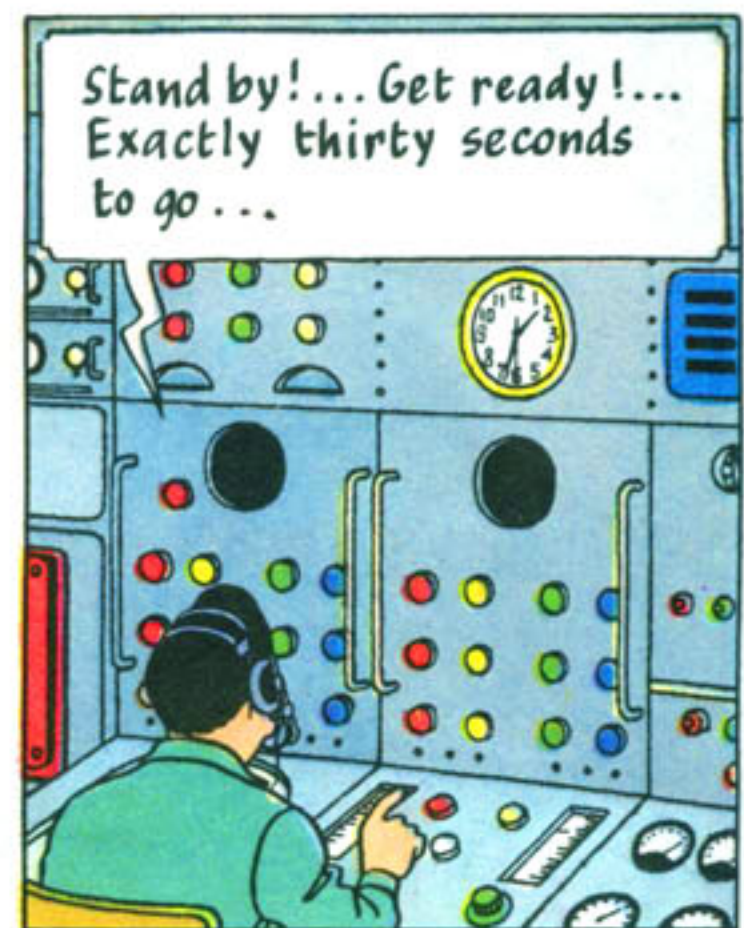


One minute to go...

One minute? Till when?



Will the rocket take off as planned when I press this button, or will everything blow up?



Stand by!... Get ready!... Exactly thirty seconds to go...

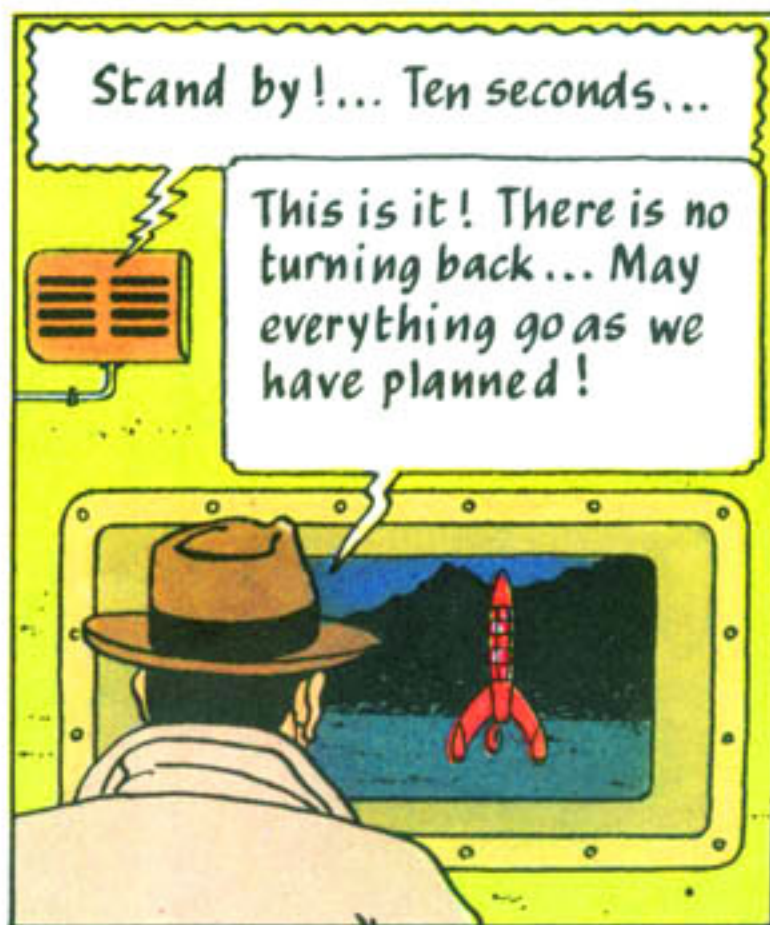


Twenty seconds...

What is that dull steady thumping noise?

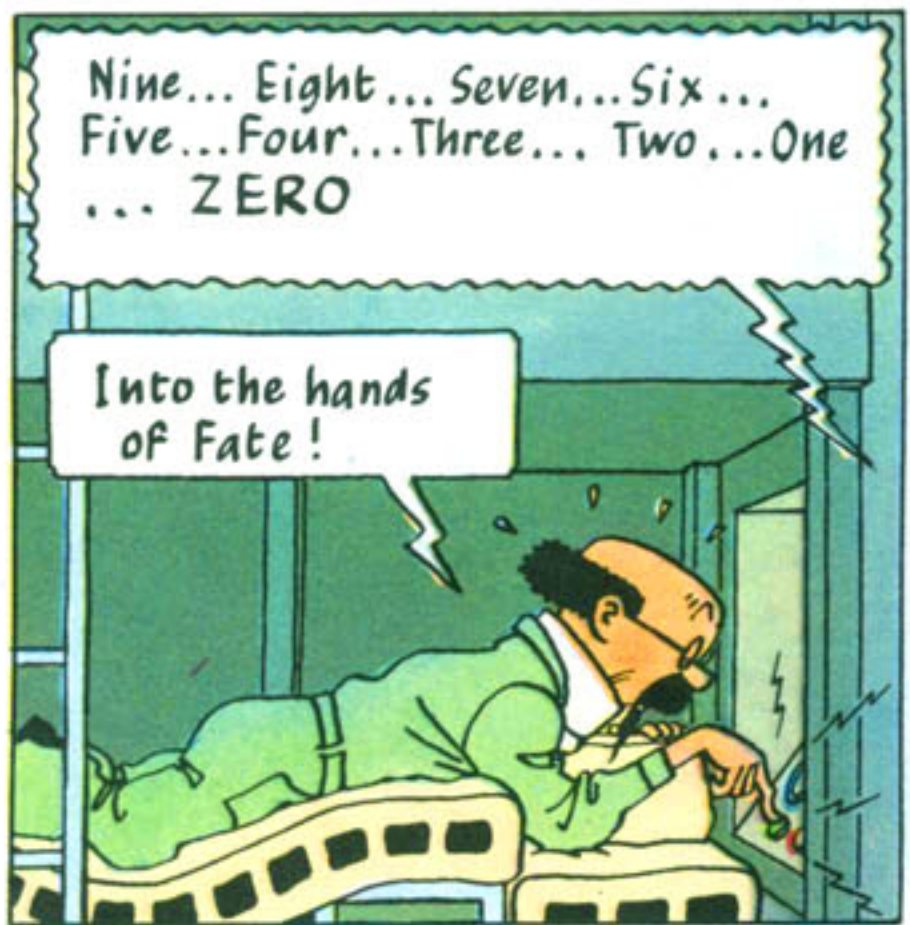


It's just the sound of my own heart beating!



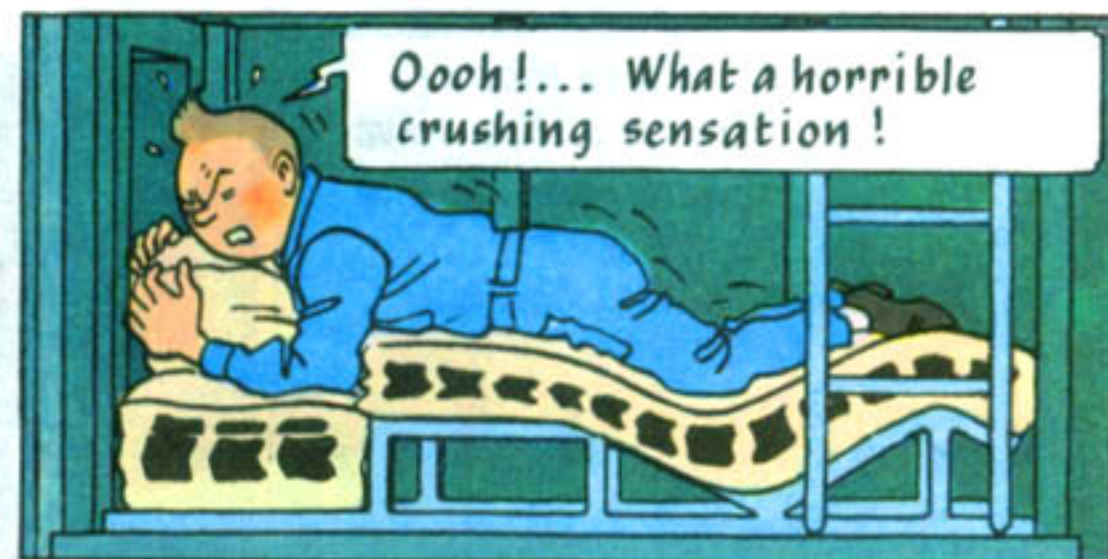
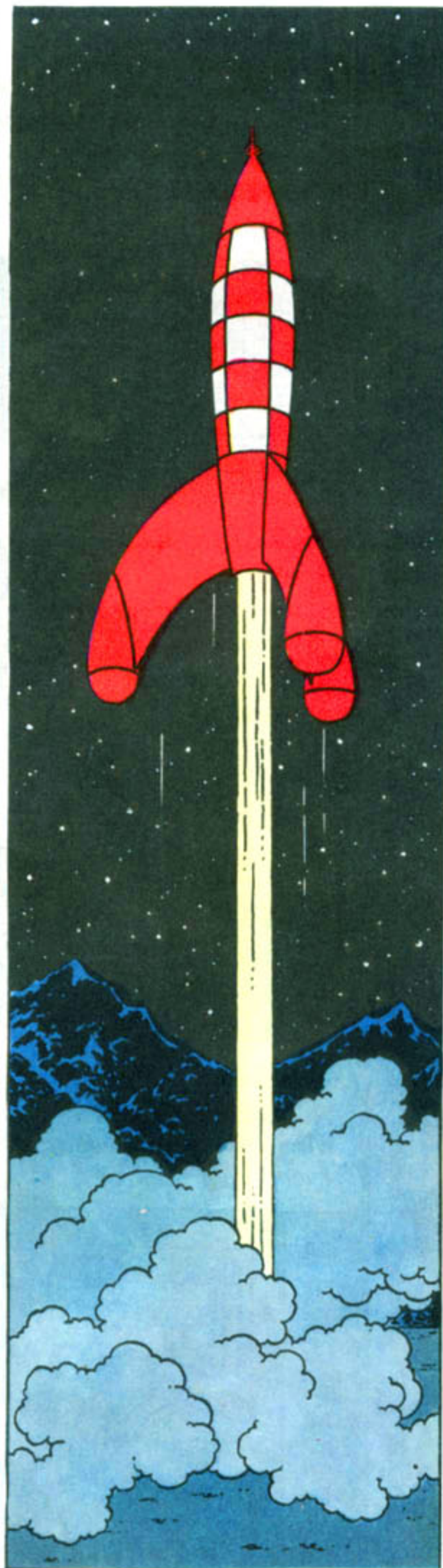
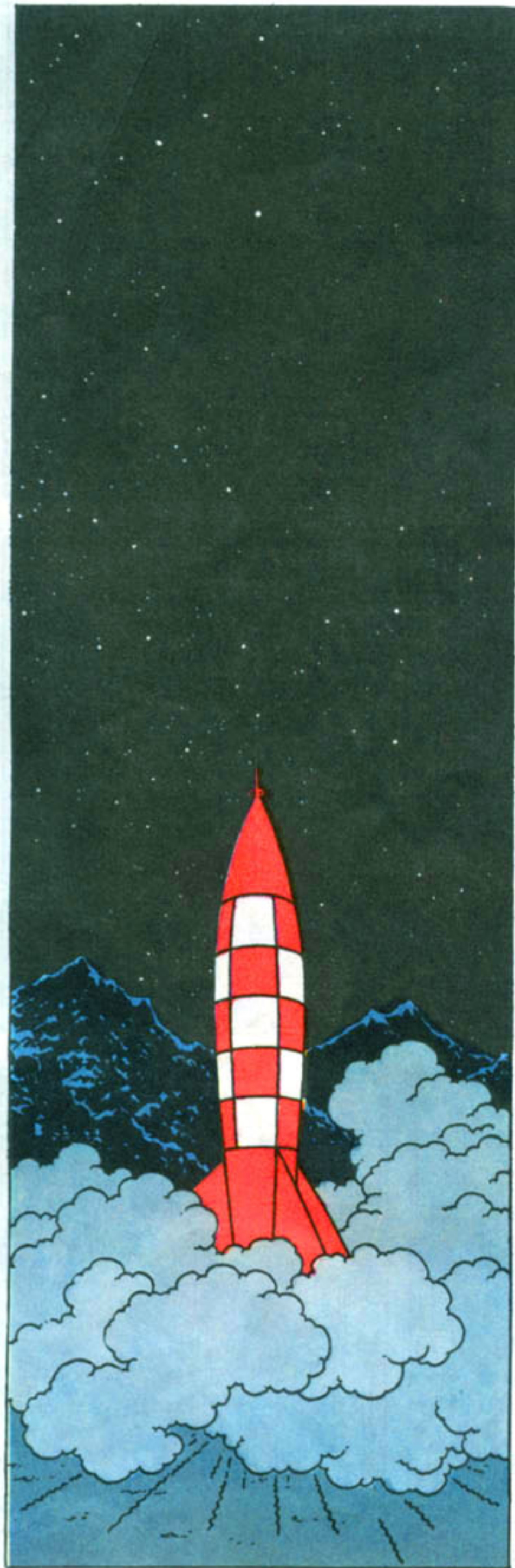
Stand by!... Ten seconds...

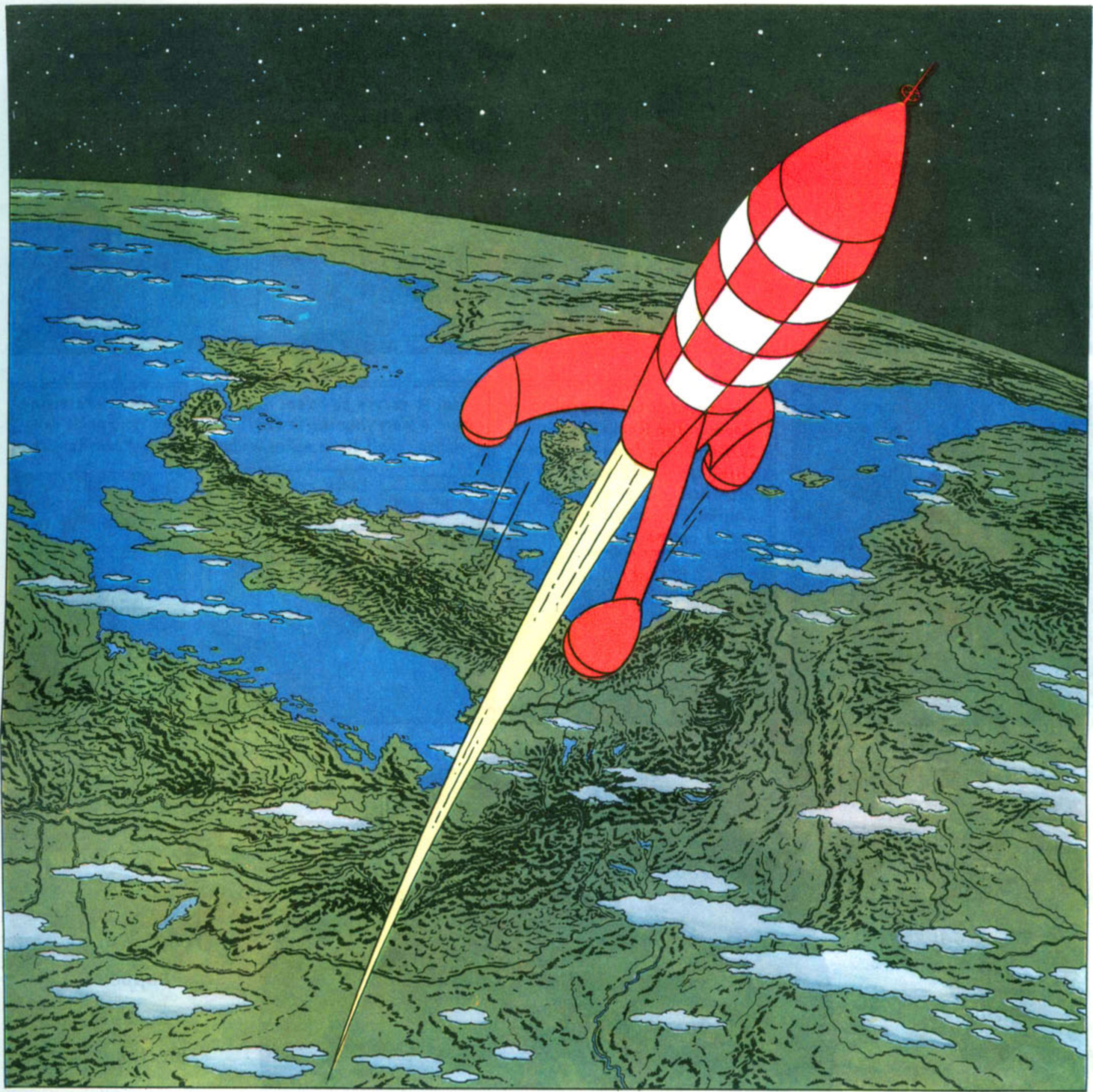
This is it! There is no turning back... May everything go as we have planned!

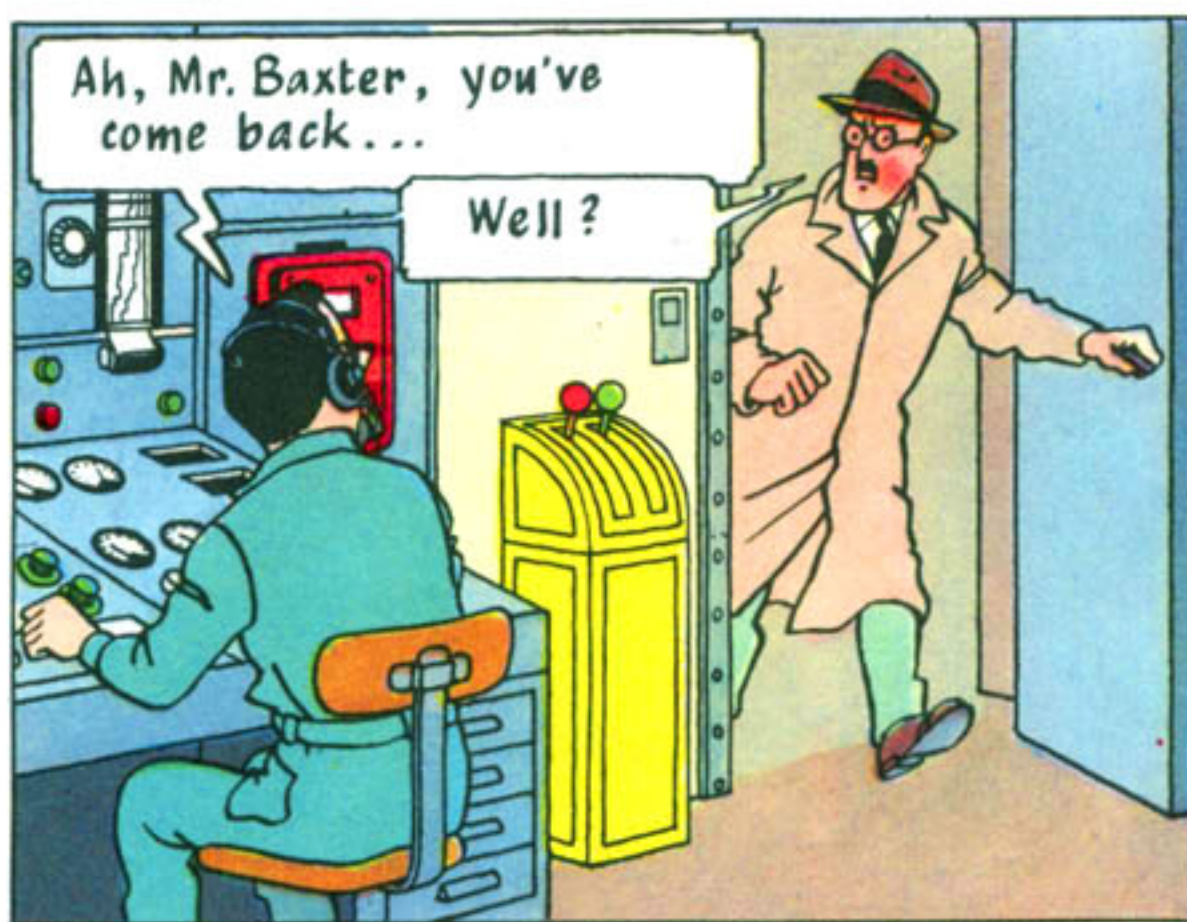


Nine... Eight... Seven... Six... Five... Four... Three... Two... One... ZERO

Into the hands of Fate!







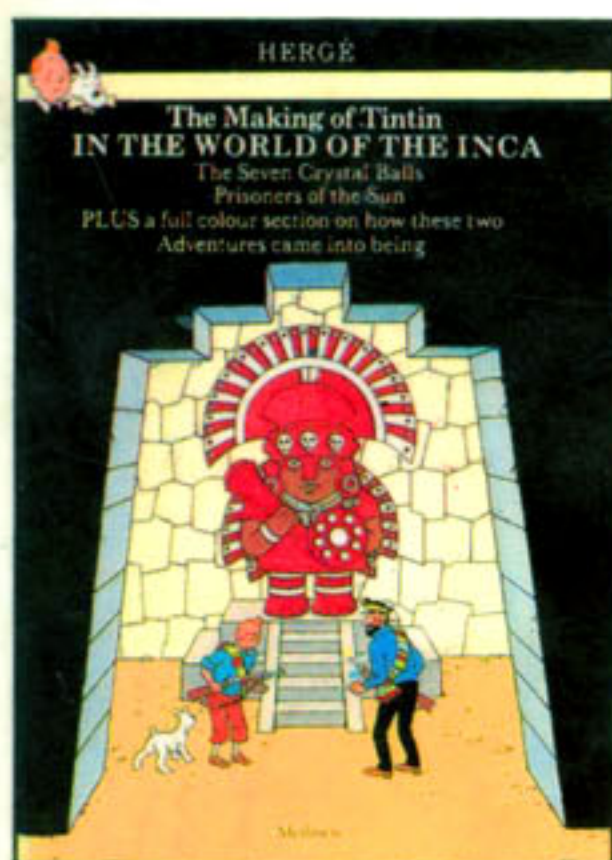
What dangers await Tintin and his friends on the Moon?



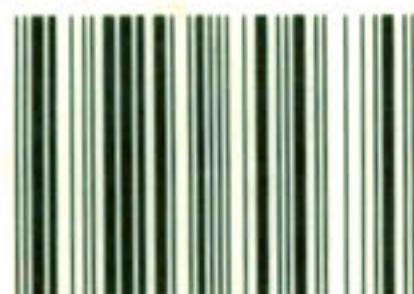
What will happen on this perilous journey into space?

Will they ever return to Earth? You can join in the rest of their great adventure when you read

EXPLORERS ON THE MOON



ISBN 0-7497-0467-5

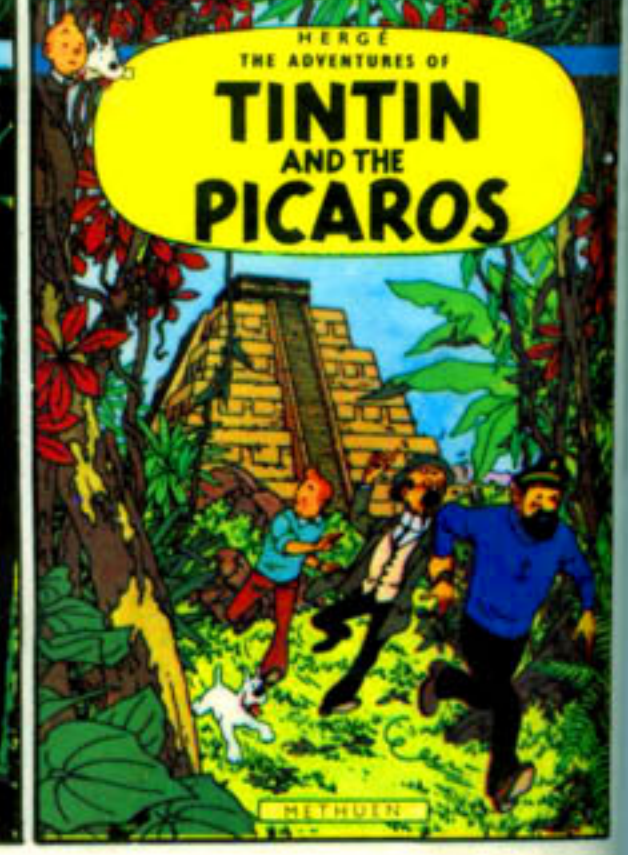
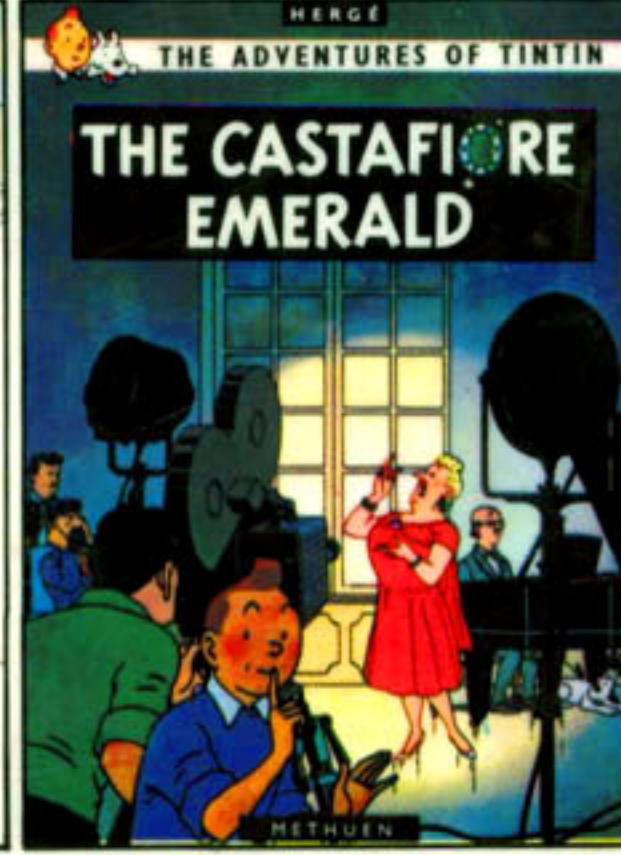
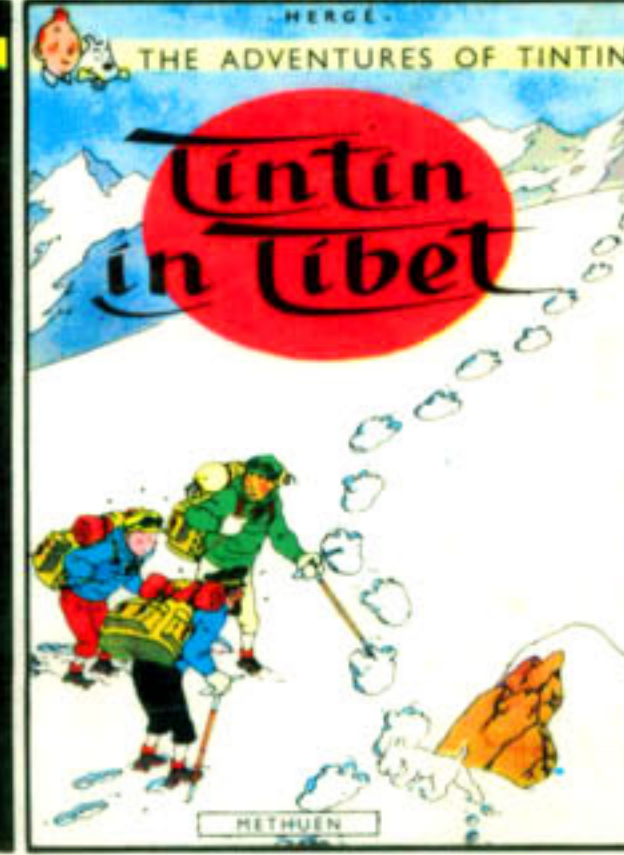
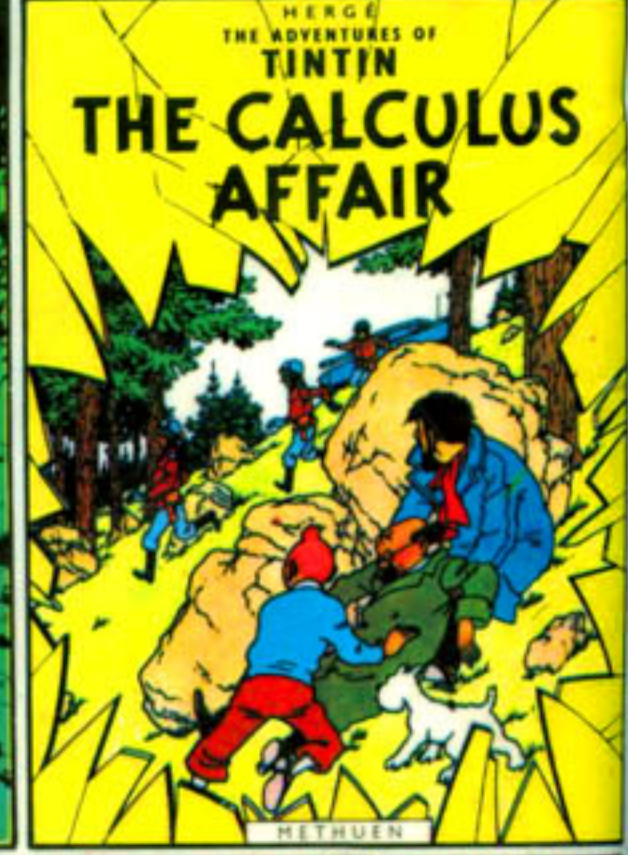
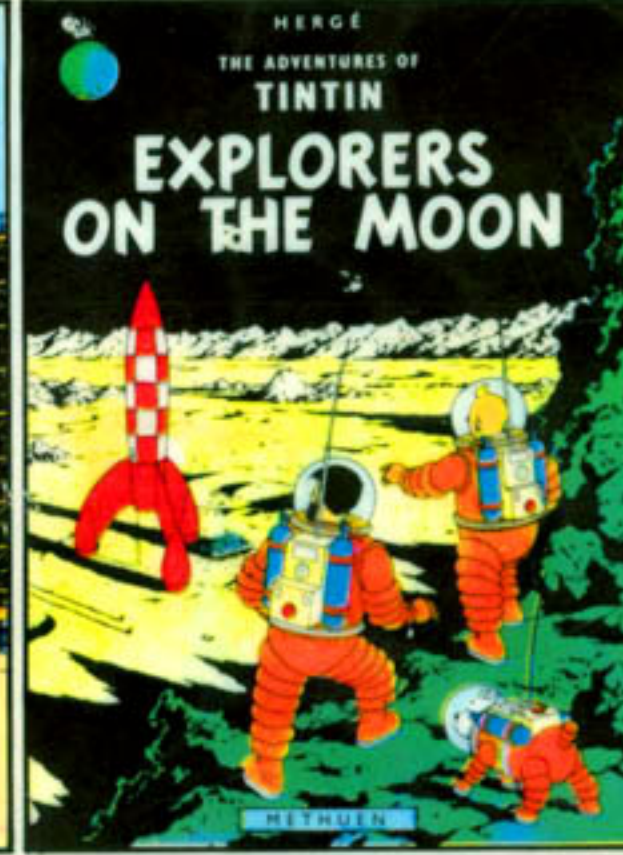
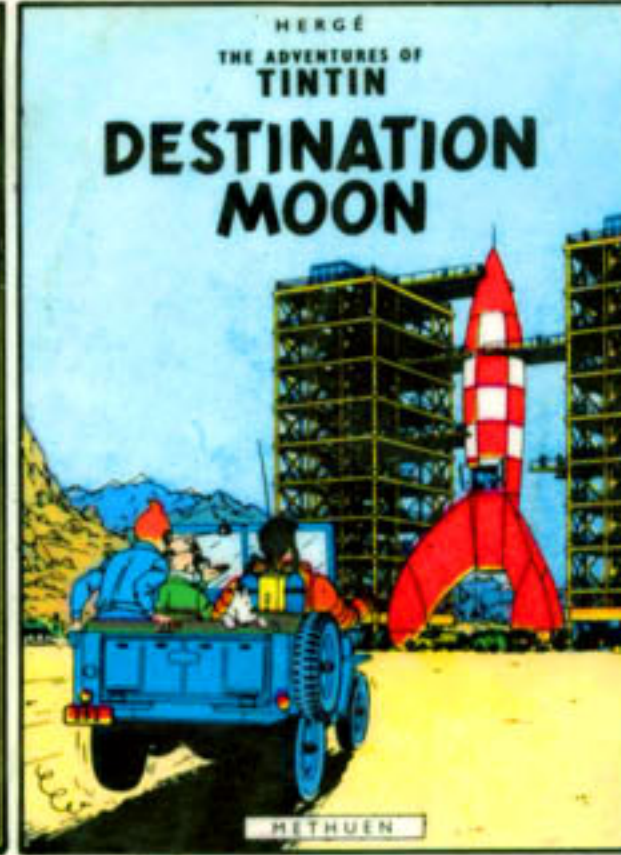
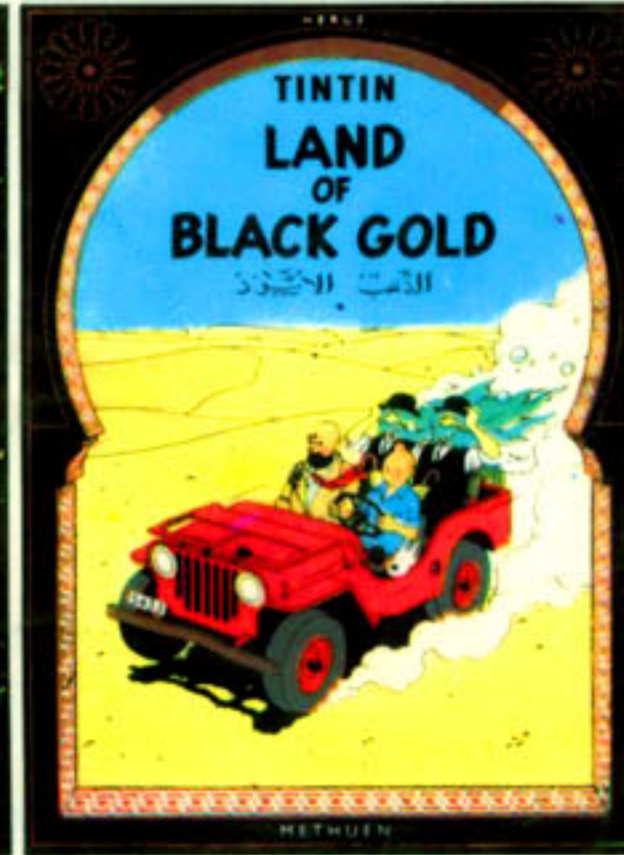
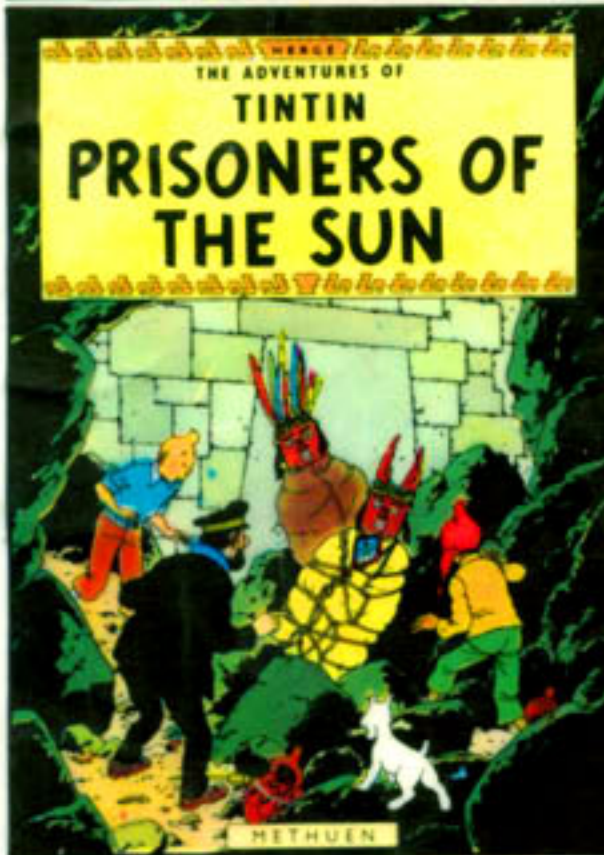
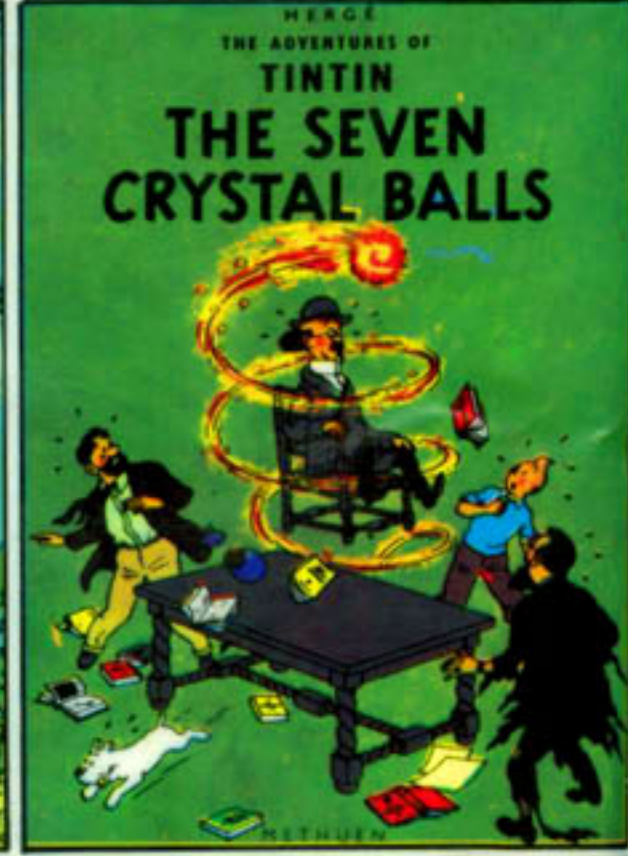
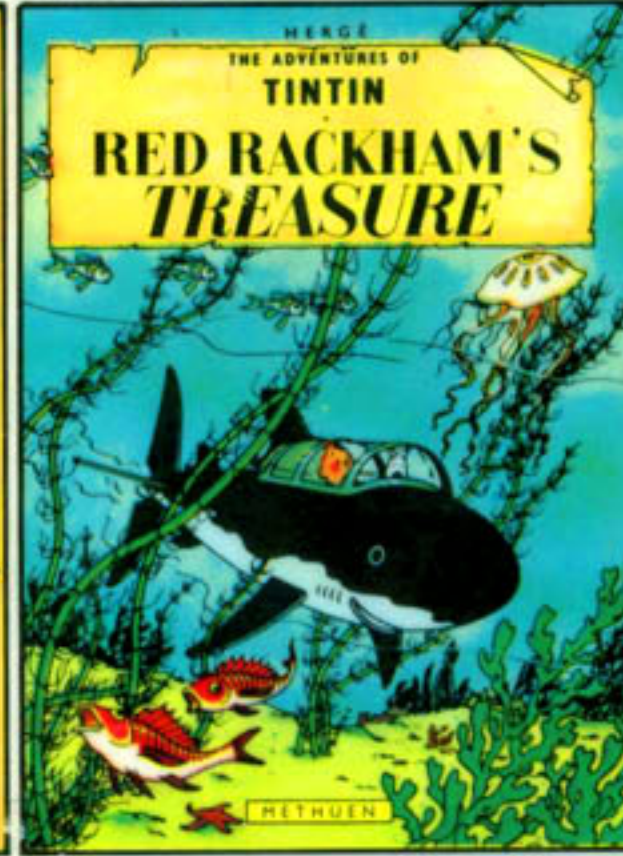
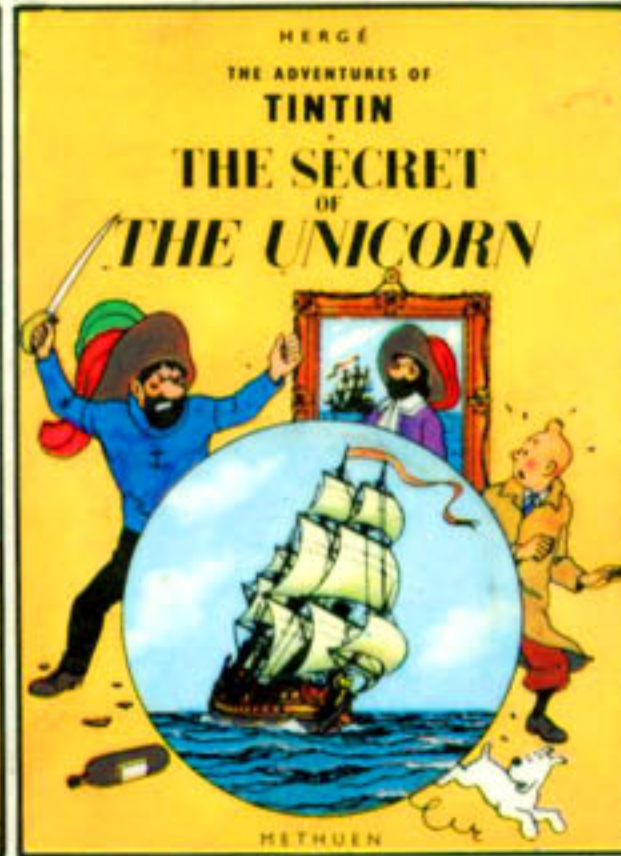
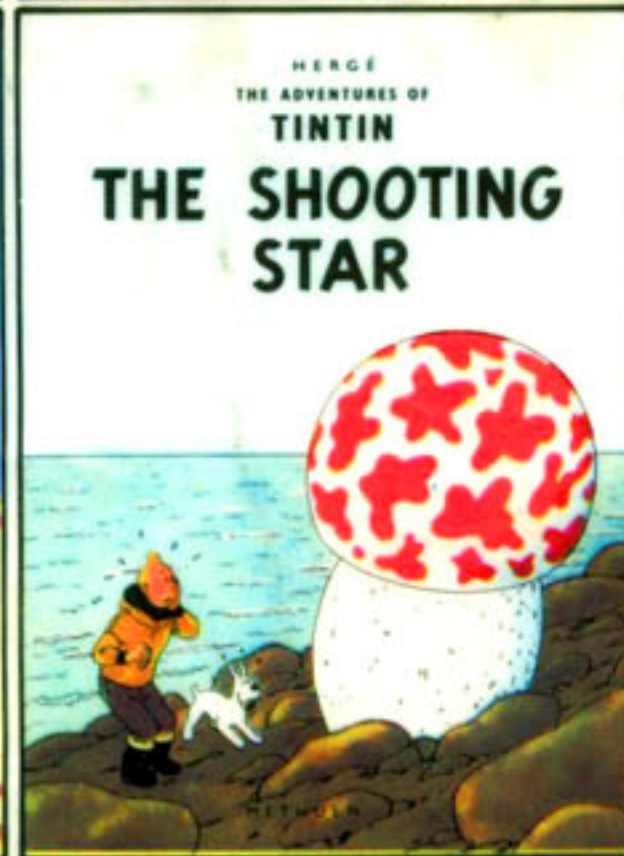
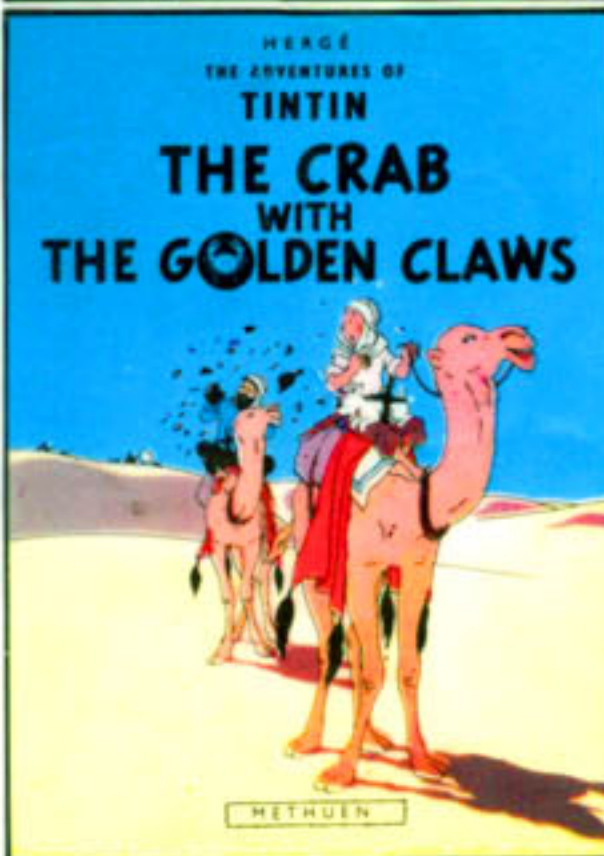
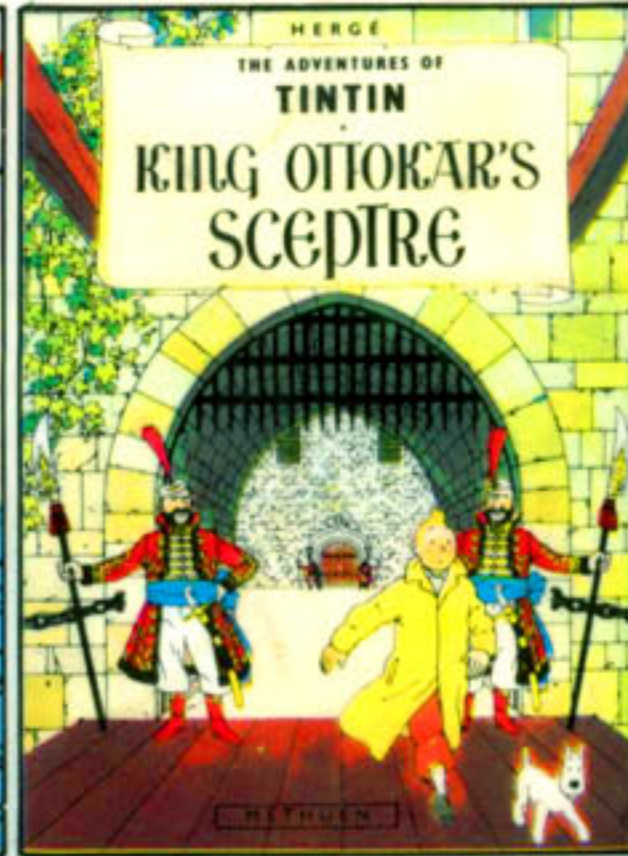
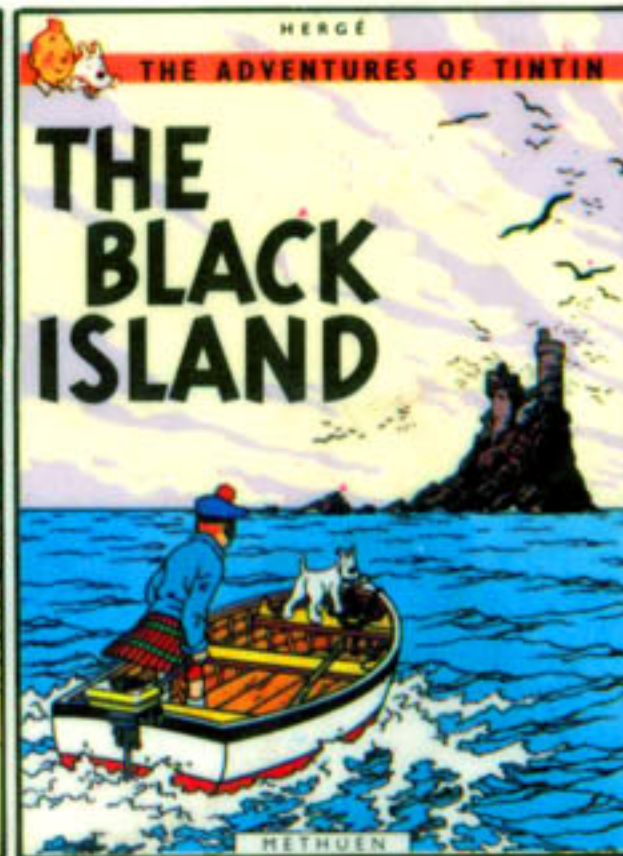
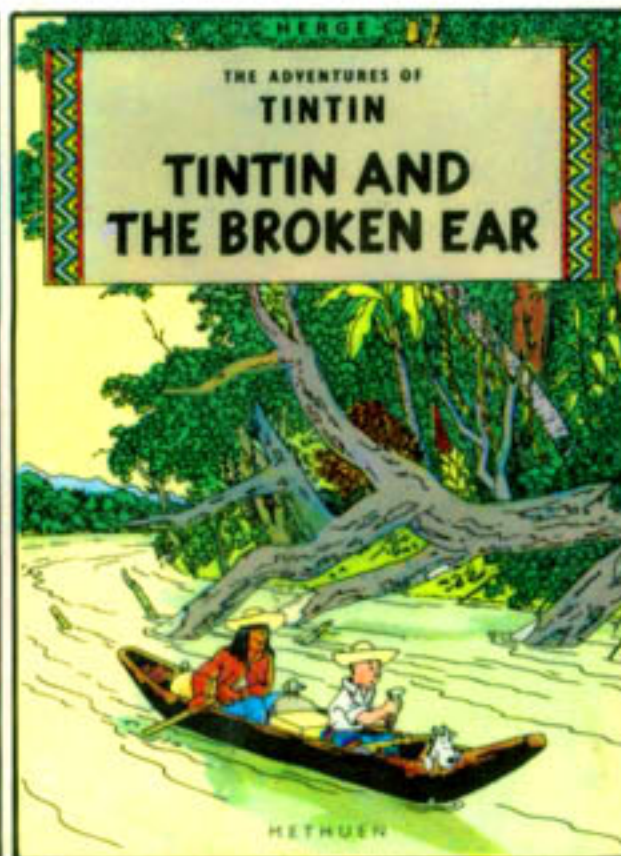
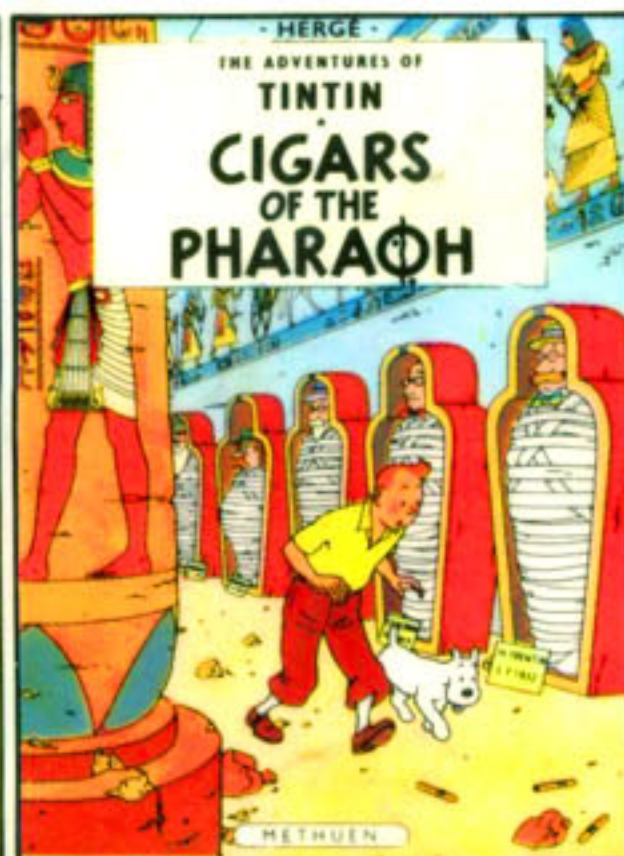
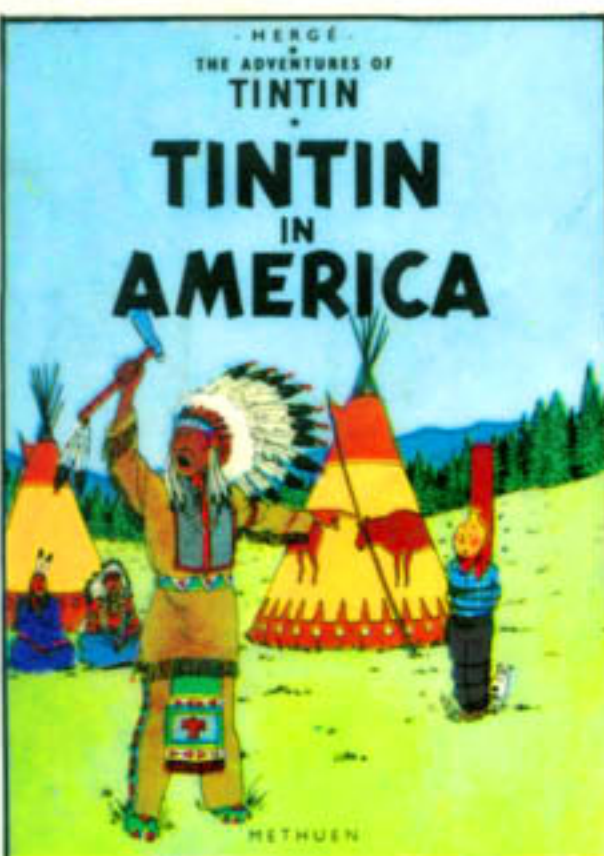
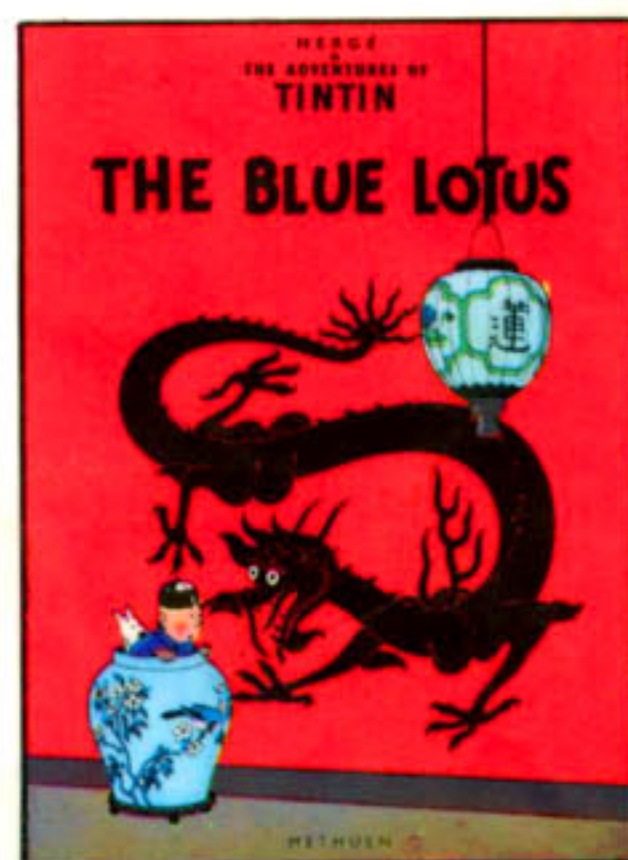


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